Marian

from Laura & Lionel.

5th May '19.

IOLA.—Save thee, friend, and thy music: Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown.—No, Sir, I live by the Church.

Viola.—Art thou a Churchman?

Clown.—No such matter, Sir; I do live by the Church: for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the Church.

Twelfth Night, III., 1.

WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

A
WESTMINSTER PILGRIM

BEING A

RECORD OF SERVICE

IN

CHURCH, CATHEDRAL, AND ABBEY

COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY, AND CONCERT-ROOM

WITH A

FEW NOTES ON SPORT

BY

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE

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King Edward Professor of Music in the University of London
Gresham Professor of Music
Emeritus-Organist of Westminster Abbey

LONDON

NOVELLO & CO., Ltd. | HUTCHINSON & CO.

New York: THE H. W. GRAY CO.

Affectionately dedicated

To my Wife

whose assistance and
encouragement in compiling
this work have been
invaluable

2067939

PREFACE

THE Canterbury Pilgrims, many years ago, probably passed through the streets or in the immediate neighbourhood of the old City of Rochester as they wended their way to and from the Shrine of Thomas à Becket. Their journeys lay through a diversified and beautiful country, and though toilsome could not have been without many happy days. Through the streets of the same old City of Rochester, nearly seventy years ago, I used to pass to and fro to attend to my duties at the Cathedral, starting on the Pilgrimage recorded in the following pages. My journey has been a long one, my experiences very diversified. I have had as companions, like the Canterbury Pilgrims, a varied Company of all Professions and Ranks of Men. My life's work has been attended with many joys and some sorrows, yet my days have not been really toilsome, and I have indeed been happy in my opportunities. The notes of my life which I have been tempted to put on record contain nothing very remarkable,—of that I am quite conscious. But the duties which have fallen to me in connection with many important functions at the Abbey will be of some little interest to my friends at least. And possibly the story of my career may be an encouragement to some boy or boys in Cathedral Choirs upon whom in due time the care of our Cathedral Music may devolve. In the past the Cathedral Choirs have furnished men who have nobly held to the best traditions, and so I hope it may be in the future. The difference between the present time, with its opportunities for young musicians, and the distant time of

my own youth is immense. Then, there was only one Musical College, the Royal Academy of Music; there was only one scholarship (outside the R.A.M.) available for young musicians—the Mendelssohn; there were no Local Examinations in Music; only one really important orchestra (the Philharmonic) existed in the whole country, excepting, of course, after a time the Hallé Orchestra in Manchester. Organs were incomplete and old-fashioned, Bach's Fugues could not be properly executed upon them. And yet, with all these drawbacks, I made progress, and my Cathedral training laid a foundation upon which I have, at various times, relied to see me successfully through musical responsibilities of no light order.

Most of my life has been devoted (though not exclusively) to the service of the Church. As boy and man I have served under seven Deans, I have worked with eleven Precentors, while Canons, Vicars-Choral, and Choristers are too numerous to mention. Outside the Church I have laboured at my Profession as Conductor, Teacher in Colleges, Lecturer, and University Professor. In all these various ways I have tried to serve the cause of Music. Whether I have done all that in me lay, readers of the following pages must decide. But, at any rate, I can conscientiously say I have done my best to fulfil worthily the duties of any position to which I have been called.

LITTLINGTON TOWER,
December, 1918.

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THE Author desires to express his obligation for the use of photographs, &c., to the following:—Messrs. Ive & Lowe, Ltd., Chatham, for "Six Poor Travellers"; Messrs. Guttenberg, Manchester, for "Three Ex-Organists of Manchester Cathedral"; Messrs. Lafayette, Ltd., Manchester, for the portrait of Mr. S. H. Nicholson at page 320; Messrs. J. Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W., for the portrait of the Author at page 320; and the Proprietors of the *Church Monthly* for permission to use autobiographical notes appearing in their columns.

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(*From the original of the "Vanity Fair" Cartoon by* SIR LESLIE WARD, *now in the possession of the Author.*)

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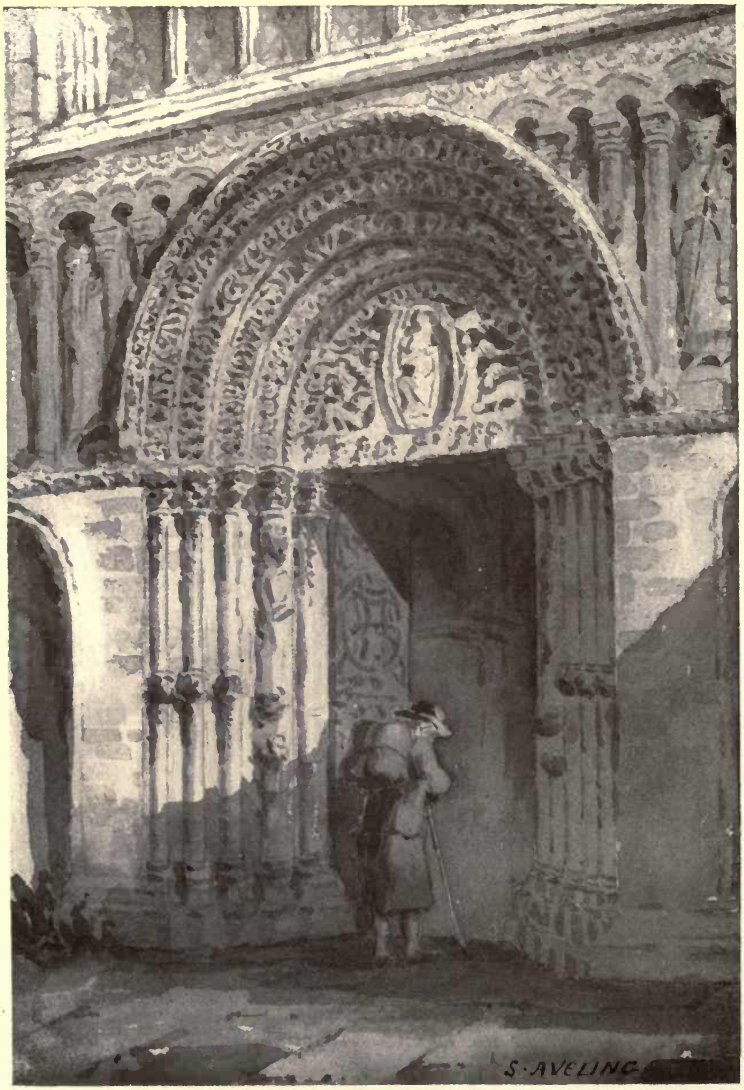
(*Specially drawn for this book by*
SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A.)



"Old Cathedral—earthy smell."

THE GREAT WEST DOOR OF ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

(From a water-colour sketch by S. Aveling.)

A WESTMINSTER PILGRIM.

CHAPTER I.

Duke of Wellington's Funeral—Rochester Cathedral—Mr. J. L. Hopkins—Private Theatricals—A Barrel of Apples—A Caning Incident—Mr. Miles—An Ingenious Use of a Mirror—Joseph Maas—Launch of the "Cressy"—Landing of Princess Alexandra at Gravesend.—An Ideal Precentor.

It was the day of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's, November 18th, 1852. In a corner of the Norman Nave of one of our oldest Cathedrals, the Passing Bell was being solemnly tolled as a tribute to the departed hero. The ringer was a blind man (who also acted as organ-blower), known to all as "blind Fred." A little chorister stood by watching the monotonous pulls of the rope and listening to the mournful response of the bell. After a while the boy somewhat surprised the blind man by exclaiming, "Let me have a pull or two, Fred, I should like to say I had tolled the bell for the great Duke of Wellington." The request was acceded to, and the little deputy bell-ringer gave a few tolls for the Iron Duke. The place was Rochester Cathedral (that "old Cathedral too—earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps"—so ingeniously summarised by Mr. Jingle), and the little chorister was myself.

When he wrote "The Pickwick Papers" Dickens was quite a young man, but he evidently knew the Cathedral of Rochester very well, as is evidenced by his allusion to the steps worn by pilgrims' feet, and later in the same sentence to "Jerkins too—matchlocks." These worn steps led up to the Chapel of St. William of Perth, the patron saint of the city, who it is said was murdered near Rochester in the 13th century, while on a pilgrimage from Scotland to the Holy Land. During the centuries his shrine became a resort for pilgrims, and in this same Chapel I was often allowed to look at a soldier's equipment comprising a buff jerkin and a matchlock, which were preserved in a case.

Thus early in my pilgrimage, as already described, did I take part in a ceremony of National mourning. I have attended a good many such functions since then—as director of the music, and not as bell-ringer—and although my musical studies began as a probationary chorister in 1850, I always feel that this occasion was the real beginning of my career.

The funeral of the Duke of Wellington is vividly impressed on my mind, on account of two of the choir-boys of Rochester having been selected to assist in the Choir at St. Paul's Cathedral. I recollect wishing I had been a senior boy to have gone to that great ceremony, and well remember the boys rehearsing the music composed by Goss for the service.*

My father was a Vicar-Choral of Rochester Cathedral, having gone to that old Cathedral city in 1850, from Oldbury in Worcestershire, where I was born on

* It is an interesting fact that when the funeral service was held in Westminster Abbey on the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, I suggested to Dean Stanley the performance of part of this same music, commencing with the words, "Know ye not that a Prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel." I told Dean Stanley for what occasion it was composed, and in agreeing to my suggestion he made the observation that "The death of Lord Beaconsfield had made a greater impression on the public mind than the death of any great man since Wellington."

December 5th, 1844. He was a devoted musical amateur, played the flute a little, and sang in the Church choir. Possessing an excellent tenor voice, he was desirous of leaving the Black Country and getting if possible a Cathedral appointment. The opportunity came, and he accepted a vacant post at Rochester. I well remember the journey from Birmingham to Rochester, including the open third-class carriages on the North Kent railway, absolutely like cattle trucks, and my first view of the old Cathedral—where, my mother informed me, "Your father sings."

I cling tenaciously to every remembrance of my childhood days at Rochester. For me the change from the Midlands to the ancient city on the Medway was a delightful experience. The neighbourhood of Rochester was then quite rural and very picturesque with its numerous hop-gardens and cherry orchards. It was a custom at my home for the children to be taken to the hop-gardens during the hop-picking season, to spend a happy day. The hop-pickers in those days were mostly poor people from Rochester, many of whom my parents knew. The migrant crowds from London were not then a feature. We would take up our station with, I suppose, the capriciousness of children, beside the bin at which some poor woman would be picking, and devote ourselves to what was for us the delightful game of picking hops. By this means we amused ourselves, and added to her earnings. The days spent in those gardens have a treasured corner in my memory.

But possibly we enjoyed ourselves even more in the cherry orchards than in the hop-gardens. Our excursions were generally made to an orchard owned by a friend at Gillingham (then a village, now a large town), one or more fellow choristers making up our party. It was all a fruit-growing country, stretching from here to Faversham. The delight of us

boys at being allowed to climb ladders into the very heart of the trees, and eat as many cherries as we could (and sometimes, I fear, more than were good for us), may be imagined. Those black-hearts and bigaroons are a luscious memory. I recollect we resolved—artful boys that we were—to throw the stones, if possible, into the next field so that our host would not know how many we consumed. The subtlety of this little trick has been in my mind more than once in later years, when I have been shooting grouse and probably expending a great many more cartridges than was justified by the few birds there were to show for so much ammunition. On several occasions I have been tempted to resort to a furtive strategy, and hide my failure by distributing the empty cartridge-cases as remotely as possible in the heather!

I suppose I showed musical tendencies, having been admitted as a "practising boy" or "probationer" at the tender age of six years. There were six probationers, who attended the school and service preparing for the position of regular chorister. We had to undergo an examination for voice and ear, and this preliminary trial was made very pleasant for me by the kindness of Mrs. Hopkins, the wife of the organist, J. L. Hopkins. She evidently took a fancy to the candidate, whom, after the trial, while my father was talking to Mr. Hopkins, she provided with an orange and various other delicacies. Many years after, when I was organist of Manchester Cathedral, Dr. Hopkins (who was then organist of Trinity College, Cambridge) came to stay near Manchester where I also was a guest. As we walked about our host's grounds I recalled this little episode to him: "Ah!" said he, "if I had rejected you then, how different might have been your career." Dr. Hopkins was himself a chorister in Westminster Abbey, and I often think how he would have been

interested in seeing the post of organist there filled by the little boy whom he started on his musical career; unfortunately he died before I was appointed.

And thus began my chorister days and musical life. Twice daily we attended the Cathedral Service, the practising boys or probationers sitting near the choir, but not wearing surplices. We were taught the rudiments of music by one of the Vicars-Choral, who was wont to correct our bad production by pulling our ears —and pretty hard he pulled, too! I gave much trouble by holding my head a little to one side, a fault which caused my poor ears many a pang! This was doubtless owing to defective vision of one eye, which was in later years discovered and thenceforth corrected by the use of spectacles. A chorister in spectacles would have been looked upon as an impossibility in my young days; now we attend to such matters, and correct imperfections in other ways than by pulling ears! Besides music, we received of course a general education, our school-master being also a Vicar-Choral. This education was not very wide in its scope, but our master taught well enough all that was expected of him. "You'll learn enough here to carry you through the world," he often said, and it must be admitted that a goodly number of the boys he taught have done well in the world.

With all its defects and limitations—and they were many—the Choir School at Rochester in those days compared very favourably with other institutions of a similar kind. A writer in the *Choristers' Magazine* (a quarterly periodical issued by the Abbey choristers), recalling his days in the Choir School at Westminster, says: "... it seems hard to realise that the authorities, who had the best years of a boy's life in their hands, treated us with such indifference ... The only thing that most of us excelled in was sacred geography—very

good in its way, but hardly sufficient to fit one for a future career." He speaks of the grievous disappointment of his parents, who had taken him away from a good school at Chelsea to enter him at the Choir School, naturally thinking "that it would be an excellent thing" for him. Another writer in the same *Magazine*, referring to a period a few years earlier, says:—"No one received any education. Walter Macfarren came to school with me [in Charles Street, Westminster] for a short time, *but not one of the others attended any school*, and yet many turned out clever and important men and organists of our Cathedrals."

The old Vicar-Choral who was our master at Rochester did not err greatly in his estimate of the amount of knowledge that it was necessary to acquire in order to get "through the world." But it is questionable whether the world of to-day would, in the main, be "got through" with the same casual and haphazard preparation.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that up to the present time seven of those old Rochester boys have filled the organistships of the Cathedrals of Carlisle, Durham, Ripon, Exeter, Chester, and Manchester, and of Westminster Abbey, and three of them became University Professors of Music.*

That more could have been done as regards education for the boys of the choir is, however, only too true. It is but recently that Cathedral authorities all over England have recognized the fact that the boys should be well taught as at other schools, and boarded in a special school-house. Our school room was for a time in an otherwise empty house in the High Street of Rochester. This gave us opportunities for pranks of all sorts. I remember a fine display of

* Dr. Armes and Dr. J. C. Bridge at Durham, and myself at London University.

fire-works in the cellar (to the great danger of the unsuspecting neighbours), also some private theatricals, when the big boys took the part of Red Indians, wearing not a vestige of clothing except blue and red paint. What a scrubbing there was to get this stuff off their faces before Service, I need hardly suggest! The school was afterwards transferred to an ancient room over one of the old gateways in the Precincts. This again was the scene of some amusing incidents. We used occasionally to go there in the evening to rehearse for concerts given by the Vicars-Choral. The boys afterwards were dismissed, the Vicars-Choral and their friends remaining for further practice or a pipe. It was a favourite custom for us to extinguish the candle which was placed in a window of the winding turret-stair. The Vicars-Choral thought it was an accident caused by the wind, but one night the boy who ascended to blow out the light was considerably astonished by a smart blow on the ear, which apparently came out of the darkness; he rolled down the stairs, and we took to our heels! Next day during school hours we tremblingly awaited the dreaded observations of the master. These were delayed almost past endurance, but at last he seemed to be coming to the point! By way of reproof to a boy who had noisily crossed the room he told us of an adventure which showed, he said, how noiselessly he himself could walk! "After you had left last night," he began, and then went on to describe exactly the incident of the boy attempting to blow out the candle, and how smartly he had been caught as he did it! We all trembled as he concluded, fully expecting that there would be a few scathing words, and a general caning at the end. But no; the master was quite unconcerned, and unconscious that we were the culprits. It was not until many years after, at his Jubilee presentation, that he was told of this and of other pranks by the writer.

While speaking of the school, I may as well tell a final story of those old days. At a later period of my school life we were removed to yet another room, in a house inhabited by the school-master in the Precincts. It was a rambling old place, with an enormous roomy cellar. The master was about to punish a boy—his own son—for some misdemeanour, when the young gentleman suddenly slipped out of the door, across the hall, and out into the yard at the back. His father, after a moment's surprise, followed him cane in hand, and arrived in the yard just in time to see the culprit disappear into the capacious cellar. He felt perfectly certain that his bird was trapped, and followed without undue haste. After a time he reappeared in the school, and to our surprise said, "Have you seen Willie?" "He went out into the yard, Sir," we replied. "Oh, yes," said the master, "and into the cellar, but I have thoroughly searched and he has most unaccountably disappeared." I do not remember when the boy reappeared, but his method of escape, somewhat original, was as follows: The master, not long before, had purchased a barrel of apples, which was placed in the cellar. The barrel and its contents had been discovered by his children, and the apples consumed. The empty barrel, well-known to the runaway, he quickly turned over, and as his father, cane in hand, prowled around, the boy within it watched him, with some anxiety, through the bung-hole.

Our schoolmaster used the cane pretty freely, and he had one refinement of punishment which was very original, which he would resort to if a boy's fault was very heinous. In his eyes the most serious faults were prevarication and falsehood. One boy was particularly prone to these (I will not give his name, but he became a very good member of society all the same). This boy seemed always to be undergoing verbal reproof for

his infirmity, and if in the service there occurred one of the Psalms referring to lies—such as the 58th, "The ungodly are froward . . . they go astray, and speak lies;" or the 101st, "There shall no deceitful person dwell in My house"—the master would say to the boy, "Master ——, did not your conscience prick you?" and the boy always answered "Yes, Sir." The method I have referred to, and to which such admonitions were the prelude, was to send the delinquent down the High Street to purchase a good, stout cane with which he was to receive chastisement when he returned! This occurred more than once in the experience of the same boy—who never failed to bring back the cane, so that if he lacked the grace of truth, he certainly did not fail in fidelity.

I was really fond of singing in the choir, and never found the work irksome. I can quite well recall some of the effects produced on the organ, not only by John Hopkins but also by Dr. J. L. Hopkins, who left for Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1855. Never very strong, I on one occasion fainted during the Psalms, and as I was at the end of the choir stalls and there was no door, I fell with my head on the marble pavement, cutting a deep gash (the mark of which I still bear), and was carried out by my father and the verger. On another occasion I had to go out feeling very unwell. It was Christmas time, and I suppose I had been a little greedy; a great humiliation was laid upon me at the hands of the head verger, a Mr. Miles (who is said to have been the original of one of the characters in "Edwin Drood"). As I emerged from the Choir into the Nave, Mr. Miles took off my surplice, and then, addressing a considerable number of people who (as the custom was then) had assembled in the Nave to hear the anthem and escape the sermon, he pointed to the poor little white chorister, and said "Too much pudd'n!" He was

a cheerful and humorous man, but I never quite forgave him for holding me up to ridicule. I believe he retired from the choir in 1848 on the ground of ill-health, yet he lived to be over ninety all the same, and was a great personage in the Cathedral.

So far I have spoken of school life; let me now add a few words on the musical side of our education. This was on the whole an interesting and thoroughly good training. The organist, Dr. J. L. Hopkins—who, as I have said, had been trained as a chorister in Westminster Abbey—was one of a family which has become distinguished in music. Two of his cousins were Dr. Hopkins, of the Temple, and John Hopkins, lately at Rochester. Mr. Edward Lloyd, also, is a nephew. John Hopkins was a pleasant, energetic man, understanding thoroughly the training of the voice.

An aid to our vocal studies which he devised was exceedingly ingenious, and I do not seem to have heard of it elsewhere. He had made and presented to each boy a little oval mirror, which we held in the palm of the left hand while beating time with the right. We had to look into the mirror and see that the form of our mouth was what he wanted. It amused us a little, but made us think also.

Hopkins had a great horror of "bawling," and I well remember his anger when the wife of one of the Canons ventured to say we "bawled." This same lady was a terror to me when I began to play part of the service, for she always complained of the noise I made, yet I found out she once took the precaution of sending the verger to make sure it was I, and not my master, who was playing. Besides our practices for the Cathedral, we sang much secular music, an excellent and improving thing for boys whose work was so much on sacred lines. There was a Choral Society conducted by Hopkins, at which we often assisted,

and here I made the acquaintance of madrigals and oratorios. The solos were usually taken by the Vicars-Choral and the boys. One boy (later the organist of an English Cathedral), an admirable singer, got into a terrible scrape at one of these concerts. He had to sing the solo in some small cantata—I think it was Romberg's "Lay of the Bell"—and when the time came for the solo his voice absolutely refused to respond! Hopkins glared, the boy turned green, while all were aghast at the contretemps. It was impossible to help it, and the solo was omitted. The explanation was that Master —— had been tempted to try his hand at smoking, the brand being a bit of cane! I fear he got a different brand of cane next day.

We always had a good solo boy. Armes was in the choir when I was a probationer, but his voice was gone, and I cannot say that I ever remember hearing him sing a solo. He was originally a chorister in Norwich Cathedral, and, I believe, had sung in a duet at Norwich with Jenny Lind. Armes was a very efficient boy vocalist. In recognition of his work in the choir a subscription was raised at Rochester, and he was presented with a fine Broadwood pianoforte when he became the articled pupil of the organist.

He was succeeded by E. J. Crow, who later in life became organist of Ripon Cathedral. Crow was a beautiful singer; I have never heard the *Finale* in Wesley's "Wilderness"—"And sorrow and sighing"—sung better by any soloist in any choir. He had a peculiarly delicate and effective way of singing the word "sighing," with its *appoggiatura*, which I shall never forget.

In his turn a boy named Williams became the leading soloist. He too possessed a beautiful voice, and I can recall the great effect he once produced in Purcell's

"O sing unto the Lord." This was on the occasion of a selection performed in the Cathedral at a service on behalf of the Choir Benevolent Fund in 1858. Here a word may be said concerning this admirable Society. It was established in the year 1851, under the auspices of Lord John Thynne, Sub-Dean of Westminster, for the benefit of necessitous members of Cathedral choirs. The funds are maintained by individual subscriptions of a nominal amount, and by festivals given at various Cathedrals. It was at one of these festivals—when the choir of Rochester was augmented by that of Canterbury, and a good many of the choristers of St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal—that the fine duet in Purcell's anthem, to which I have alluded, was sung by Williams and Mr. Fielding, who was a well-known alto. At the dinner which was given in the evening, we of Rochester were all very proud to hear the way in which so many members of distinguished choirs spoke of our solo boy. I do not know what became of him, except that he did not go in for music. He may have gone into the Army, for he was very high-spirited, and would have made a fine soldier. The younger members of the choir held him in high esteem as the hero of a tremendous fight which he had with the head-boy of a school kept by one of the Minor Canons. This school was situated at the back of Minor Canon Row, where we all assembled, unknown of course to the Master, Precentor, or Minor Canon. It was a furious pugilistic encounter, and went on for a considerable time. I cannot say how it would have ended, for it was suddenly interrupted by the terrible apparition of the enraged cook, who rushed into the room; nor do I remember if she carried a weapon, but she effectually separated the combatants!

There is nothing particularly exciting to chronicle in my chorister days; they were happy times, and were

spent in a truly happy home. I began to learn to play the piano, but was rather lazy at it—in fact for a short time my lessons were discontinued "because I would not practise." I soon, however, got over this lazy fit, and I believe made steady progress, so that I was able to accompany my father in some of his much-loved oratorio airs. My great friend in the choir was Joseph Maas, who became so celebrated as a tenor singer, and whose early death robbed us of a lovely voice and a charming man. I well remember him when he came, a small boy, to have his voice tested. He possessed an exceedingly beautiful soprano, and speedily was able to sing the solos in the Cathedral. Very often he and I went to one of the Canon's houses when there was a dinner party, Maas singing to my accompaniment. One song we were particularly fond of was "The Brook," a setting of Tennyson's beautiful words, the rippling accompaniment of which I was very proud of being able to perform. We were generally rewarded by a money "tip" and a good feast downstairs afterwards. The servants generally got a song out of Maas, which brought us an extra supply of sweets. Maas was devoted to fishing, and helped to stir within me that love for the angler's art which I still indulge. Our most pleasant fishing excursion was to Cooling Castle, with its beautiful 12th century gatehouse, still in an almost perfect state of preservation. The tale of its defence in 1554 by the then Lord of Cobham, against Wyatt's rebellion, was an interesting one to us boys. It was about seven miles from Rochester, and the moat contained roach and carp. We generally made up a party of five or six boys, rewarding the kind residents of the Castle by singing a part-song or two.

Maas and I often went to the village of Snodland, where there was a good trout stream. It was in this stream I landed my first trout. I confess it was not

with a fly, but the more humble worm! Other fishing excursions were made to Farleigh, a delightful place above Maidstone, where we would sit all day beside the Medway throwing in huge lumps of ground-bait, and gentles, pulling out as a rule a very good basket of perch and roach. I believe I brought more zest to this sport than is now the case in my sometimes toilsome efforts to land the lordly salmon.

Poor Maas loved fishing till the last, and it was a cold caught on a fishing excursion that brought on the illness that terminated fatally in 1886. I composed a tune for, and played the organ at, the funeral service of this dear friend of my youth.*

Now and then the Cathedral choristers would go over to Maidstone to sing at concerts. These were great events. There was no railway at that time, and we had to return to Rochester by coach shortly after midnight, coming over the well-known high ground of Bluebell Hill with its ancient cromlech called Kits Cotty House. If possible we boys rode outside the coach, with the particular intention of playing a trick upon the poor old turnpike-keeper below Bluebell Hill. The old man had to turn out about 2.0 a.m., with his lantern, to open the gate. As soon as it was fairly open we would give him a rousing salute from the pea-shooters with which we always went armed. The language he used was very "warm"; even to this day I remember it, but forbear to put it down!

My own voice was weak. I never sang any solos at these music-makings and rarely in the Cathedral; but I was a good, reliable reader, and continued in the choir until over fourteen years of age.

* In a later chapter, turning aside from the broad path of my Pilgrimage, and surveying again the diversified scenes that I have traversed, I recur to Maas along with others whom I have known as friends and playmates. In the same chapter, also, I describe some activities and incidents that occupied me by the way.

At this time my love for the organ began to make itself felt; I used also sometimes to blow for one of the pupils to practise. I well remember pumping (with another boy's help) while the late distinguished organist of Durham Cathedral, Dr. Philip Armes, then a pupil, was practising Bach's "St. Ann" Fugue. He varied the practice by playing the chorus "Baal, we cry to thee," from "Elijah," while we, pumping away behind the organ, sang a travesty of the words, concluding with an invitation to Baal to "come and pump for us.'

Shortly after Armes left Rochester he became organist of St. Andrew's, Wells Street; also he took his degree at Oxford, and I remember him coming to a service wearing his Bachelor's gown and beautiful Oxford hood. I believe the sight of this distinction was the first stirring within me of a desire to go and do likewise. A few years afterwards I heard he had become organist of Chichester Cathedral. In after years, when he had proceeded to Durham, I found in him, as will be seen later on, a cordial friend and colleague.

We were kept pretty close to our daily duties, holidays being few and far between. We had always to ask the Canon in Residence, and sometimes he was opposed to the choral service being dropped even for one afternoon. The launching of a big warship at Chatham was an occasion when we got leave. I remember seeing the "Cressy,"* perhaps one of the last of the old wooden walls, come out of the slips on to the Medway. Quite lately I saw the figure-head of my old friend outside Castles' ship-breaking yard, near Vauxhall Bridge! It gave me quite a pang!

* The Secretary of the Admiralty very kindly furnishes the following particulars of the old ship:—"The 'Cressy' was a two-decker, laid down at Chatham as an 80-gun third-rate in 1846. By an Admiralty order issued in November, 1852, she was converted while building into a screw-ship, and was launched in July, 1853. She served in the Baltic in 1854-55."

Another occasion for a holiday was when Princess Alexandra landed at Gravesend, before her marriage with the Prince of Wales. I had then left the choir, and was in the organ-loft as an articled pupil of John Hopkins, the organist. I accompanied the boys to Gravesend, where we all assembled outside the railway station and joined in the cheering.

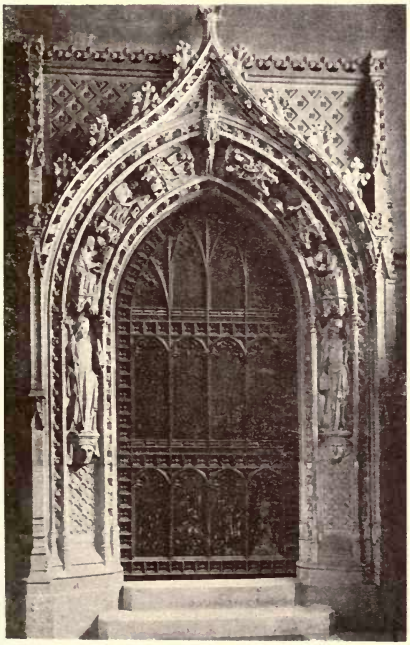
Our répertoire of music sung in the Cathedral was really very extensive, and it is to the credit of the musical authorities that they were among the first to appreciate the value of Wesley's splendid volume of Cathedral anthems which appeared in 1853. The Dean and Chapter of Rochester subscribed for copies of this great work, but I regret to say that the list of subscribers did not include the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. The Precentor (the Rev. W. Shepherd) and organist were fully alive to the value of these anthems, "The Wilderness" and "Blessed be the God and Father," now so well known, appearing in the lists almost every other week for a year or two, and very well were they done.

I also remember well the appearance of the fine Service music by Edward John Hopkins, the organist of the Temple, and the impression made upon me by his playing when he paid occasional visits to Rochester.

Having referred as above to the Rev. W. Shepherd, I must not omit a reference to another Precentor of Rochester with whom I came in contact. Among all such dignitaries whom I have met, his charming face and sweet disposition linger in my memory: he was the Rev. T. T. Griffith (not the Vice-Dean, Dr. Griffiths), and held office during part of the term of my articles. Well endowed with that fine skill and adroitness which we call tact, he was enabled in his dealings with people to get them to do exactly as he wished. Canons gave way to him, while the organist was quite

John Larkin Hopkins (1841-1856).

John Hopkins (1856-1900).



Chapter House Doorway, Rochester.

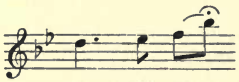
Six Poor Travellers, High Street, Rochester.

docile. As to the choir, they all loved him. He introduced much new music, his choice revealing, perhaps, some bias towards the modern school. A very good alto singer, he organized social meetings for the practice of part-songs, &c., in various houses in the neighbourhood. I profited in my accompaniments by many hints that he gave me, information that he always imparted without any objectionable words or manner. He even got Mr. Hopkins to come out of his shell a good deal, and altogether the Rev. T. T. Griffith was an ideal Precentor. Late in life he accepted a living in a delightful part of Surrey, where I often visited him. He displayed great interest in the rehearsals of the Coronation choir; I rejoiced to see his familiar face in the gallery at Church House. This very dear friend lived to the great age of eighty-four years, and when he died I felt that in him was severed an arresting link with the past.

CHAPTER II.

Opening of the Crystal Palace by Queen Victoria—Miss Hackett and Sydney Smith—The Crimean War—Musical Evenings with Officers of the Garrison—Removal of the Old Stone Bridge—Deans and Canons of Rochester—Mr. Whiston *v.* The Dean and Chapter—Competition for the Organistship of Rochester—Quaint old Customs—Two Terrible Melodramas—Rochester Subscription Concerts in the 'fifties—Sims Reeves at a War Concert——An Historical Extravaganza.

THE first great musical gathering in which I took part was the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, by Queen Victoria, in 1854. A large choir was formed, which included that of Rochester Cathedral, and I sang in this choir under the direction of Costa. Clara Novello sang the solos in the National Anthem; her clear, beautiful voice still seems to ring in my ears. She put in an ornament on the word "us"—



and as she lingered on the high B flat, an old gentleman behind me, a member of the choir, exclaimed enthusiastically, "That's a beauty!" This was the first time I had seen the Queen, and I need not say how interested I was. The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) and Prince Alfred were there as boys, besides many other notable and distinguished people. The conductor rather astonished us by swinging both his arms, to right and left, but of course it was a very large choral and instrumental body. We boys

were greatly interested to see the various gentlemen presented to Her Majesty, and delighted when one made an awkward slip on retiring backwards down the steps and nearly came a cropper! It was a great scene, but a very hot and tiring day. I suffered agonies from thirst while on the platform. One sight was peculiarly attractive to us choristers. Among the singers were the Children of the Chapel Royal in their splendid dress of scarlet and gold; we ordinary choristers were filled with admiration and envy. It may be noted that among those Chapel Royal boys was the youthful Arthur Sullivan.

In connection with a chorister's life, I must not omit to mention the visits of Miss Maria Hackett. She was a lady who made it her mission to improve the education and general position of the boys in Cathedral choirs. Her advent was always welcome to us, because we knew that after service we should be paraded, our names entered in her little book, and we should receive a small tip. Her work is well known. I need not dwell upon it here, except to say that she lived to see the education of Cathedral choristers put upon a higher level than it was in my youthful days. Her labours for choristers have been recorded on a tablet erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. Miss Hackett was a regular attendant at St. Paul's, and a little witticism of Sydney Smith's respecting her may be chronicled. Miss Hackett much loved to hear Mr. Goss introduce "thunder" at appropriate verses in the Psalms. On one occasion when the atmospheric disturbance took place, Sydney Smith said to a fellow Canon, "Have you ever noticed when Mr. Goss 'thunders,' how Miss Hackett's face 'lightens'?"

Another little witticism of Sydney Smith's in connection with Goss was told to me by the latter. Sydney Smith was a Canon of St. Paul's at the time Goss was

a candidate for the organistship. Goss had been a pupil and assistant of Attwood, and so was hoping to get the appointment. A dinner was given to some of the Cathedral body in the Chapter House of St. Paul's, Goss, as assistant-organist, being among the guests. He was somewhat anxious concerning the view Sydney Smith took as to his fitness for the post, but his mind was set at ease by a remark of the witty Canon, who with nice acumen was serving a salmon. Turning to Goss, he politely asked him did he prefer "thick or thin." Goss named his choice, and the Canon promptly made rejoinder, "Always happy to serve you, Mr. Goss, through *thick* and *thin*."

The War with Russia (1854-56) provided many days of excitement in Rochester. Troops continually marched through the streets to embark for the Crimea, causing much enthusiasm. I remember the departure of the 18th Royal Irish, a brave but somewhat noisy body of men, singing, as they wended their way, Henry Russell's fine marching song "Cheer, boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow," though the night before they had broken out of barracks and nearly killed one or two policemen. Poor fellows, many of them died gloriously, at the attack on the Redan. The Charge of the Light Brigade is an incident impressed on my mind by hearing my father speaking of it, and showing me a picture of Lord Cardigan on his charger, surrounded by Russians and apparently jumping over enormous cannon and other impediments!

The officers of the garrison, it need hardly be said, were beings whom we greatly venerated. Some of them we got to know very well. They would come frequently to the Cathedral services—many of them, indeed, were very musical. By permission of the organist a senior boy, E. J. Crow (who, as I have said, afterwards became organist of Ripon Cathedral), and I went several times

to the Royal Engineer Barracks to sing part-songs with some of these musical officers. They treated us extremely well, giving us a good feed, which, boy-like, we greatly enjoyed, while they on their part seemed greatly to appreciate the musical evenings. We were amused at their astonishment at the way Crow and I could read whatever music they put before us, they having so much difficulty in singing their own parts even after practice. Frequently they would let us play with their swords and pistols, which I fear were of greater interest to us than the music. I can catch, even now, the joy that such informal music-makings were to us. Moreover it was an invaluable experience for young boys, as we were, thus early to come under the influence of those Engineer officers, who, keen and active soldiers as later we knew them to be, were also highly-educated and refined gentlemen.

The visit of Queen Victoria to the wounded soldiers at Chatham was a notable event; while another was the arrival of wounded officers. The son of one of the Canons was among these; we were allowed to see him at his father's house, and to hear from his lips some of the war incidents which filled us with admiration. Stories of war will always have interest for boys. I have already alluded to the Funeral of the Duke of Wellington, and my interest in that event was a good deal owing to the fact that among the Bedesmen of the Cathedral was an old soldier who had fought under the Duke at the Battle of Waterloo. He had a big scar on one cheek, which he told us was given him by a Frenchman in the battle. He declared that he ran his bayonet through the Frenchman's body, and would delight us by illustrating his feat with his walking stick.

An interesting series of events attended the removal in 1856 of the old stone bridge over the Medway—

that "very Fayer Bridge of Stone," dating from the 14th century, connecting Rochester with Strood. It was probably commenced in the year 1387 by Sir Robert Knolles, and was extremely picturesque. Its numerous narrow arches made it, I suppose, an obstruction to navigation, and it became necessary to demolish it, a very fine iron bridge being constructed lower down the river, on the site of the ancient wooden structure built in the reign of Richard II. The removal of the massive piers of the old bridge was entrusted to the Royal Engineers stationed at Chatham. This was an operation extending over some time, for of course the undertaking could not be accomplished in one gigantic explosion. But still it provided impressive scenes of considerable magnitude. Enormous crowds would assemble to witness the firing of the mines. Stationed a long way from the bridge, we listened with strained expectancy for the bugles whose concerted signal announced the critical moment. I can recall the tense feeling of excitement, the breathless hush, while the imagination traced the burning of the fuzes, the leaping spark eating its way inevitably nearer to the explosive placed in the masonry, then—the dull thud of the explosion, like a great door shutting with a mighty slam!

The demolition charges were carefully designed by the Engineers in order to rend the piers without throwing the debris to any great distance. The billowing, eddying mass of the explosion seemed, however, to rise to a great height. Once or twice the sightseers had need of the warning to "take cover," as stones volleyed overhead, but so far as I know there was no accident. The faggots and hurdles used as mantelets to screen the masonry, although destroyed in the explosion along with the stonework, did their work well. Some of the old stone balustrading was preserved, and erected along the Esplanade, where it still remains.

The Dean and Canons of the Cathedral while I was a chorister are still fresh in my memory, and probably few people have seen a Bishop in a wig, on his throne? But I can remember quite well old Bishop Murray of Rochester wearing his wig when he made his Visitations. It puzzled me as a boy to make out what it really was! It was a close-fitting wig, the front of it seeming to grow out of his forehead. He was, I think, the last Bishop to don this part of the Episcopal habit.

The Dean, Dr. Stevens, was a very old man, and I believe at one time had been Chaplain to the House of Commons. He preached occasionally, when I was much struck with his deep and expressive voice. The Vice-Dean, Canon Griffiths, was a man of fine presence and physique, while also somewhat of an autocrat. He had ample means, but lost a considerable sum of money in the failure of the banking firm of Sir John Dean Paul & Co., against whom he brought an action at law. He was educated at Westminster School, and I have often thought it would have interested him to find me at Westminster. Several school prizes still bear my name inscribed by him. It was Mrs. Griffiths who criticised my playing of the service and accused me of making such dreadful noises! Another famous Canon was Dr. Hawkins, the celebrated Provost of Oriel. The choristers were not very fond of him, as he was particularly averse to interfering with the daily choral service by giving a special holiday. I remember his alert little figure perfectly well; he had a pair of sharp bright eyes, and a good head of short, white, rather curly hair. I do not recall that he ever spoke to us, except on the rare occasions when we ventured to beg for a holiday. But he was particularly courteous, and as he passed us on his way to the Chapter House to be

robed, he always returned our bows with much graciousness. He moved very briskly, and had a curious habit of making a very careful and prolonged use of the mat before ascending the steps to the Chapter House, rubbing his little feet backwards and forwards many times. It may be a trifling thing to record, but I know that it struck us boys as something uncommon.

In the pulpit he was somewhat of a terror! He prefaced his sermon with a very long "Bidding Prayer," for which all the congregation stood. One thing he introduced, which other Canons omitted. He always bade us pray "For John, Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, and George, Lord Archbishop of York, that they may shine like lights in the world, and adorn the doctrine of God our Father." I have never heard this since, but have never forgotten it. And then came the sermon —very long, and very learned no doubt. Of that I cannot speak.

The Archdeacon, Dr. King, was the father of the celebrated Bishop of Lincoln. Another of his sons was badly wounded in the Crimea, and was the officer mentioned previously who used to tell us stories about the war.

The fourth Canon was Dr. Irvine, but as he was absolutely incapable of doing any part of the service—suffering from paralysis and being carried into his stall by his butler and the head verger—I cannot say anything about him.

The Dean and Chapter were at that time engaged in a tremendous fight waged against them by Mr. Whiston, the master of the King's School at Rochester. The quarrel is well remembered, so that I need not go into particulars, except to mention that it was the outcome of a pamphlet which Whiston wrote on "Cathedral Trusts and their fulfilment." He complained that the Dean and Chapter did much too little for the School;

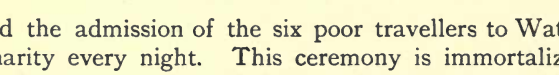
they replied by attempting to dismiss him from his post—in fact they did appoint another headmaster. Whiston, however, attended the Cathedral Services as usual, and it was very interesting to see two headmasters of the same school sitting side by side at the services. In the long run Whiston gained the day, the Dean and Chapter having to reinstate him in his headmastership; the King's School has since flourished exceedingly.

I well remember the competition which took place for the organistship of the Cathedral in 1855. J. L. Hopkins went to Trinity College, Cambridge, when the vacant post was competed for by some dozen prominent organists, the judges being John Goss, of St. Paul's, and the retiring organist. Among the competitors was James Coward, a fine performer, afterwards organist of the Crystal Palace, W. B. Gilbert (best known as the composer of the tune "Maidstone," now sung to the beautiful hymn "Pleasant are Thy Courts above"), and Armes, a pupil of Hopkins and a chorister of Rochester, who became organist of Durham Cathedral and Professor of Music in the University. Although only a boy of eleven, I took great interest in the affair, and can quite well recall how some of the performers differed in style from others. It was a very searching trial, for not only did the candidates play the organ, but they actually had to work a paper containing a chorale to harmonize, and a short subject on which to write a fugue!

In the end the choice fell upon John Hopkins, a brother of the well-known Temple organist and a cousin of the retiring organist. I heard he was far ahead of the other candidates in extemporizing, and can well believe it, for I had many opportunities, as his pupil and assistant, of listening to the beautiful modulations and dignified progressions which he could use at will. I never saw him with a baton in his hand. He was of a shy and retiring disposition, essentially a man for a quiet

Cathedral life and not one to shine in the concert world. He had a gift for composition, but not until late in life did he do much. Then he wrote a fine Service or two, and some beautiful organ music. He performed his daily duties until well over eighty years of age.

Many quaint old customs still lingered in Rochester. The 5th of November, with its Guy Fawkes and fireworks; the Christmas Waits, for whom I used to lie awake in bed to listen; the Hot Cross Buns, early on Good Friday, called by various bakers' boys to a real bit of old folk-song:—



and the admission of the six poor travellers to Watts' Charity every night. This ceremony is immortalized by Dickens in his Christmas Story, "Seven poor Travellers." The old gabled house—rebuilt in 1771, and restored in 1865—is in the High Street, near where I lived. Punctually at 6 p.m. the door opened, and the custodian silently pointed to six fortunate ones out of a crowd of poor travellers who had gathered during the day, and stood in a semicircle in front of the house. The six were admitted, given supper, a bed, and breakfast, and a "groat" to start them on their journey next day. This Charity was founded in 1579 by Sir Richard Watts, a famous old citizen, for the relief of six poor travellers every night. Oddly enough, he specially mentions poor travellers "not being Rogues or Proctors." * The Charity continues to the

* *Vide* "New English Dictionary," *sub* Proctor, "One who collected alms on behalf of lepers or others who were debarred from begging for themselves. *Esp.* one having a patent or licence to collect alms for the occupants of a 'spital-house.' (Held in evil repute from the abuse of the system.)" And again, *Ibid.*, "'Among roges and idle persons, we find to be comprised all proctors that go up and downe with counterfeit licences.'—Harrison, 'England,' 1877."

present day, but the funds have so increased that the trustees have been enabled to erect some fine Almshouses for poor and decayed citizens.

The inscription on the house in the High Street is as follows :—

Richard Watts Esqre
By his Will dated 22nd August 1579
founded this Charity
for six poor travellers,
who not being Rogues or Proctors
may receive gratis for one night
Lodging, Entertainment,
and Four Pence each.

Rochester possessed a theatre, and at one period there were performances given every night by a small resident company. My parents were not very keen about letting me go to the theatre, but occasionally I got permission. Two terrible melodramas that I saw made an impression on me that was not good, and which lasted for a long time. One of these plays was entitled "The Bleeding Nun," in which there was a fearful moonlight scene in a churchyard, an officer with a drawn sword and a nun with a dagger chasing each other round the tombstones. The nun looked ghastly, with a big, bleeding wound. I do not know who was the victor, but I got so frightened that I had to go home.

The title of the other piece I have forgotten. The villain was the wicked Captain of a ship, who fell in love with the wife of the mate. There was a fierce encounter, the mate being thrown overboard. A fine scene of a ship at sea showed the mate clinging to the side with an arm over the bulwark. The Captain, to get rid of him, seized an axe and hacked off his hand. In the next scene everybody was several years older. The Captain had apparently married the lady, and amassed a good deal of money, for he lived in great state.

A ball was given in a baronial hall, and the Captain and the lady were there. In the centre, at the back of the hall, stood a very large, old-fashioned grandfather clock, and at a given moment—the dance ceased to let it occur—the whole front of the clock opened, revealing the figure of the drowned sailor with his bleeding stump pointing accusingly at the infamous Captain. The wretch, I think, fell dead, everyone else bolted, and that was the end of the play!

These scenes, as I have said, had an effect upon me which was not good—particularly that of the nun in the churchyard. Like many children I was nervous in the dark (I never had any fear in the day-time), and the remembrance of the Bleeding Nun dashing frantically round the tombstones had such an effect upon me that I was afraid to proceed to my music-lesson at night. The way led me past the Cathedral, and I had to go through two churchyards. To get over the difficulty a younger brother was sent with me; when the lesson was over he would come and fetch me. He had no fear—but he had never seen "The Bleeding Nun"!

I will recount still one more episode of the theatre, when I have done with my Rochester theatrical reminiscences. One of the boys—a terrible trouble to the schoolmaster; always getting into mischief, but really a very witty and not a bad boy—managed somehow to procure a box order to see the play. He took three or four of his chums with him, of whom I was one, and we greatly enjoyed ourselves. I am afraid that a portion of the enjoyment lay in making a good deal of noise! The manager put up with it for a time, but the climax was reached when, in a scene representing a sequestered wood, a very tall, lean actor came forward leaning on a long staff rather like a hop-pole. He was in terrible fear of some felonious attack, and

appeared in very great distress, calling out, "Whither shall I go, where shall I hide?" to which our companion promptly called out, "Hide behind your walking stick, gov'nor!" This knocked the actor completely out of time, while there was a roar of laughter from the audience. The indignant manager, however, promptly kicked us out!

During his term at Rochester, J. L. Hopkins directed some very successful subscription concerts there from year to year. Many of the most celebrated vocalists sang on these occasions, and always some representative names appeared in the programme. The last concert of the season was generally made specially attractive by the engagement of Sims Reeves, Madame Dolby, and other well-known artists. I remember that in the Crimean War period, Sims Reeves sang a popular song, "Stand to your guns." We choristers were admitted to the artists' room, and after his song in the concert-hall, in playful mood the great tenor sang it to us again, but this time to a little travesty of the words, "Stand to your pop-guns." We thought this delightful. Maas was present with us, and it is interesting to record that not many years afterwards his first great hit as a tenor was in singing a song of Henry Leslie's, "Annabel Lee," which Sims Reeves was to have sung. Maas and Reeves became very friendly, and at Maas's death Reeves sent me a wreath of flowers, with a touching request that I would place them on the coffin of the sweet singer and charming companion, called to his rest at the summit of his powers.

A curious side-light on the musical culture of concert audiences at that time, even at fairly high-class music-makings as these were, is afforded in the fact that the programmes were always enlivened by what was called a "buffo song." At Rochester these were generally contributed by two vocalists

who were, I believe, Cathedral choristers, Messrs. George Buckland and James Howe. The former, I think, came from St. Paul's.

At a concert given on January 24, 1855, Howe was down for an "Historical Extravaganza" as it was called. The words have not survived, but I append the author's synopsis, reproducing also its archaic type and quaint language, as printed in the programme of sixty-four years ago. Here it is:—

HISTORICAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

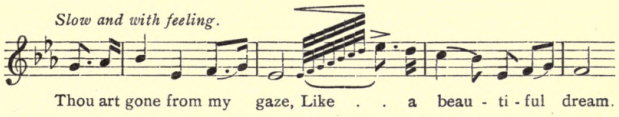
MR. JAMES HOWE.

"Ye affecting historie of Guido Fawkes," with ye fulle, true, and particular account of ye Gunpowder plot: contayninge diuers matters thereanent neuer before made publycke.

J. HOWE.

Buckland's *tour de force* was a song entitled, if my memory serves me, "Miss Roseleaf's Evening Party." He was a clever executant on the pianoforte, and I used greatly to admire his admirable musical representation of the party going down to supper, two by two, a progression which he illustrated with irresistible comicality by playing a series of notes in thirds from the top of the keyboard to the bottom. A song by "Miss Martha Mumbles," which always brought down the house, had for its title "Thou art gone from my gaze Like a beautiful dream." It was a well-known ballad of the time. He would sing it in a high falsetto. Between the word "gaze" and the word "like" there is an interval of an octave, and Buckland found huge delight in

piling up a tremendous *portamento* from the low note to its octave on the word "Like." I give the music as he performed it:—



I am afraid the audience really liked these songs better than they did the more refined numbers in the programme. And certainly I did!

CHAPTER III.

First Organ Lessons—Blind Fred as Critic—An Obstinate Alto—Organ Interlude and the Man with the Glass-Eye—Recollections of Charles Dickens—Early Appointments—The Volunteer Band—Marching Past Her Majesty at the Hyde Park Review—Humiliation at a Review—Jenny Lind in "Elijah"—Hearing Wesley open an Organ—Pupil of Goss, at St. Paul's.

I DO not remember my first organ lesson, but I had a little knowledge of the pedals beforehand. This I acquired by surreptitiously playing upon them when I was in the organ-loft performing my duties of putting out the organist's books. I had noticed how they were footed when up once or twice during service to help Armes. He was then only a beginner, and found it needful to have a boy to help manipulate the stops. When he nodded his head I had to push in a pedal coupler, and when he nodded again I had to pull it out. This was, I believe, my real introduction to the organ. Soon after my fourteenth year I left the choir, and was articled by my father to John Hopkins, the organist. Soon I began to play occasional services at various churches, and must not omit to mention that for a few Sundays I played at a chapel. I was not paid for these chapel services, but gave them in return for being allowed to practise on the organ there, which was a very good one. The reason was that the Dean and Chapter were so unkind as to refuse me access to the Cathedral organ. This was rather hard, as I had been a boy in the choir for eight years, and my father had paid Hopkins a fairly good fee to take me as an articled pupil. However, they very soon gave the required permission. My

FIGUREHEAD OF H.M.S. "CRESSY."

father was remonstrated with by a clergyman, for, as he said, "letting your son play in a chapel for the sake of filthy lucre"! Of course my father had a good answer to this, and the clergyman transferred his protest, in another form, to the Dean and Chapter, with the result that the required permission was granted. Yet the attempt to exclude me was an unworthy act on the part of the Cathedral authorities, as everyone will admit.

My organ lessons were not very regular, but I practised almost daily, and curiously enough my greatest critic was the old blind blower, Fred, whom I have mentioned as having allowed me to toll the bell for the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington. Intensely musical, he played the violin uncommonly well, and along with a friend—the blind organist of a neighbouring church—was employed at all the dances in the vicinity. It was a local saying that "people liked to have blind men to play at the dances, because they would not know too much of what was going on"!

Blind Fred had a great love for Church music, and would constantly come round from the bellows-side to the keyboard side of the organ to correct me for a wrong note or something that I had not noticed myself. He could do this, because I was only allowed to play softly, and the organ not being pneumatic it did not require a great amount of wind.

I remember his delight when for the first time we had some of the more modern chants introduced, notably one by Turle, which is well known and usually sung to the 104th Psalm. There is a very striking chord in the second part. Old blind Fred would whistle this chant to me, accenting this chord with all his power! He was always rather hard upon my extempore playing (which I admit was not very good),

but once I tripped him up by taking a phrase from one of Mendelssohn's Lieder, using it as a subject. This brought him round to me, with the exclamation, "Ah, Master Fred, that *is* something like"! I thanked him, but was artful enough not to tell him whose it was.

Very early in my articles I took the whole of the Cathedral services on week-days, but encountered one rather awkward experience while playing my first Sunday service. I need hardly say that at this date my anthem-repertory was not very large; I had, however, practised Elvey's "Unto Thee have I cried," which contained a well-known alto solo. Now the alto soloist seemed to turn rather restive at being "accompanied by a boy," as he somewhat disparagingly said, and at the last moment declared he could not sing the solo. However, the Precentor told him that he would have to sing it, so the service commenced. We got through the first chorus, and then came the solo. I played the introductory symphony, and put down the chord for the entry of the soloist, but there was no response! The alto absolutely refused to sing, on the plea that he could not. I suppose I ought to have brought the movement to a close and gone on to the next chorus, but I was on my mettle and impulsively decided to play the part as an instrumental interlude, being very much encouraged by a gentleman who was a constant attendant in the organ-loft, and who happened to be present. Instinctively divining my intention, he was delighted with the episode, saying, over and over again, "Go it, youngster!" emphasising his remarks by vigorously polishing his glass-eye on a silk handkerchief. It was a diversion of his when excited to extract his artificial eye and give it a high degree of polish in this manner. I proceeded with the solo, and added to it what later years have convinced me was a piece of impudence. The soloist was wont to close

this number with a "shake," which is very unusual in Cathedral music, so I thought I would reproduce it, and accordingly finished up with a long shake that nearly vibrated my friend's glass-eye out of his hand! There were some heated moments after the service, in which my father, the Precentor, the alto, and the Dean and Canon took part, but nothing was said to me, and the thing passed over.

Afterwards I became very friendly with the alto, and quite forgave him. I do not think he would mind my telling the story even if he were alive. He was the brother of the well-known tenor, Wilbye Cooper. At one time he thought his voice was changing into a tenor, and took to singing tenor songs. It was a witty remark of Armes *père* (father of Dr. Armes), when one day referring to the brothers, that one was Wilbye Cooper, and the other "Would be" Cooper.

The five happy years of my articles fled all too quickly. All the time was not spent at the Cathedral, my duties as assistant being varied by some small appointments that I held at local churches, the first of these being the country church of Shorne. Situate about five miles from Rochester, there was no railway or any method of getting there except by walking, and this I did, wet or fine. My walk out to the little isolated village was quite an interesting one. I was a lover of Dickens' books, and Dickens lived at Gad's Hill House, which I passed on my journey. As I left Rochester I passed the "Bull Inn"—the scene of the Ball and Mr. Jingle's exploits in "Pickwick"—its sign bearing as an advertisement the recommendation of Mr. Jingle, "Good house—nice beds." A mile or two along the high road one came to Gad's Hill, the scene of Sir John Falstaff's proceedings, and referred to in Shakespeare as a place where "there are pilgrims going to Canterbury."

At the top of the hill was the wayside Inn, the "Sir John Falstaff"; on the opposite side of the road Gad's Hill Place, the residence of Charles Dickens, an interesting-looking red-brick building,* with a neat lawn, from which a tunnel was made under the high road to give access to a well-wooded garden on the other side. Fine cedars made a good show, and I believe the novelist did a good deal of writing in this secluded spot. I very often saw Dickens on my way in the morning, but more often as I walked home. He used to walk in the middle of the road, generally attended by a big dog. How little he thought, as we passed on the quiet country road, that in after years he would repose in the Abbey,† while the sound of the pealing organ

"To the full-voiced choir below"

was to be actuated by the fingers of the boy who, I am afraid, was wont unduly to stare at him with feelings of admiration and curiosity.

A little speech made by the great novelist, that I have not seen quoted, has lingered in my mind. He gave a reading at Chatham in aid of the Mechanics' Institute, which included the Trial from "Pickwick," and "A Christmas Carol." In response to thanks conveyed to him after the reading, he said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I wish you all the Compliments of the Season, if Compliments are ever out of Season."

A little beyond Gad's Hill my journey took me off the high road through some fields into a pretty country lane—a rare spot for white violets in the spring—

* Dickens bought Gad's Hill Place in 1856, and resided there till his death, which took place in 1870. In writing to a friend, he described it as his "little Kentish freehold. . . . a grave, red-brick house, which," he went on, "I have added to and stuck bits upon in all manner of ways."

† It is said that Charles Dickens was to have been buried in Rochester Cathedral, but that, in deference to a wish expressed by Queen Victoria, the great novelist was laid in Westminster Abbey.

and so I reached the little valley. The church was a good specimen of various periods of architecture—Saxon, Norman, and of the Transition period—and contained a fine stone recumbent figure of a knight in armour. My days spent there are often in my mind—the Sunday School, which was held in one of the aisles partitioned off from the church; the little organ in the gallery; the tuneful peal of bells rung by the villagers; and my return journey, often laden with flowers given to me by the country-folk.

Sometimes my old fellow chorister, Joseph Maas, would walk out to meet me, when we would linger by a pool and watch the shoals of roach and wish we had a rod and line. Those were happy Sundays; I have not since spent many so free from the cares of office!

The little organ (originally a barrel organ, presented by a resident over a hundred years ago) was in the West gallery, and there the choir sat with me. The old Clerk was evidently an advanced Prayer Book reformer, for he always insisted upon saying "Amen" at the end of the Te Deum, which was generally read. I took my luncheon with me, eating it in the vestry between the morning and evening services. A somewhat serious accident occurred on one of these occasions, which might have changed my career. In cutting an apple the knife slipped, dividing the flesh between the thumb and first finger of my left hand! It bled profusely, and I had to be driven into Rochester and have it attended to. Fortunately no ill effects ensued, but I bear the mark to this day; in fact it has a little interfered with the stretch of my left hand.

Shorne was the home of many of the best cricketers of Kent, and I saw a good many matches between prominent clubs played in the charming grounds of Cobham Hall, the residence of Lord Darnley.

I believe a number of the Shorne people were employed on the property, which was quite near. The fine old Hall is very picturesque, and I have lately learned a fact of some interest about it, which is, I think, little known. In connection with the "Gibbons Festival" in Westminster Abbey (*see* page 212), I looked into the facts of Gibbons' attendance at Canterbury Cathedral for the wedding of Charles I., and came across a contemporary account which showed that Charles and his Queen went to Cobham Hall through Rochester for their honeymoon, afterwards going viâ Gravesend to London. I do not think this was known to the present occupants of the Hall until I mentioned it to Lady Darnley. The Brook family were the Lords of Cobham in the time of Charles I., the magnificent series of brasses on their graves in Cobham Church being well known to antiquaries.

After about a year at Shorne I was appointed to the organistship of Strood Church, near Rochester. The Vicar, the Rev. J. W. Sheringham, was very musical, while the Church had what was of some consequence to me, a modern organ. Mr. Sheringham later in life became Canon and Archdeacon of Gloucester, and was a constant visitor to me in the Cloisters.

When the Volunteer movement arose, I joined the band of the 9th Kent Volunteers—being then about fifteen or sixteen years old—playing the second cornet. As I was a pretty good musician, it was no trouble to me to play the parts on my instrument, and I rather astonished the bandmaster by the way I read my part. He did not know that I knew more about music than anybody else in the band. The man who played second cornet with me was a young house-painter, who was very keen, but as he knew nothing about music, was often dropped upon by the bandmaster; in fact, if there was a mistake in the cornet part *he* was generally,

and often rightly, credited with it. One day, however, he was treated rather badly for a mistake of mine. The part for the cornets was pretty often a dull succession of single notes, marking the step of the corps on the march, but varied now and then by a bar or two of syncopation, *i.e.*, notes which came after the beat. I came in badly with a note on the beat instead of after it, the effect of which was to release a torrent of abuse from our irascible bandmaster upon the poor house-painter. "Now, Corporal," said the unlucky one, "it wasn't me this time, it was Bridge. He played *Ta ta* instead of *Um ta*." This was his ingenious method of explaining the syncopation, "*Um*" being a sort of grunt that he gave to keep himself right. We all roared, even the surly bandmaster, at this new and certainly convenient technical expression—and I admitted for once that I was wrong!

Our corps had the honour of attending the great Volunteer Review in Hyde Park, held by Queen Victoria in June, 1860, and marching past Her Majesty in brigade. Our band, however, was not allowed to play, which annoyed us very much; but we experienced a greater annoyance, as the following will show.

The band of the 9th Kent was not very large, and comprised a varied set of players—all, with one or two exceptions, being mere beginners. We were taught by a corporal of the Royal Marine Band, and soon managed to get through three marches, "Rory O'More," "Ninety-five," and "The Young Recruit." Our corporal-bandmaster carried a large brass instrument which played the melody an octave below the cornets. With this "chromatic bullock"—as I have heard some one call such an instrument—and the assistance of our drummer, who laid it on pretty thick, it did not much matter what the other instruments played! We were very anxious to march

at the head of the corps, and did so with fair success. But we suffered a serious catastrophe at the rehearsal for a certain review and march past. The corps was paraded on the Esplanade, near the old castle, to practise a march past. The band took its station, in readiness to play one of the marches. But—the bandmaster did not turn up! We got very nervous as the corps advanced from the end of the parade-ground and came on in dead silence, for none of us dared start to play. As the leading companies passed us the Captain (Savage, by name—and it suited him well on that occasion!) shouted out, "Can't that —— band play a tune?" All eyes instantly centred on us, instead of on the march-past. The assembled citizens chaffed us unmercifully, and we felt indescribably foolish. The corps had to go some distance before wheeling about, but ere they could do this, "with one consent" we had bolted, and hidden ourselves in the crowd. It was a very humiliating day for us. Later on, when we found the bandmaster, we let him know what we thought of him.

Although our band was not very good, I nevertheless got some useful experience in playing the cornet, always looking back with pleasure to my days as a Volunteer.

One of the most notable things I remember at this time in my musical experience was being allowed to sit with the organist, Dr. Hopkins, at Exeter Hall, during a performance of "Elijah" in which Madame Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) sang, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, her husband (in after years one of my dearest friends), conducted. I can still recall the fire and expression which the great singer put into the music.

Another musical experience is one for which I am always thankful. Learning that Wesley was opening

an organ in London at the great Agricultural Hall, and never having heard him play, I determined not to miss the opportunity of doing so. I attended the recital, when he played his Andante in G and an extempore Fugue on a very fine subject. I remember how much annoyed I was by the way the people would talk—as in these days—through the quieter parts of the Andante. This was the only time I had the opportunity of hearing Wesley.

Except for the concerts I have already referred to, which were mostly of vocal music, we at Rochester in the 'fifties had little opportunity of becoming acquainted with music outside the Church, and there were then no Local Examinations in music such as are now held all over the Empire. I had a great leaning to composition, writing some songs and part-songs, and a little Church music; but there were no scholarships to be had (except at the Royal Academy, which necessitated residence in London), so I moved pretty much in one groove up to the time when my articles with John Hopkins expired. Then, fortunately, I knew my ignorance, and determined to place myself for composition under Goss, of St. Paul's. Most of my work was sent by post, but I also went to him in London for some lessons, for three or four years having the benefit of his valuable help. He was a most painstaking teacher, and the exercises I did with him are now among my most cherished possessions.

CHAPTER IV.

Canvassing the Parish — Appointment at Windsor — The Hawtreys—Private Theatricals—Mrs. Oliphant—Early Choral Works — Life-Guardsmen at a "Churching" — "Reform" Election at Windsor—A Political Parrot—Musical Degree—Ouseley and The "Stretto Maestrale"—Arthur Sullivan at Windsor—Cathedral Appointment.

At the age of twenty I determined to leave home, and applied for several organistships, having a peculiar experience as a candidate for a London church. After a searching trial, I was one of four selected applicants, and was then informed that the appointment was in the hands of the Vestry, and it would be advisable for me to canvass the parish in order to get votes. One of the churchwardens was very much in my favour, and furnished me with the names of people on whom to call. I spent a whole day in waiting on people of all sorts and conditions—public-house keepers, ironmongers, bakers, and other tradesmen. My reception was not altogether cordial in many quarters—in fact, the public-house keepers looked upon me as a bit of a nuisance, and thought I was a musician for once in the wrong "bar." I did not obtain the appointment, because my opponent, I was informed, was a Freemason, and secured the Freemasons' votes. It was a curious ordeal, and one which I do not think many living organists have sustained.

Another post I tried for was the Parish Church of Faversham, near Canterbury. Curiously enough, James Turle, the organist of Westminster Abbey, was one of the judges to select the best man, the other umpire being Mr. Jones, the organist of Canterbury Cathedral.

I was not placed first, to the great regret of the Rector, who rather wanted me. But it brought me a post at Windsor, as the Rector wrote off to the Rev. Henry Hawtrey, whom he knew, to recommend me for the vacancy there. This was the first time I had met Turle, and after succeeding him at the Abbey I often referred to his having rejected me at Faversham. He declared "It was Jones who preferred the other man," and as Jones was in his own country he let him have his way! Before the Windsor people wrote to me I was sent for to London to see the celebrated Rev. Frederick D. Maurice, who offered me the post of organist at his church—St. Peter's, Vere Street. But I explained I must wait to hear from Windsor, and did so, with the result that Mr. Hawtrey's offer was accepted. I did not know what a distinguished man Maurice was, but was struck with his charm of manner.

The Rev. Henry Hawtrey was the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Windsor, but the moving spirit of the choir was his brother, the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey, mathematical master at Eton College. My appointment was not a very remunerative one, but it afforded me opportunities in many directions which were welcome. Thus I was able to attend the services at St. George's, Windsor, where Dr. Elvey had brought the music to a high state of efficiency—far better at that time, I am sure, than could be found at St. Paul's or Westminster, or, I believe, in any other Cathedral. Dr. Elvey was kind to me, letting me go up into the organ-loft frequently. Thus was I able to maintain my knowledge of the Cathedral Service, which indeed I should have missed greatly, having been accustomed to attend at daily service since I was six years of age. The Rev. Stephen Hawtrey was a musical enthusiast, and in his school at St. Mark's, which he founded for boys at Windsor, he had music

very generally taught. It was from this school that the choir of my church was formed. I worked hard with the boys, having very large classes, and made them read music well. We had at the church a full Cathedral service, and sang a large number of the best Cathedral anthems. At the school we gave some important concerts, where for the first time in my life I had the opportunity of conducting an orchestra. We did "Elijah" and the "Hymn of Praise" more than once; in connection with "Elijah" it may be interesting to note that the part of the Prophet at one of the performances which I conducted was sung by no less a person than Hubert Parry, then at Eton. Our bass failed us at the last moment, and Hubert Parry kindly undertook to sing the part. The thing I remember most about the performance was the extraordinary speed at which he sang "Is not His word like a fire." Fortunately we had a good band, and although the conductor was, naturally, inexperienced, the players pulled him through very well. Curiously enough, two of the leaders of this orchestra (then members of the Queen's Private Band) I found many years afterwards playing the leading parts in the orchestra of the Royal Choral Society, to which I had succeeded as conductor. During my term at Windsor I also had the pleasure of preparing my choir for the performance in the Lower School of Parry's Exercise for his Mus. Bac. degree at Oxford, which he took while a boy at Eton.

Through the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey's influence I was able to teach music a great deal at Eton College, giving private lessons to the boys and teaching class-singing in the Lower School. I also had large classes at the house of the Rev. John Hawtrey, and assisted in the production of many of the musical and other plays in which he and some of his sons and friends so frequently acted. In connection

with this I may claim to have helped to introduce Mr. Charles Hawtrey to the stage, for I taught him a song which he sang as Distaffina in "Bombastes Furioso." In the same play, when essaying the title-rôle, I once brought down the house with an unrehearsed effect in the scene where Bombastes takes off his boots and hangs them on a tree, the while he declaims :—

"Who dares this pair of boots displace
Must meet Bombastes face to face."

In my ardour to launch my challenge at "all the human race," I hauled off a stocking with one of my long boots; the audience were quick to notice my dilemma, and embarrassingly prompt in letting me see that they had done so. (This was at Manchester.)

Perhaps the most valuable friendship that I formed at Windsor was that of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. Oliphant. I was admitted to her family circle, and taught her boys music; and here, again, I helped in private theatricals, on one occasion appearing as Stingo, the Landlord in "She stoops to Conquer."

Theatricals had a great vogue at about this period, Mrs. Oliphant being particularly fond of them. I assisted in a good many of such entertainments, *e.g.*, in "Twelfth Night," when Frank Tarver, of Eton College, took the part of Malvolio, giving a perfect and very diverting representation of this character. We also did an opera of Offenbach's, "Barbe Bleue," some of the songs in which were charmingly interpreted by an officer of the Guards, whose name I do not remember; while at Eton, in the Mathematical School, a delightful performance of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" was given by members of the College, to whom I lent assistance in preparing the music.

During my Windsor days the friendship of Mrs. Oliphant was of great benefit to me. Through her kindness I spent many happy evenings which

otherwise would have been somewhat dreary. She encouraged me to compose, giving me such poems as Tennyson's "In Memoriam," with passages marked, which I have since set. She also gave me the life of "St. Francis of Assisi," calling my attention to "The Song of St. Francis," a translation of which appears in the book. Some twelve years later I set it to music, this being the first work I ever had performed at one of the great Festivals. There were others in her circle to whom I owe a deep debt for much kindness and help. Alas! most of these have passed beyond the veil. This literary house was a blessing indeed, fostering in me the love of good literature and imbuing me with a desire to achieve some measure of success in my profession. My kind friend lived to hear of my knighthood, sending me a word of congratulation from her sick room.

Trinity Church was attended by the Life Guards and other regiments stationed at Windsor, and a fine show they made, filling the galleries round which were inscribed the names of all the Guards killed in action in the Crimean War, from the drummer-boy to the Colonel.

In connection with this church I cannot refrain from recording a surprising incident of which I was a witness. On Sunday afternoons there were generally a number of babies from the barracks to be christened. Before the ceremony of christening the mothers were usually "Churched." On one occasion, when the women went up the chancel steps to the altar rails, to my astonishment a huge Life-Guardsman also went up, and, I suppose, was "Churched"! His companions, who were to be godfathers, were in a state of suppressed hilarity hardly consistent with the occasion.

My first experience of politics took place at Windsor. I was one of the crowd at the railway station awaiting

the arrival of Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone on their way to the Castle to resign after the defeat of the Government on the question of the Reform Bill in 1866, and remember thinking what a little man was Lord John, and what a striking face was Mr. Gladstone's. Soon after there was a general election, the town of Windsor being in a rare ferment. The old Members, Messrs. Vansittart and Vyse, were opposed by Mr. Henry Labouchere and Sir Henry Hoare. To the consternation of the Conservatives the two old Members were defeated and the new candidates elected. There was a petition against the election, and amongst others I was subpœnaed! I never knew on what grounds, but it was not for bribery or corruption. I think it was a question of the validity of my vote, which was a lodger's qualification, my rooms being given to me as part of my salary as organist. However, I was not called upon to appear, as the petition was successful and the Members were unseated. I was much gratified to receive £3 as compensation for my time spent at the Court of Inquiry.

The old Members did not regain their seats, and the new election was fought by Mr. Roger Eykyn and another. Mr. Eykyn was a very prominent member of the Radical party at Windsor, where his name was well known. A funny incident came under my notice with regard to this election. My friend Keeton (now organist of Peterborough Cathedral), then a pupil of Dr. Elvey, lodged with an old gentleman who was a violent Tory, and who possessed a clever and amusing parrot which was a great talker. The bird's cage stood in the window, and I suppose he had heard "Vote for Roger" shouted at all times by no end of voices. To the consternation and annoyance of the old gentleman one morning the bird yelled, "Vote for Roger," "Vote for Roger." It is impossible to describe

the fury of the owner, who had always looked upon the bird as a good Tory. He would, I believe, have wrung its neck had it not seen the error of its ways. It was a clever bird.

It was at Windsor that I made the acquaintance of Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Stainer. He and Mrs. Stainer (they were then living at Oxford) knew the Hawtreys well, and once came into the church to hear me play. This was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between us, a friendship which brought about the happy union of one of his sons with my daughter.

Professor Donkin and his sons were also constantly at the Hawtreys, and I had the great privilege of their friendship and musical knowledge.

My life was a very busy one, as I had to do private teaching as well as all my church and college work, but I found time to study. Passing the examination as a Fellow of the College of Organists in 1867, I am now the senior member of that institution. I was most anxious to get to Oxford, and if possible become organist of one of the colleges. There were not many such opportunities, but I very nearly succeeded in getting Queen's College, being returned, after competition, as one of two candidates whose names were submitted to the Fellows. Unfortunately, and to my intense disappointment, they gave it to the other man, so my hopes of a residential Oxford life were shattered. I determined, therefore, to take my degree in music, which could then be done by passing two examinations and writing an Exercise—residence not being required.

My Exercise was accepted, and in due time I presented myself at the final examination, the examiners being Sir Frederick Ouseley, Dr. Stainer (then organist of Magdalen), and Dr. Corfe, of Christ Church. An incident in the *viva voce* examination is possibly worthy

Miss Maria Hackett (1783-1874), (the "Choristers' Friend").

of record. I have already mentioned my friend Keeton, a pupil of Dr. Elvey. We were both desirous of taking our degree, and used to meet in the evening, either at his rooms or at mine, to work up the different branches—counterpoint, fugue, &c. In the course of our studies, in an old Oxford examination paper we came across the term "Stretto maestrale," which we had never heard of before. Keeton undertook to ask Dr. Elvey the meaning of it, but the old Doctor confessed that it was new to him, so we got no further, except that it made an impression on us. In the *viva voce* examination Sir Frederick asked me to explain the constituent parts of a fugue. I did this, mentioning of course the "Stretto." Then he said to me, "Can you name a term that is sometimes applied to a 'Stretto' when it is in strict canon?" In a moment my mind went back to the "Stretto maestrale," and I wondered if I should risk it or not. Before I replied, Ouseley added, "It is an Italian term." "Oh," I replied, "the 'Stretto maestrale,' of course," as if it were a very old friend. But I was nearly floored by the next question, "Can you give me any example of the use of this 'Stretto'?" As I had not known what the particular "Stretto" was till that moment, I was naturally rather puzzled, till Sir Frederick kindly helped me by saying, "Handel uses it." I thought of the "Amen Chorus" in "Messiah," and knowing that it abounded in all kinds of masterly imitations, I ventured to give it as an example. "Quite right; very good," said Sir Frederick. Seeing my friend Keeton, I of course told him all about it. He was going up to Oxford at the next examination, and got a good series of examples of "Stretto maestrale" ready for the Professor. But alas! to his great disappointment the question was not asked. I heard afterwards that Sir Frederick told a friend with whom he was staying at Oxford that he was somewhat surprised that I was able

to answer that question, as he did not remember having had it answered before, the term appearing only in a very rare book. I told Sir Frederick years afterwards what a little I knew about it at the time! I passed the examination, my Exercise being performed in the Sheldonian Theatre, the Rev. Stephen Hawtrey sending up a good part of our choir to sing in it. Some weeks afterwards we performed it at St. Mark's School, the tenor solo being taken by Arthur D. Coleridge, in after years my very dear friend, and the bass by the Rev. W. H. Bliss, then Minor Canon at Windsor. This was in 1868, and I made the acquaintance of Arthur Sullivan about this time. He was staying near Windsor, and attended one of the concerts given at St. Mark's, at which a setting of mine of some words from Tennyson's "In Memoriam" ("The time draws near the Birth of Christ") was sung. Sullivan was very kind and complimentary, at the same time pointing out an awkward passage of modulation, which, he said, "will always give you trouble," and so it has to this day.

My mind was set upon obtaining a Cathedral appointment. This had always been my great ambition, and I made application for two or three such posts, generally coming within the last few for selection. I first met Sir Frederick Ouseley at one of these competitions. He was the judge at Llandaff Cathedral trial, and although I did not get the appointment, he wrote me a very nice letter, which later was useful as a testimonial. This was rather early in my Windsor life, and before taking my degree. At last I was fortunate enough to be appointed organist of Manchester Cathedral, being then just twenty-four years of age. My friends at Windsor gave me many valuable presents, and I left them with real sorrow, spending the last evening at Mrs. Oliphant's hospitable house.

CHAPTER V.

A Stroke of Fortune—Life at Manchester—Professorial Work—Music in the Cathedral—Inadequate Choir—Mass Weddings—New Organ—A tremendous choral bass—"The little 'beggars' in front"—Prescient Remark concerning "Gerontius"—Mus. Doc. Degree — Hallé at Manchester — Hallé and Dreams — An Involuntary Immersion — Refused admission to Westminster Abbey—Retirement of Turle—The Vacancy and Dean Stanley —"Choosing an Organist more difficult than choosing a wife"—Organist of Westminster Abbey.

A BIT of good fortune attended my candidature for Manchester. I had heard that there would probably be a vacancy at Leeds Parish Church, and believed that circumstances favoured my being appointed. It would have been an honour to secure a post that S. S. Wesley had filled with so much distinction for some years before he proceeded to Winchester. I forwarded my testimonials, and received an invitation from the Vicar to come and stay at Leeds. At the last moment, however, the organist did not resign; but the Vicar pressed me not to forego my visit. Meanwhile I had got news concerning Manchester, and hastened to apply there, explaining that all my testimonials were at Leeds, where I was proceeding the following day. To my surprise the next morning brought a letter from Manchester, intimating that I must forward my testimonials without delay, as the Chapter was holding a meeting forthwith in order to select candidates. Twenty-four hours later, with as many documents as it was possible to secure, I was *en route* for Manchester. Arrived there, and tendering my ticket, I found my way barred by the collector, who, to my astonishment and no little indignation, told me I must pay again, as I had

come by the wrong line! It seemed that there was no interchange of traffic over the competing lines running from Leeds, and that I had bought my ticket for one and travelled by another. There was no alternative but to pay, whereat I grumbled eloquently, while the collector administered consolation by pointing out that I had arrived an hour sooner than I should have done travelling by the right train. And here comes my bit of good fortune. I went straight to the Cathedral, where a service was going on. A verger conducted me to a vestry. Here I deposited my papers with an official, and explained who I was. Glancing through them, he casually remarked, "Well, it's lucky you have come just now; the Chapter is holding a meeting after the service to select candidates." I emerged from my encounter with this gentleman conscious of rather mixed feelings, and with an injunction laid upon me to attend again in the afternoon, when I learned with great satisfaction that my candidature was approved, and was asked if I would be prepared to play the next day or would prefer to wait for my turn. Of course I elected to play the next day. Thus my success at Manchester turned largely upon the accidental circumstance of my having travelled upon the wrong line, thereby arriving an hour sooner than otherwise I should have done, which undoubtedly placed in my hands an opportunity that developed favourably for me. It is curious to think that a momentuous step in my career was taken when I boarded the wrong train.

Residence at Manchester was certainly not quite the kind of Cathedral life I had anticipated, but it was a fortunate move for me. The difference between the quiet of a Cathedral city like Rochester, or even Windsor, and busy Manchester, was immense. I was welcomed by the musical people, and received much

kindness and hospitality generally. The Cathedral services were at a very low ebb, the choir being extremely small in numbers and the organ not first-class. An incident of my early days in Manchester I must not forget to mention in connection with the organ. The instrument stood on the North side of the Choir, and after the services many of the congregation would walk up from the Nave to the Choir while I was playing the voluntary, and peer through the screen to see the "new mon." I was a little gratified at first, till one day an old lady popped her head round the screen to look at me. Then she turned to her friend and said in an audible voice, which even reached me through the Bach Fugue with which I was endeavouring to impress her: "Eh! but he's only a lad."

A year after my appointment, Goss allowed me to see a letter which he had received from a well-known musical amateur in Manchester, who was a great friend of his, and to whom I had written when I was a candidate. I think I may be pardoned for quoting the following extract:—

> "Our recommendation of young Bridge has been a distinguished success, and *I* have been thanked by the authorities over and over again for sending *your* recommendation to them. He has done us more than credit."

Although, as I have said, the Cathedral services had reached a rather low ebb, there was a wholesome zeal for Cathedral music among Churchmen at Manchester. The conservation of this fine tradition rested mainly, I think, with a few enthusiastic amateurs, prominent among whom was Benjamin St. John Baptist Joule. This gentleman (a brother of James Prescott Joule, the

distinguished physicist)* was a devoted lover of Cathedral music, and moreover a very competent organist.

Goss knew him well. He once wrote to me in his humorous way hoping that I had made the acquaintance of his friend "Benjamin St. Matthew St. Mark St. Luke St. Joule." I could not resist telling Joule of this, and it amused him greatly. Joule and a few friends maintained a full Cathedral service at one of the important churches (St. Peter's) at Manchester. The choir, however, had only women's voices for soprani instead of boys. The church became justly famed for its organ recitals, and I heard Sir R. Stewart, Best, E. J. Hopkins, Henry Smart, Walter Parratt, and others, perform there. Joule did good work in his day for the cause of Cathedral music, and deserves to be remembered with gratitude at Manchester.

It was not long before I obtained a great deal of work, not only in teaching, but by conducting local choral societies. I worked very hard at this time, for most of these societies were outside Manchester, and necessitated railway journeys home late at night. But what was much more valuable to me was the chance—really for the first time in my life—of hearing the best orchestral music. Hallé's Concerts were then in full swing, and I attended them regularly. They were a wonderful institution in those days, and made Manchester superior to London in affording opportunities for frequently hearing great orchestral works well rendered.

After a year or two I became a member of the teaching body of Owens College, having been

* His discovery of the mechanical equivalent of heat established "Joule's Law." A tablet commemorating the eminent physicist and his scientific labours was subscribed for and placed in Westminster Abbey, near the organ, in company with the memorials of Darwin, Lister, and other scientific men.

requested to take evening classes in Harmony. This was the beginning of the present Faculty of Music in Manchester University. It was an admirable experience, and a great preparation for the work I have since done at the Royal College of Music and elsewhere.

With regard to the Cathedral at Manchester, it was very difficult at first to obtain a satisfactory service. The week-day choir comprised only four Lay-Vicars and about sixteen boys. On Sundays the number of the Lay-Vicars was slightly augmented. I tried to get a fuller choir, and succeeded for a time in adding a few voices, but these were again dispersed. It appeared that by an Act of Parliament, when the Manchester Diocese was founded and the old Collegiate Church became a Cathedral, some arrangement was made for the benefit of various incumbents of the old parish, so that they might get a share of the superfluous revenues of the Dean and Chapter. This made them very jealous of their rights, and very much opposed to much expenditure on the choir and Cathedral. I am glad to know that all this was altered under the energetic rule of Bishop Welldon, the late Dean; but during the six years I was organist, it was a great trouble to me. Then, again, the training of the boys was in the hands of the Precentor (instead of the organist, as of course it should have been), and the Precentor did not do it himself, but engaged a very able double-bass player to do the work! All these difficulties were very trying, yet I made the best of them, as always of similar troubles in my career, and think I may claim that upon leaving the Cathedral of Manchester its services were at a good level, considering the materials at my command. One of my best friends was Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Houldsworth. He was one of the Churchwardens

(the Cathedral on its parochial side having three such officials), and was keenly interested in the music, being himself a very fair amateur organist.

The Choir of the "old Church"—as Manchester folk still delight to call the Cathedral — is a charming specimen of Pointed Architecture. The stall-work, with its richly-carved canopies—a beautiful feature is the level cornice surmounting these—is some of the most elaborate extant, as will be seen from the illustration which I am able to reproduce from an engraving in Edward Baines' "History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster." In the delicate decorative panelling of the roof are still to be seen some remains of a lost art in enamel-work, known as "wax paint."

Years before I went to Manchester, restorers had been at their nefarious work. They pulled down the old 15th-century rood screen which divided the Choir from the Nave, and with it removed the little one-manual Father Smith organ—a gem in artistic conception—which had stood upon the screen. They would no doubt have ruthlessly sacrificed also the return stalls, and so made a clean vista from the East to the West end of the Church. But the Dean and Canons cherished these stalls, and would not relinquish them. For many years there was an ugly gap where the screen and little Choir organ should have stood, the beautiful old screen being hidden away in various side chapels. A new organ was erected in the North Aisle of the Choir, at the East end of the stalls. The Sunday services were held in the Nave.* The singers being so far from the organist, it was manifestly difficult for any sort of direction to be established, and the general effect was of course

* The Nave, built in 1465-68 by Warden Langley, is wider than that of any other Cathedral in England, measuring 104-ft. across its five aisles.

bad. No wonder the organist at times had cause for complaint, for it would frequently happen that while morning service was being conducted in the Nave, a number of people were actually being married in the Choir. The Cathedral seemed to be a popular resort for this form of contract. I suppose that people who were domiciled in the old parish, and desired to be married in the "old Church," could do so. At any rate, on certain Sundays in the year the number of weddings was so great that although dozens of couples were married simultaneously, *i.e.*, with one reading of the service, it was now and then impossible for the officiating clergyman to dispose of the throng of clients and be able to take his place at the morning service. The organist's task in essaying to accompany the Psalms with some thirty or forty people standing round the altar rails and shuffling about was no light undertaking.

Soon after I was appointed to Manchester, Sir William Houldsworth offered to build a new organ and to restore the old rood screen. This was done, and its achievement realised a splendid and generous project. The upper part of the rood screen, however, is from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott, to harmonize with the case of the Hill organ, also from his designs. The old Father Smith organ is, I am glad to say, still carefully preserved. In my time we occasionally used it for services in a side chapel—of which there are several—branching off from the Choir.

There was one remarkable old bass in the choir, by name Stocks. He had a tremendous voice, and one day nearly frightened me to death. It was soon after entering on my duties, and an anthem of Kent's was being sung. There is a quartet to the words, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness," and this went on nicely enough until the ascending passage to the words

"And the power, and the victory, and the majesty" was reached. At the words "and the majesty," Stocks and the choir on his side broke in *fortissimo*, Stocks giving out a top E flat on a broad Lancashire *a* on the word "majesty" which nearly blew my head off. It was a bit of dramatic effect which was understood at Manchester, but for which I was not prepared. I told Stocks of the effect it produced on me, and he was delighted. One of the men told me Stocks used to drive a coal-cart when young, and that before I came he often sang an anthem by Spohr, beginning, "Come up hither," pronouncing the opening words, "Coom oop," just as he did in his old coal-cart days. Some of the Lancashire singers in Cathedral and Church are, or were, at any rate fifty years ago, somewhat original in their notions. I remember an experience which occurred to a pupil of mine. He was appointed organist to a new church in the suburbs of Manchester. I forget his name, but we will call him Jones. He had a friend whom we may call Smith, who possessed a stentorian bass voice but little musical knowledge. Smith however begged hard to be allowed to join the choir, and Jones, against his better judgment, at last consented. On the following Sunday Smith appeared in the choir, and when the Venite started he immediately began singing the soprano part, but two octaves below the proper pitch! A tenor singer next him seized a chant-book, and pushing it before Smith, said: "This is the bass part, man, this is the bass part." "Oh! never mind the bass part," said Smith, "I'll sing like the little 'beggars'* in front."

Candidates for admission into Cathedral choirs have sometimes very hazy notions of the music which is usually sung, and also of the standard of efficiency

*Smith, indeed, with unconscious irreverence, used a warmer description, which I am compelled to omit.

required. At a certain Cathedral not far from Manchester a candidate for a vacant bass lay-clerkship having been summoned to attend for trial, was told he would have to sing a solo of his own choice at the afternoon service. He seemed ready to do so, and after some cogitation announced that he would sing "The Wolf"!

Another candidate, of very bucolic aspect, attended a trial of voices and was apparently much surprised when a lay-clerk placed a volume of Greene's Anthems before him, one of which he was to read at sight. He looked with contempt at the volume, and said: "Why, mon, dost thou sing fr' bukes here? I canna' sing fr' bukes." And taking up his hat, he left in high dudgeon.

In the early 'seventies, at the time when I began to think about proceeding to the degree of Mus. Doc., I visited Ouseley at Tenbury. Here Sir Frederick maintained a daily Cathedral service in the Chapel, which, along with the quaint mediæval atmosphere that somehow seemed everywhere to attach to the College, I enjoyed very much. Sir Frederick loved Cathedral music, and undoubtedly his devotion to what became his life-work, and his labours at Oxford, did much to establish higher standards and ideals in the profession. I had come to know him well, and valued his friendship very much. I have often acted with him as examiner at Oxford; there was a quiet charm attaching to his personality that made intercourse with him exceedingly enjoyable.

A curious interest attaches to my visit to Ouseley on the above occasion. But before speaking of this I must go back a few years. In my boyhood at Rochester I had formed an aquaintance with a Roman Catholic priest, who, intensely fond of music, would come frequently to the Cathedral services. He was, I think,

a chaplain to the Forces. The last time I had seen him was on an occasion when travelling to London with my mother. He joined us in the train, his destination being somewhere abroad. Just before my visit to Tenbury I was surprised at receiving a letter from him, in which he explained that he was occupying the priest's house in the establishment of a well-known Roman Catholic family near by, and that he would like me to call upon him.

This I hastened to do, and after leaving Tenbury spent some very pleasant days with my early friend. His musical enthusiasm had not waned. We found much to talk about on musical subjects, and once or twice my exercise for the Mus. Doc. degree, which I was then embarked upon, came up for discussion. One evening, in his library, he took down a book and read to me some portions of that wonderful text, Newman's "Gerontius." "Now," said he, "if you want something to set to music, why not undertake this?" And he added, "The man who sets this worthily will make an undying reputation." He presented me with the book, which I brought away, and studied carefully, but I confess the subject seemed beyond my powers. Moreover, it dealt with matters with which I, not being a Roman Catholic, was really unfamiliar, and to which it would have been impossible for me to do any justice. But I went so far as to submit the idea to Mr. Joseph Bennett, who had provided me with a libretto ("The Repentance of Nineveh") for a work that I had in hand for the Worcester Festival. He agreed with me that the imagery of the poem demanded for its musical setting a temperament as distinct as that which had produced the moving verse, so I relinquished the idea of undertaking it. Yet not far away from the house wherein my Roman Catholic friend made his prophetic pronouncement, there was then living the man who

before many years would have achieved the distinction foretold—Edward Elgar, whose unsurpassable setting of "Gerontius" is known and reverenced wherever choral singing is practised.

In connection with my desire to procure my Doctor's degree I may mention a curious little incident. I had been to the public School of Rossall to examine in music. Other examinations were held at the time, and I travelled back with one of the examiners—Mr. (now Lord) Moulton. He was so kind as to ask me about my work, and I told him that I was just contemplating trying for my Doctor's degree if I could find the time. "Oh, yes," he said, "don't neglect that." "Get all the degrees you can, and as soon as you can." This made an impression upon me, so I set to work to compose my Exercise, which was accepted, and then presented myself again at Oxford in 1874, passing the examination. My Exercise was performed in the Sheldonian Theatre, many friends coming from Manchester to assist, besides others at Oxford, Walter Parratt, then organist of Magdalen, playing in the orchestra. It was fortunate that I took Mr. Moulton's advice, for in a few months the appointment of Westminster Abbey became vacant, and it might have made a difference. My Manchester friends were much interested in my degree, and I was handed a substantial cheque, subscribed by various gentlemen, to pay the expenses of the performance at Oxford.

The most important event at the Cathedral of Manchester in my time was the Consecration of Bishop Fraser. I composed a special anthem for the occasion ("The Lord hath chosen Zion"), and as the Archbishop of York was musical and desired to take his part in the "Veni Creator," I got Dr. Monk, of York Minster, to make a special setting for this service. Bishop Fraser was always a kind friend to me.

Hallé was a great musical power at Manchester, and deservedly so. He had established a fine orchestral and choral force, and gave concerts of first-class importance every week at Manchester and in many of the great Northern towns. He was an excellent conductor, without any tricks or oddities. As a conductor of choral music he was just as successful as with the orchestra, which is not always the case. He did not train the choir, that being done for him by a chorus-master of splendid energy and resource, Charles Hecht. The choir worshipped Hallé, the Lancashire lads and lasses coming entirely under his sway.

I think he was never nonplussed but once. This was during one of the many performances of Berlioz's "Faust" (a work that Hallé had really restored to life, at least in England). In the well known Serenade for Mephistopheles there is a dramatic and dangerous part for the choir, who have to come in with a sudden satirical "Ha!" in the course of the song. An enthusiastic tenor in the choir was always very alert and on the spot to those who watched him, as I often did. But on this occasion he was a little too alert, and just a moment before the whole choir should enter, he came in alone with a loud nasal "Ha!" The effect was fearful, the choir could hardly go on, the audience were convulsed, and Hallé—well—he would have killed the man, I am sure, if he could, and he tried to do so with his eye. I never saw that tenor again, some say he emigrated!

Hallé had many good stories, which he told wonderfully well. There was one about dreams, and how they might come true. The example he gave of this curious fact is not, I think, entirely unknown, although I have not myself seen it in print. (I think I recollect it pretty well even after forty-four

years!): A girl bought a ticket in a lottery* in which were large money-prizes. She had applied to the local authority, and asked particularly that she might have No. 23. They told her they had not got the number, and she must have another. This she absolutely refused to accept, and she was so pertinacious that at last they said they would see if they could get No. 23 for her. This they did, with the result that she won a good prize. When she went to claim the money the authorities asked her why she had insisted upon that number, as it seemed so odd that she should have done so, and so very remarkable that it should have won a prize. They were sure there was no cheating in the matter, but why did she demand No. 23? "Oh!" she said, "because of my dream. I was thinking about the lottery, and I dreamt one night that I bought No. 7. The next night I dreamt the same thing again, and on the third night, too. So I said to myself, 'Three times seven is twenty-three; that's the number I'll have.'"

Whilst at Manchester, I was surprised at the amount of music to be found among amateurs. Many well-to-do professional and business men had organs in their houses, and I was not long in making many kind and hospitable friends. Among the professional musicians were several men of mark. Charles Hecht, Hallé's chorus-master, was a first-class musician and a delightful man, and I learned much from his wide knowledge of music. With Dr. Henry Hiles, also, I formed a cordial friendship. He was not easy to get on with, so it was reported; but I found in him a real friend, and we saw a good deal of each other. Altogether my Manchester life was a pleasant one, and although I would not have cared to live in that city all my days, yet I cannot be too thankful that my early years as a

* The scene is laid, I suppose, in Hallé's native Germany.

Cathedral Organist were spent in a place so musical and so alive, where it was not possible to rust or get lazy.

It was indeed an arduous life that I led in the cotton city, so that I was glad now and then to run away from the mists and rain, and the roaring tide of traffic, to seek a quieter scene. Thus it came about that I paid my first visit to the English Lakes, staying with Dr. Troutbeck at the Vicarage of Patterdale, near Ullswater. I recall an absurd experience that befell me there, which I think I must describe. We were out for a long walk, and I was interested in watching some trout, always an attraction to me, darting about in a little stream. I leaned over—I forget now whether it was a bridge, or a rail at the side of the stream—to observe more closely, but my centre of gravity must have been disturbed, for suddenly I found myself taking a header into the water. For a moment I laid upon the bottom, and then floundered out! I am bound to say I did not get much sympathy from Dr. Troutbeck or his family! It was six miles from home, and I had to walk like an athlete to keep my blood in circulation. Afterwards, at the Abbey, we would often laugh over the recollection of this episode.

Although Manchester at that time was a long journey from London, I neglected no opportunities for keeping myself familiar with what was going on in the Metropolis in the way of music. For instance, I made a great effort to hear Bach's "Passion" music—produced under Dean Stanley's auspices—conducted by Barnby in Westminster Abbey; a very notable event which really set an example that has been widely followed. I had been promised a ticket, but it did not arrive. However, I went up to London and to the Abbey, but was sternly refused admission, as I had

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL: THE CHOIR (LOOKING WEST).
(Showing the Original Position of the Father Smith Organ.)

no ticket. I might have said, "You won't let me in now, but you will some day," but I didn't, and solaced myself by going to the opera and hearing "William Tell." Also, later on, I attended the dinner given to Sir John Goss on his knighthood. The chair was taken by old Cipriani Potter, and I had the honour of an introduction to Sterndale Bennett that night, Sir John presenting me to him as one of his pupils and organist of Manchester Cathedral. Bennett congratulated me, and said to Sir John, "These young men begin where we leave off!"

I was so fortunate as to see Verdi direct the performance of his splendid "Requiem" in the Albert Hall, in 1875, little thinking that I should come to conduct the same work in the same place. He was a distinguished conductor, and revealed no eccentricities. On a later occasion (in 1877), in the same hall, I saw Wagner conduct—or try to conduct—some of his own works. But he was really hopeless as a conductor. Had it not been for Richter, the affair would have been a pitiful failure.

In 1875 it was announced that James Turle, the organist of Westminster Abbey, was about to retire, and that a successor to him would be appointed. Needless to say, in common I suppose with many of my contemporaries, I was somewhat excited over the possibility of such a prize as the organistship of the Abbey falling to me, but must candidly confess that I did not at all count upon it. However, in the course of a short time I received a letter from Canon Duckworth on behalf of the Chapter, saying that my name, with others, had been brought before them as a possible successor to Turle. This I no doubt owed principally to Dr. Troutbeck, who was Precentor at Manchester when I went there. He left soon after to become Minor Canon at Westminster.

Canon Duckworth was his brother-in-law. I had spent six years at Manchester, was still young, and had taken the degrees of Mus. Bac. and Mus. Doc. by examination, so that I had some fairly good credentials. There was no competition, but Canon Duckworth asked me to send the names of a few people for reference, a request that was easily fulfilled.

Dr. Stainer kindly helped me, Dr. Herbert Oakeley, Henry Smart, Barnby, and Dr. Edward Hopkins being also among my supporters. I was able to get Smart's help from the fact that he had attended the Cathedral of Manchester when I opened the new organ, and so had heard me play. I did not know him very well, but went to Stockport to interview a musical amateur who was an intimate friend of Smart's, and with whom he constantly stayed. I told him what was in the wind, and he said he would write to Smart for me, telling me afterwards he had done so, adding that he had written a letter that would "fetch a duck off the water"!

One incident that must not be forgotten was connected with Bishop Fraser, whom I went to call upon, knowing he was a great friend of Dean Stanley's. When I came in, he received me in his most kind and genial way, gave me tea, and then told me he had been preaching at Westminster the previous Sunday, when Dean Stanley had asked him about me. He had told the Dean that I was so well thought of, and so happy at Manchester, that he did not think I would come. I thought this was a very good testimonial. The appointment was not made for some considerable time, the task of selection, I believe, causing Dean Stanley a great deal of anxiety; his wife, Lady Augusta, wrote in a letter to one of my friends, which was afterwards shown to me, that she thought choosing an organist was more difficult than choosing a wife!

As I have said, there was no musical competition for the appointment, but I had to come up and interview Dean Stanley. I did not glean much from him, and am bound to say I went back rather discouraged at my prospects, not from anything that he had said but because so little was said. However, after a time a letter came from the Dean telling me I was selected, and asking me not to mention it for a few days as he was anxious to put a correct statement in the Press, but could not do so until his return from Bedford, where he was inaugurating the John Bunyan Memorial. So I had to possess my soul in silence—rather a difficult thing. I did make a confidant of one man, with whom I had held many anxious consultations during the period when the appointment was pending, and he kept the secret, till in a few days the announcement was made in *The Times*, when the Manchester people congratulated me very warmly.

I had to run up to the Abbey to receive the formal appointment, meeting there for the first time one of the dearest and best friends I ever had in Canon Prothero. He was kind enough to receive me with great cordiality, and it was through his influence that I was enabled to have a residence in the Cloisters at once, although that had not been promised to me. Turle, on his retirement, continued to live in his house until his death; and when that event occurred, the house, together with two of the Canons' residences, passed by Act of Parliament to Westminster School. An allowance in money was suggested to me instead of a residence, but I was glad to accept Littlington Tower, for though there were very few rooms it was large enough for the time being. In 1888 it was greatly improved and enlarged under the superintendence of J. L. Pearson, whose work of restoration of the North Transept of the Abbey is so well known.

No quieter or more delightful spot can be found in town. A fine plane-tree grows in the centre of the quadrangle, where a fountain gives a pleasant sound. The fountain occupies the site of the old cistern which supplied the residents of the Cloister garth with water, the water being conveyed from the West Bourne (now the Serpentine, in Hyde Park) in wooden pipes constructed from hollowed trunks of trees. Thrushes and blackbirds are often heard here, and of course the London pigeon has made this quiet corner his own. A tomb on the east side is that of Dr. Wilson, who is almost certainly Shakespeare's Tenor. "Sigh no more, ladies" is mentioned in the First Folio to be sung by "Jack Wilson," and everything points to this being the grave of "Jack." The stone bears a quaint inscription:—

JOHN WILSON
Dr. in Musick here interred
Dyed February ye 22. 1673.
Aged 78 yeares 10 months and
17 dayes.

An amusing story in connection with this stone was told to me by the late Dr. Cummings. The inscription was nearly illegible, and the Dean and Chapter, I suppose at Dr. Cummings' suggestion, ordered it to be re-cut. While the mason was executing his task Dr. Cummings stood by and told the man a few particulars of Dr. Wilson, how that he was Shakespeare's Tenor, and Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, and altogether a great musician. After a while the man paused in his work, and said, "Ah! I wish I had known that when we took that there drain-pipe through him . . .!"*

* "To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole?"—Hamlet, Act 5, Sc. 1.

According to Augustus Hare,* "In the Littlington Tower [now a portion of my house] the beautiful Emma Hart, afterwards Lady Hamilton, lived as servant to Mr. Dare." I believe this gentleman was a member of the choir. His son became organist of Hereford Cathedral. The Tower, excepting the lower window and entrance door, is still very much as it was in Lady Hamilton's day. I give on another page an interesting illustration reproduced from *The Mirror* of 1840.

Upon leaving Manchester for the Abbey, I was presented with some handsome silver; also a purse of money, which proved very useful at the time, while the Dean and Chapter gave me a present of books for my library. I was genuinely sorry when the time came to bid farewell to the scene of so much kindness and musical interest.

Alas! very few of my intimate friends in Manchester are now living, but I still have visits from some who knew me when I was, as the old lady said of me, "only a lad."

* "Walks in London," vol. ii.

CHAPTER VI.

Westminster Abbey—Death of Turle—Dean Stanley's rôle of Musical Critic—Dean Stanley and Bach's "Passion"—Early Difficulties with the Choir—The Press and the Lay-Vicars—An "Error of Judgment"—A Dental Interlude—"Bellows *v.* Diaphragms"—Professorial Appointments: National Training School and Royal College of Music—Sir George Grove and Sir Hubert Parry—Three Registrars of the Royal College—Attwood and Mozart: Exchange of Compliments—Educational and Literary Publications—The Caxton Celebration.

I COMMENCED my duties at the Abbey in 1875, after the Summer holidays, being well received by my predecessor, James Turle, who still retained his title of Organist, and, as I have said, continued to live in his house in the Cloisters. This welcome was all the more acceptable to me, inasmuch as he had been assisted for some years by a clever pupil (who afterwards became organist of the Chapel Royal—Charles Jekyll) who possibly he had hoped might have succeeded him. He never interfered with my work in any way, or proffered any but the kindest criticism and counsel. During the few years he spent in his retirement from active work, I can truly say I did all in my power to add to the comfort of his days, and when occasion arose I would seek the benefit of his advice.

He was a devoted whist-player, and I frequently ran into his house and joined in the game. Another partner in the rubber was a brother of Turle, who had been organist of Armagh Cathedral. When the Irish Church was disestablished I believe he commuted his

emoluments and retired with a considerable sum as compensation for the loss of his office. It was said that the old gentleman drank the health of Mr. Gladstone—to whom he owed this bit of good fortune—every night in a glass of port.

Turle played the service now and then, the last time being on June 28th, 1880, the anniversary of the Coronation of Queen Victoria. When he played out with the National Anthem, I remember saying to a friend, "I feel this is the last time the dear old man will play in the Abbey"; and so it was. He died on June 28th, 1882.

In connection with seeking Turle's advice, I will venture to tell a story that reveals Dean Stanley in a new light, that of musical critic. Before being very long at the Abbey it fell to my lot to play the Dead March in "Saul." I played it as I had heard Hopkins and other musicians play it, but to my surprise found that the Dean was much disappointed by my performance. I took the opportunity of seeing him and asking him what was wrong. He said it did not sound like the Dead March in "Saul" which he had been accustomed to from Turle, nor at all like the Dead March as played by Dr. Buck, of Norwich, which he had heard some thirty years before. I could not help replying that I did not suppose it did sound like Dr. Buck's performance, as I had never heard that Dr. Buck was a capable organist, although an admirable teacher of boys, but promised to take the opportunity of asking Turle what his particular version was. This I did, and soon found that it included the introduction of some remarkable drum effects, which I had somewhat modified. I then told the Dean that if he would come and hear me, I would play it again. He came into the Nave one evening, when I gave him a supply of drums far exceeding what

Turle had done (I must admit for that occasion only), and he wrote me a note saying he was quite satisfied. Since then I have played the Dead March many times, and fancy I am somewhat celebrated for my drum effects, although these, I am afraid, are not approved by some of my brother organists.

I am obliged to put on record that the musical services of the Abbey were not in a very flourishing condition under Dean Stanley. He did not, I believe, either love or understand music, and the artistic poverty of the daily service did not touch him. Of course I am speaking of the days when he was suffering under a great domestic sorrow. At such a time of affliction one hesitated to worry the Dean on such matters as the attendances of the choir. Although I feel it my duty to make this statement concerning his scanty interest in the daily services, yet all musicians—and for the matter of that, all churchmen—owe Dean Stanley a deep debt of gratitude for having authorised the first performance of Bach's "Passion" music in an English Cathedral or Abbey Church. This event took place at the Abbey before I came, the musical direction being in the hands of Joseph Barnby, whose brother was a member of the choir. Barnby, along with his brother, lived for a time in a part of the house which I now occupy. Not only did Dean Stanley authorise the performance of Bach's "Passion," but he paid the expenses of the band out of his own pocket. He did this also for some other oratorio performances which I directed in the early years of my appointment.

The Dean was sometimes singularly absent-minded, and now and then seemed a little at sea when the boys were taken into the Jerusalem Chamber to be admitted into the choir. There is always a little ceremony, a few prayers and a short address by the Dean, the parents being present. Dean Stanley once

caused some consternation among them by saying that he hoped they "would see that their boys attended the services punctually." As the boys were then living in a Choir-House, under a master, and the parents only saw their sons at rare intervals, it was not easy to see how they could comply with this request.

So far as the choir was concerned, the chief difficulties which operated against a good choral service were lack of discipline and the erratic attendances of the Lay-Vicars.* There were some excellent singers among them, but also some old and very inferior ones. In one case the Lay-Vicar, on account of illness, never attended, but was represented by a deputy, and a very poor representative he was. Others attended apparently when they liked, having made special arrangements when they were appointed many years before to enable them to be absent very frequently. Then again, although there were twelve Lay-Vicars on the Foundation, only six were required to come on a week-day, certainly a very meagre choir for such a building as Westminster Abbey. Another curious and astonishing custom also prevailed. Some of the choir were also members of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and in order to fulfil their duties at the Chapel Royal morning service they were allowed to walk out of their seats in the Abbey when the sermon began! A little

* It is astonishing that this abuse should have continued as long as it did. And yet forty years before I was appointed to the Abbey attention was drawn to the matter in an influential paper of that period. The following letter appeared in its issue for March 8th, 1835:—

"DEAR . . . —I pray you to tell me how it comes to pass that the Cathedral service is performed in a more slovenly manner in the Diocese of London than in any other with which I am acquainted. I allude to that portion of the Service which is chanted by the choir. The choristers and singing men at St. Paul's and at Westminster Abbey do their part at a regular gallop, and to wind up the whole with becoming decency, they annoy the congregation by shuffling out as soon as they finish that portion of the service which is allotted to them. Their avocation cannot, one would think, be so momentous that they are unable to spare time to remain in their seats till the conclusion of the sermon. These remarks I have heard from others a score of times."

door was provided by which they could creep out unobserved, or slip in, if they came late. I have on more than one occasion found that the whole six men of one side had melted away during the sermon. They did not all belong to the Chapel Royal, but the "general impression" was that they did.

Another thing which seems incredible was the entire absence of full-choir rehearsals. The boys were practised daily, but there was no regular practice for men and boys combined. Occasionally—and particularly if I asked them to do so, which in my early days I often did—the soloists would come to my house to rehearse, yet this was purely an act of grace on their part. I soon made a move to get regular rehearsals established, but this was stoutly opposed by some members of the choir, one of whom, a man approaching seventy, told me that when he was appointed he undertook to obey the laudable customs of the Abbey, and he did not find that the laudable customs of the Abbey included any rehearsals! I am bound to say that some of the youngest and best musicians felt the necessity for these rehearsals, although claiming that as it was extra-work and not included at their appointment they ought to be paid a fee for attending. As the salaries at the Abbey were none too large, either in the case of Lay-Vicars or Organist, I was only too glad to get the rehearsals established even if the Chapter paid for them.

It seems that small salaries for the choir were almost a tradition. I ascertained in some investigations which I embarked upon later, that almost a century ago the Lay-Vicars were paid from a fund raised by charging visitors for admission to certain parts of the Abbey. The Dean at that time, in response to public agitation, reduced the charge for admission, an act which may have been gratifying to the visitors,

but which roused the ire of the choir, whose stipends suffered in like proportion. The money collected for showing the wax effigies exhibited at the Abbey also formed a portion of the emoluments of the Lay-Vicars. Thus it was to their interest to make the waxworks an attractive feature, and it is said that the addition of the excellent effigy of Nelson to the collection was made because the public rather expected to find the national hero at the Abbey, and the Lay-Vicars were afraid that the attraction of St. Paul's would prove a serious loss to them. These abuses have long since been abolished, and the fees paid by visitors for being conducted round the royal tombs, &c., are devoted to the Ornaments Fund, which is worthily administered. I believe the cost of the organ-case on the south side of the Choir was defrayed out of this Fund. At any rate, the salaries of the Lay-Vicars do not now depend upon curious sightseers.

It took some time to get the choir into shape at the rehearsals. There were, for instance, no stands to hold the books, &c., but by keeping a good temper I avoided any serious friction, although we had one or two differences of opinion. One of these arose from some action I took in the matter of one of the Lay-Vicars singing Handel's "Comfort ye." He was an old man approaching seventy, and an excellent musician, but, as was to be expected, his voice was of the weakest, in fact that of an old man. Yet he had sung this anthem for many years, and was reluctant to give up the "privilege." I represented the case to the Precentor, saying the singer would not dare to stand on the concert-platform and sing it, and he ought not to do so in Westminster Abbey. The Precentor took the line that so long as the Lay-Vicar was in the choir he had the right to sing what came to his

turn, and in due course the anthem came round again. I thought I would try a little diplomacy, and being on very friendly terms with the old gentleman I ventured to tell him what I thought. But I had mistaken my man. He fell into a furious passion, finishing up by saying that he had "sung it before I was born"; to which I replied, "All the more reason you shouldn't sing it now." The incident was followed by a complaint by certain members of the choir that I had interfered in a matter which was entirely in the Precentor's hands. No doubt this was technically the case, but such a position should not have been possible. It will, I think, be conceded that I was not very well treated over this incident by Dean Stanley, but it served to bring matters to a head to a certain extent. Amongst the Chapter were two very good friends of mine, Canon Prothero and Canon Duckworth, who did their best to get things put on a better footing. A note was drafted and sent to me—also, I believe, to the Precentor—intimating that I could object to anything he had put down "if unsuitable to the members of the Choir on duty, or impossible of preparation in the time allowed." But Dean Stanley accompanied this note to me by another of his own, saying that it was "an error of judgment on my part, which he was confident would not be repeated"! This made me very angry, and, I think, justly so, but my friends of the Chapter soothed my feelings and we never again had similar trouble. Many members of the choir held high positions as teachers of singing and conductors of glee-parties, and indeed were men with whom it was a pleasure to work. They were, perhaps, sometimes a little bit inclined to self-complacency, and one with whom I was very friendly gave me an opportunity of scoring off him, an incident which often afforded us laughter in after years. I asked

him about a particular anthem, saying, "Do you sing so-and-so here"? "We sing anything," he replied. "Yes," I said, "and anyhow!"

The boys of the choir had been well trained, and were very keen, but they had nothing like the advantages which the present boys enjoy. There was no Choir-House until after I became organist. They lived at their homes in various parts of London, and had to come to the Abbey before nine o'clock for rehearsal, ready for the morning service at ten o'clock. They were given a luncheon, and after the afternoon service departed again to their homes. Their schooling was only fair, the school having but one master. They numbered sixteen, at a later time raised to the present number of twenty-four, when also an addition of six assistants was made to the Lay-Vicars, thus bringing up the choir to twelve men and twenty-four boys for afternoon and Sunday services. This was a real advantage, and provided an ample force. The greatest difficulty in making the music go well was the bad position of the choir. The Lay-Vicars occupied stalls—not special choir-stalls, but the regular stalls usually allotted to the congregation. These were very roomy, and did not conduce to reverence. The boys were placed in pews immediately below the stalls. But between the Decani and Cantoris sides there were four, and sometimes six, rows of ordinary worshippers, many of them ladies, wearing large hats, and this was the sort of wall which the boys had to sing against. I need not say it was a matter of extreme difficulty to make elaborate music go well under such conditions. With the organ placed as it was, at a considerable distance from the choir, the strain upon the organist was very great. Again, at the period of my appointment the organ was a very old-fashioned affair, the Great organ going down an octave lower on the manuals than is the

case with modern organs. This was no doubt done to facilitate the "drums" in the Dead March! The organ had been removed from the central part of the screen in 1847, but it was not raised as it is now up to the Triforium. The consequence was that the pipes spoke straight at the organist, thus making it very difficult for him to hear the choir. However, I made the best of it. In 1884 the organ was re-built and brought fully up to date, and my work rendered much more agreeable. But the choir seats were still retained in their old and uncomfortable position; it was not until after the Coronation of King George V. in 1911 that, under the auspices of the present Dean, the choir-stalls were arranged as they now are. It was an immense gain, for which I had every reason to thank Bishop Ryle! In justice to Bishop Gore I ought to say that when he was Canon of Westminster he made great efforts to get the choir-stalls re-arranged, but the opposition of the ordinary seat-holders was too strong for him. I must also add that I had not the courage to press the matter so much perhaps as should have been done.

Another improvement has been made of late which is a real gain and comfort to the musical staff. For many years the anthem on Sunday afternoon, instead of being taken as the Rubric directs "after the third collect" and *before* the Sermon, was arranged to be sung *after* the sermon! The consequence was that very often the boys, and also the men, were inclined to be sleepy—having frequently to sit out a discourse of great length—and naturally their voices suffered. Of course the reason for the extraordinary arrangement was because some of the congregation showed a disposition to go out after the anthem and to forego the sermon. I do not know when the plan for defeating this bad habit was adopted, but Turle told me that one of

the Lay-Vicars at the time said to the Canon in Residence that it was "a bit of professional jealousy." The anthem is now allotted its proper place in the service.

The great evil not only in the Abbey but in Cathedrals generally has been the absence of any provision for the retirement of old members of the musical staff. It is absurd to expect men approaching seventy to retain their voices in perfect condition, particularly such voices as the altos and tenors. Basses, perhaps, may do so, but even in their case the upper notes become feeble. In the Abbey a man continued to occupy his place in the choir when hopelessly incapable of singing in tune. If he retired he did not resign, but was allowed to send a deputy, who only too frequently was very little better than the person he was supposed to represent. The age that some of the Lay-Vicars had attained, and the positions they occupied in musical circles, made it rather difficult for me as a young man to correct their renderings. In some cases they wished to give their own readings of solos and recitatives, readings which did not accord with my judgment. And the sort of independence which they had enjoyed for many years, along with the total absence of full rehearsals, was a condition which they would have liked to continue. Be it said that they ought not so long to have been allowed to spoil the services of the Church, as they certainly did. I cannot help recording one very ludicrous occurrence, the accuracy of which I can vouch for. An old gentleman was singing in an anthem containing a solo to the words "He is a Father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widows," and trying, I suppose, to put extra pathos into the words, he caused his upper false-teeth to descend into his lower jaw! It took him a little time to put his mouth right and to proceed. Another story, told to me by the organist of the Chapel Royal, which I believe is perfectly true, also bearing on

the ludicrous efforts of these old singers, may be permitted. The singer was an alto performing a recitative in one of Purcell's anthems in the Chapel Royal. The words were, "The ungodly have laid a snare for me," and I suppose, with his cracked and comical voice, he somewhat annoyed an old Peer who sat immediately behind the choir and was rather given to thinking aloud. When the singer had finished his sentence, "The ungodly have laid a snare for me," the old Peer ejaculated, loudly enough to be heard by the choir, "I wish to heaven they'd caught you!"

I am glad to be able to say at this point that affairs at the Abbey have been much better for a long time past, and arrangements have now been made which I hope will save my successors some of the troubles and anxieties which beset my path for many years. It must not be supposed that I was on bad terms with the choir or the Precentor — such was not the case. Except for an occasional difference of opinion we worked well together, and I believe I have always had the respect and affection of my colleagues. An incident occurs to me which shows the pleasant relations established between us. I organized an excursion to Wendover, in Bucks, for the purpose of playing a cricket-match between the gentlemen of the choir and my articled pupils, who by that time were very numerous. The challenge issued to the choir, and put up in the music-room, ran as follows :—

CRICKET MATCH.

BELLOWS *versus* DIAPHRAGMS.

The *Great* and *Swell* occupants of the Organ Loft invite the *Choir*, if they can descend Solo(w), to a friendly Manual and Pedal Exercise, entitled Cricket. Every Player is requested to provide a *Full Score*, and it is hoped many *runs* will be executed, though no "great shakes" are expected. All particulars to be settled at the rehearsal on Tuesday next at a quarter to Eleven.

P.S.—A Ball-proof Cuirass will be provided and a *doctor will attend*.

THE AUTHOR'S HOUSE IN THE LITTLE CLOISTERS.

It was a delightful afternoon, but as the cricket-pitch was extremely rough several accidents occurred to the various players, one of the "Bellows" team getting his finger badly hurt and a "Diaphragm" sustaining a severe blow on the nose, which organ bled profusely. I was very unlucky on this occasion in the way of scoring. I borrowed a bat called the "demon driver," which I had presented to the Choir Cricket Club to help them in their matches against St. Paul's and the Chapel Royal,* and which was reputed to be a splendid run-getter. Being very anxious to make a few runs, I am obliged to confess that I privately arranged with the "Diaphragm" bowler (Mr. John Foster), in exchange for a good cigar (!), to give me a fairly easy ball to start with, which he undertook to do. I gave a tremendous swipe with the "demon driver," and the ball flew high up into the air to the boundary, to be caught by one of the tenors, who assured me he "wouldn't have done it, had it been possible to miss it," so I was out with a duck's egg! I was very disappointed, and so was my little daughter, who took much interest in my batting and shed copious tears at the tragedy. But it was a pleasant day, and such a gathering helped us over the stones at future rehearsals.

Having mentioned my articled pupils I may explain that no regular official assistant at the Abbey was given to me for some twenty years. I was allowed of course to have occasional assistance at my own expense, as in fact the work could not possibly be carried on by one man. Daily services, daily rehearsals, and the many extra services which are constantly held in the Abbey, make a great demand upon the organist's

* I think I ought to mention here the name of a devoted musical amateur, Mr. Alfred Jackson, who was a real friend of the choristers. It was at his instigation, and his expense, that these matches were established and maintained, whereby the boys were provided with some delightful excursions at a time when such treats were few and far between.

time. My articled pupils were very useful. Some of them have now risen to high rank in the musical world, and it has been a pleasure to pay them a visit in their own important posts. Sometimes I was able to impart a bit of useful advice. I was reminded of this quite lately by one old pupil. He had a very nice organistship in a seaside town, and I went down to give a recital at his church. Walking on the front, I asked him how he was getting on in his appointment. He had a curious habit, which I had often noticed, of grumbling a little even if he admitted he was doing well, and somewhat to my annoyance he lapsed into his weakness as we walked and talked; so I resolved to try and cure him. I had noticed in his study some nicely illuminated texts which, he told me with much pride, were done by the lady he hoped shortly to make his wife. "Do you think," I said, "that the young lady you spoke of will illuminate a text which I would like to suggest for your room?" "Oh, yes," said he, "of course she will, and she will be much honoured." Well, I said, if she will do this, and if you will read it every morning, it will do you more good than all the others. It consists of only two words, "*Don't grumble.*"

He has often said what good it did him, and I have his permission to tell the story.

In March, 1876, the death of Lady Augusta Stanley cast a great shadow over the Abbey and its Precincts. I had never had the pleasure of meeting her, as she was an invalid at the time of my appointment, but she sent me a message from her couch one day to say she had heard me practising the organ in the Abbey, and hoped I would "help her husband to make the Services glorious." I know that her influence over the inhabitants of the Cloisters was a very sweet one, and the loss to the whole community of the Abbey was in the nature of a bereavement. There was a very impressive funeral on

March 9th, which Queen Victoria attended, when Lady Augusta was laid to rest in Henry the Seventh's Chapel.

It was in this year also that I played at two important weddings — that of Prof. Tyndall and also that of Sir William Harcourt.

My work in the Abbey did not fill in all my time every day; nor, must I admit, was the salary of the Organist at all commensurate with the position and its duties! But I was allowed sufficient liberty from Abbey services to enable me to earn my living, and so did not complain.

In 1876 I was one of the Professors appointed to the National Training School of Music. This School was founded principally by the efforts of H.R.H. Prince Alfred, afterwards Duke of Edinburgh, and directed by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Also, at the suggestion of Sir John Stainer, I was appointed to the Crystal Palace School of Music, and this proved a great advantage, as I could go to the Saturday concerts there very frequently—concerts which had an immense effect upon the rising School of English musicians.

Of the original staff of the National Training School I think there are only two survivors at the Royal College—Mr. Visetti and myself. Under Sullivan, and for a short time under Stainer, the National Training School did good work, and many prominent musicians of the present day owe much to having obtained the Scholarships of that institution. It was through this school also that Mr. Eugène D'Albert was discovered. I remember his coming perfectly well—a little boy, with powers on the pianoforte that were truly astonishing. I am sorry to say that of late years he has done his best to make people believe he owes nothing of his music to England; but some of us are old enough to know better. The National Training

School of course was the forerunner of the Royal College of Music, which was inaugurated as a Royal and National institution in the same building in the year 1883.

The Royal College of Music has been the scene of my chief teaching. In a later chapter I have more to say about this institution. It has been my good fortune to direct the earlier studies of many of our most promising and clever young musicians, preparing them for the splendid training in composition which later they had from Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Charles Stanford, and others. The enthusiasm of Sir George Grove, the first Director, is well known, and his delightful personality made it a pleasure to work for him. As to the second Director —now, alas, as I pen these words, lying in the sleep of death—Sir Hubert Parry, truly none can measure the scope and utility of the work that he achieved in the cause of music. With splendid devotion he dedicated himself to the task that he made his life-work, the daily drudgery of administering the affairs of a large school, charging himself with all its minutiæ. A reward, a guerdon, for the strenuous years was the deep feeling towards him of loyalty and affection that he was ever wont to inspire in teachers and students alike. He died, literally in harness, at the age of seventy. In his last address to the students, only a few months before his voice was stilled for ever, he used these words, that assuredly will live:—

> "What all the best of men live for is the service of the young, and of those that are to come after —that their lives may be better and more profitable than their own. If a man has lived generously, and frankly, and kindly, it helps his old age to be genial, and kindly, and happy. Even if adverse fates have dealt cruelly with him, he has such compensations as

will help him to smile still with the sense that he cannot be defeated—and it does not matter much if the time is short before him when the good long time behind him is a constant pleasure and content to look back to. So when you begin to think about it, it will be helpful to remember that youth must soon be gone, and to try to provide for the possibility of old age, however keen and eager you be; and that it will be most worth getting to if your memories are plentifully worth cherishing, and never bring you anything but a finest sense of contentment in having done your best to live a life that was worth recalling —that the fight has been won by the better against the worser self—and that you have contrived to help the world to be a better place to live in before it is time to take leave of it."

If any one ever did his best to make English music and English musicians in every way better than he found them, that man was Hubert Parry, who never omitted anything which his kindness and courtesy prompted him to say to young or old. In the midst of a mass of correspondence he found time to write to me from the Royal College of Music a charming letter on my last birthday—the last letter I was ever to receive from him. (I give this letter in facsimile—slightly reduced—on page 87.)

Besides my work as a teacher I may claim to have done a special service to the Royal College in having introduced Mr. Watson, the first Registrar, to Sir George Grove. Mr. Watson, like myself, hailed from Rochester, and there he first showed his remarkable powers of organization by bringing the local Choral Society up to a rare pitch of excellence. He also did much to establish the Kent Scholarship at the Royal College. He called upon me in the Cloisters,

saying he thought he could be of use to the College, so I ventured to recommend him to the notice of Sir George. Every one knows what splendid work he did, not only at the College but in connection with the Associated Board and its important examinations. Alas! like many in the van of progress he set no limit to his zeal for work, and died in the flower of his age.

His successor, Mr. Pownall, was once able to render me a signal service at the Abbey very like that which dear Hubert Parry had once hastened to fulfil, years before, at Windsor. Pownall was an excellent baritone, and came at a minute's notice to the Abbey to sing the fine solo, "Mighty Lord," in Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," when our own Abbey bass was attacked by illness.

The third Registrar, Mr. Claude Aveling,* is the son of an old Rochester friend who remembered me as a boy in the choir. I have thus worked with three Registrars and—including Dr. H. P. Allen, who now administers this great institution—three Directors of the Royal College of Music. May it always have such devoted men as these to fill such important offices.

In addition to the time spent upon teaching in these Colleges, and privately, I found myself able to contribute to a series of theoretical and educational works, issued by Messrs. Novello under the joint editorship of Sir John Stainer and Sir Hubert Parry, writing on "Counterpoint," and on "Double Counterpoint and Canon." These subjects appealed to me, as I had worked at them under Sir John Goss, and knew how much such text-books were needed. I also had the advantage of having had access to the exercises in Counterpoint which Attwood,

* I am indebted to his father for the beautiful picture of the West Front of Rochester Cathedral that I am able to reproduce in this book.

Dec. 6 1917

My dear Bridge

I am ashamed that I was reminded of its being your birthday too late yesterday for me to send you a birthday greeting! But I won't drop it all the same and wish you many happy returns of the day, and her Ladyship too, and good health and capacity to enjoy life after your wont, and plenty of captures of big salmon, as well as successful achievement of all your Musical undertakings -

Your affect friend

C Hubert H Parry

formerly organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, had worked under Mozart's tuition at Vienna in 1775. These volumes were in Goss's possession (they are now in my own library), and he constantly turned to them when I was with him, in order to show how Mozart treated certain points. I may say in passing that it is amazing to see the minute care which the great master took with one who, in my opinion, was a somewhat dull pupil. On one occasion Attwood wrote in a boyish hand against his exercise (which he probably left for Mozart's correction), "Thomas Attwood presents his compliments to Mr. Mozart, and hopes he will find the exercise satisfactory, as he has left no possible room for correction"! On another example Mozart wrote, probably as a rejoinder to the above, "You are an ass."

The preparation of the theoretical works above-named entailed for me considerable research and study; thus for a time I found no opportunity to do much in the way of composition.

But in one direction I produced a work which was fairly original. I devised a system which I called "Musical Gestures." This was a method of teaching the rudiments of music by a system of drill. The pupils stand in a row, and say and do what the teacher does. I invented signs by hands and arms for the various notes,—sharps, flats, &c.—the outcome being a very amusing and easy way of imparting to children their first steps in music. The boys at the Abbey found huge enjoyment in these lessons, and were very pleased to be photographed for inclusion in the book.

I have also in later years written a small volume on "Samuel Pepys—Lover of Music," being a study of the diarist from his musical side; and among other literary productions have compiled a "Birthday Book" with a musical quotation from Shakespeare for every day of the year.

To return to my Abbey work: On June 2nd, 1877, a special service was held in connection with the Caxton Celebration. This Celebration was to commemorate the work of Caxton, whose printing press was set up in the Abbey Precincts. I suggested Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" as a suitable work to be performed on the occasion, as it was expressly written for the Gutenberg Festival held at Leipsic in 1846, in commemoration of the invention of typography.

We gave the work with full orchestra, and I contributed a setting of the Canticles for full orchestra and choir. The sermon was preached by Dean Stanley. A magnificent exhibition of books bearing upon the work of Caxton was held at the Albert Hall, but I believe that inquiries made at Westminster to ascertain if there were any Caxton records preserved there, yielded a negative result. The Abbey Muniment Room was little used or regarded until at a later time Dr. Scott, of the British Museum, was appointed to catalogue its wonderful treasures. He one day showed me an entry in the Prior's Rent Book, which proved that William Caxton had rented of the Prior three houses within the Abbey precincts.

It was very unfortunate that the existence of these records was unknown at the time of the Celebration, as they would certainly have interested Dean Stanley.

CHAPTER VII.

First visit to Scotland—First Salmon—A Great Success in the "Lower Beat"—"Catch" to commemorate a Catastrophe—"Sit down on him"—A Fishing Record on the Deveron—Caught by the Tail—A Distressing Accident with a Fly—The Valley of Glass—Anecdotes of the Minister—"I gaed oot at the window"—A Peninsular Warrior—The Dominie and the "Examiners."

My first visit to Scotland was in 1879. I had made the acquaintance at the Abbey of a very ardent old Scotsman, who lived on the shores of Holy Loch, not far from Greenock. An ardent collector of violins and old line-engravings, his enthusiasm for violins and for music brought him up to London every year to attend the Monday Popular Concerts, when Joachim led the quartet. Besides attending the Pops, he came to the Abbey regularly, and pressed me to visit him at his house on the beautiful shores of the Loch, to which I suppose he had retired after successful years in business. A few very happy days were spent with him, doing a bit of fishing in the Loch, and some sight-seeing, also playing the harmonium in the Kirk on Sunday. Leaving him, I went to my friend Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Houldsworth, of Manchester, who had acquired a beautiful estate and built a fine house at Coodham, near Kilmarnock. Here he had a handsome, well-appointed private chapel, with a good organ, and retained a permanent organist. A choir came out every Sunday from Kilmarnock to give two complete choral services, Mr. Houldsworth himself often taking the organ. This was the first of a long series of annual visits that I made almost uninterruptedly up

to the year 1916, when my dear friend passed away. It was here that my first appearance on a grouse moor took place. I had always been fond of fishing, but had never before had the opportunity of shooting, and Mr. Houldsworth was kind enough to let me go on to the moor with a gun. I did not shoot much, but at any rate inflicted no damage on sportsmen or beaters, for which I was thankful, and which I think must be considered rather a miracle. It was a delightful experience, that created in me the love for sport which I have followed up more or less ever since, with, no doubt, much benefit to my health.

The first salmon I ever saw landed was when staying at Glen Urquhart, in Inverness-shire. My wife was a very expert fisherwoman; she had lived in this part of Scotland, and had fished in a loch near by very often. Trout were abundant, but she had never caught a salmon in this water and did not expect one. We were out in a boat, and she fished away and got a few trout. Suddenly she exclaimed, "That was a fish!" and then explained to me that she was certain a salmon had risen to her fly. Sure enough, after a few more casts she had one on, and in a short time there was a nice 8-lb. fish in the boat! We had no gaff, not expecting a salmon, and had therefore to use a small landing net, which made the operation somewhat risky. She continued to cast, and in a short time hooked another, of about the same size. Later on she was fortunate enough to hook a third! This was a bigger fish, and after one or two efforts to get him into the net we were so unlucky as to lose him! The fish was partly in the net, but the line got fast on some part of it, and, giving a violent struggle, the fly came away and he was gone. However, we made a great sensation when we took our two fish up to the house. The next

day a rare number of boats were out on the loch trying for salmon, but we heard of no luck, nor did we succeed in getting another fish.

Having for thirty years spent my summer holidays in Scotland, fishing (and for twenty years shooting also), I may perhaps be forgiven for recording a few incidents which have attended the sport. On the Spean, a fine river flowing into the Lochy near Fort William, we had the top beat, and as the season wore on the big fish pushed up into the top water. Unfortunately we had to agree to change beats after a certain date if the tenants of the beat below desired us to do so. We had agreed to this when we took the water, as we paid only about half the amount charged to the people on the second beat. But it was rather annoying when the time came to have to "take the lower beat." In some seasons the tenants did not exercise their right; but they did on one particular occasion that comes to my mind. (The head gillie was always very keen to get them to do so, as he attended them and not us!) So down we went, and a very exciting time we had, for it happened that the big fish had *not* gone up as the gillie anticipated, and my wife had wonderful sport, landing no less than five, the weights of which were as follows: 30-lb., 26-lb., 24-lb., 22-lb., and 12-lb.

The sport kept us so late that the head gillie, who lived near our Lodge, got anxious, whether for our safety or about our luck I do not venture to say, and just as we had packed up and begun to walk home, he met us with a lantern. His face, when he saw our fish, was a real picture: his party had not landed one!

It was on this river that my wife landed a splendid 43-lb. salmon. It was in October, and naturally the fish was not so good as it would have been some

months earlier, but it was over four feet in length and twenty-six inches in girth. It was got from the bank, not from a boat, and took two and a-half hours to land.

We had some delightful days on this fine river, and many friends came and stayed with us. I used to do a good deal of composing while my wife fished. She was never tired; but I was, I am afraid, not always so keen as I ought to have been. It requires, however, a deal of patience to go on, as one sometimes does, for days, if not weeks, without any luck! Yet I could always amuse myself by writing. One of my most successful part-songs, "Bold Turpin" (Sam Weller's song), was written by the shores of this river, and I also wrote words and music of a "Catch" to celebrate a catastrophe that happened to us. Jack Stainer (a son of Sir John) was staying with us, and at luncheon I asked him to pass the whisky flask. Awful to relate, it had been forgotten, and we had to put up with ginger-ale! The "Catch" was the result, the play upon the word "Mill-dam" being the "Catch." I sent Sir John Stainer a copy, which amused him very much, his son writing to me: "My father is singing 'At the Mill-*dam*' all day in the garden."

I ought perhaps to explain that the pool called the Mill-dam Pool was where we used to lunch. The "Catch" is so contrived that the second syllable of "Mill-dam" comes after all the others have finished.

"A FISHING IDYLL."

(CATCH.)

(Written at the Mill-dam pool, River Spean, August, 1889.)

Come, let us go a-fishing, with rod and line and fly,
Below us rolls the Spean, above 's Ben Nevis high.
Take sandwiches for luncheon, likewise a prime cigar,
Take whisky, too, and ginger-ale, and naught our mirth shall mar.
We'll happy be, and jolly, without one care or wish,
We'll luncheon at the Mill-dam, when we have caught our fish.

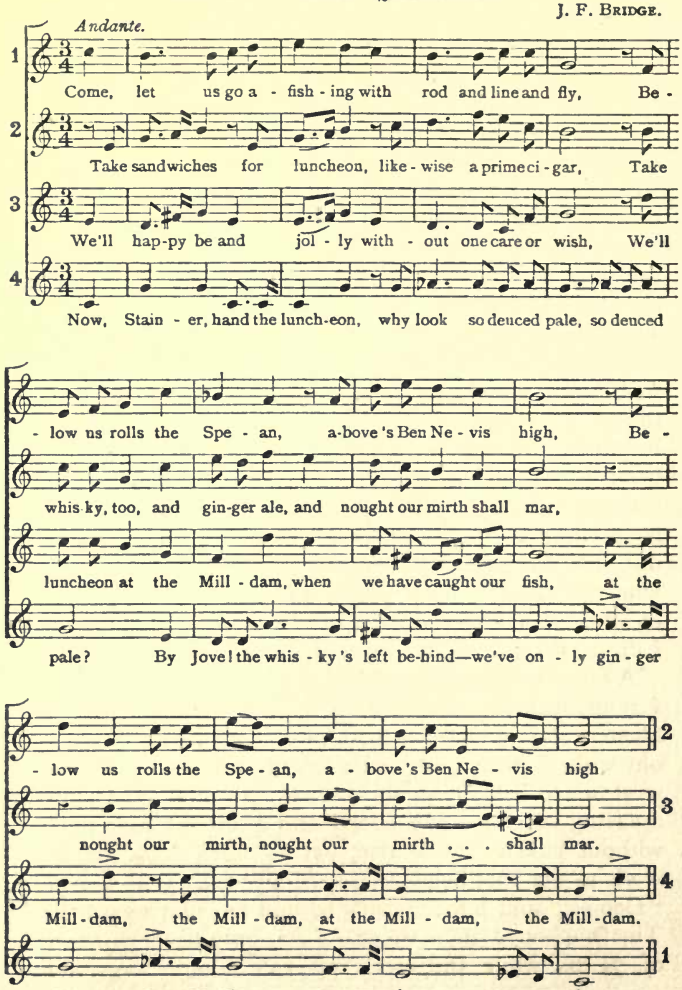
. . . . . .

Now, Stainer, hand the luncheon, why look so deucèd pale?
By jove! the whisky 's left behind—we've only ginger-ale!

A FISHING IDYLL.

CATCH FOR FOUR EQUAL VOICES.

J. F. BRIDGE.



The most exciting adventure which I ever had in connection with fishing was on the Blackwater, a small river in Ross-shire. We were there for only two years, as the salmon fishing was very poor. But one day I went up to the top water, which was very rocky and had some nice pools. My little daughter (aged ten) was with me, and I was fishing for trout with a small trout-rod. I thought I would try a strange fly which had been given to me. It was a grasshopper, a very good imitation of the real thing. I made my cast standing between two very large boulders, being able to see only a few yards in front of me, but not down stream. After a cast or two there was a rush and a whirr of my reel, and I knew it was a salmon! I played him very carefully, at last reeling him up quite close to the spot where I was standing. I had no gaff, and the net was much too small. There was nothing for it but to try and pull him up the steep shingle. Stepping back very slowly, I at last got him on to the shore, but was afraid to let the line slacken or he would certainly have slipped in. Suddenly it struck me I might use my little girl to secure the prize. She was attired in a long waterproof, which was dripping wet. "Sit down on him," I sang out to her, and promptly she did so. I dropped my rod, and secured the fish!

A most successful and exhilarating day's sport which I remember was one day on the Deveron. It was a blustery day in October, with rain at intervals. I went out with a friend, my wife saying she would follow us down to fish the pools after us, which she did with amazing success. My friend and I left the first pool without having had a rise, but as soon as we got to work in the pool below we heard my wife's well-known "Coo-ee," and hurried back to find her playing a fish. This happened eight times. I got only one small fish of 7½-lb., while the eight my wife caught weighed

24-lb., 20-lb., 18-lb., 17½-lb., 17-lb., 16½-lb., 7¼-lb., and 6½-lb., while if the river had not begun to rise I believe she would have got a dozen. No similar record has ever been made on the Deveron, so far as I can learn, and what added to our triumph was to hear afterwards that the people who fished the water next to us had gone home because the day was too bad! But then salmon are not fair-weather fish.

On the same river I had a narrow escape of a ducking, if not a worse fate, while gaffing a fish. A friend and I were fishing a somewhat deep pool with fairly high banks. I had fished it out without a rise, and my friend, who followed me down, had nearly done so with the same result. He said, "I don't believe there 's a fish in the river—*I've got him!*" A big fish had taken his fly as he spoke.

My friend had been with us for three weeks, but had not caught a fish. As he was leaving the next day, we were naturally anxious for his success. I took the gaff—which was only a small thing, such as one carries about with him—and waited until the fish came near. This he did very soon, and of course was not at all "done" or ready for the gaff. However, I knelt down to make a shot at him as he passed, getting the gaff into him; but he was so strong I could do nothing with him. My left arm was round the stump of a tree, my right arm and leg being in the water. "I'm going in," I sang out, "but I won't leave go." My friend dropped his rod, grabbed me round the waist, and pulled me out, fish and all, on to the bank. It was a big fish just under 30-lbs.

The Spean is a somewhat dangerous river, as one has to wade out to many of the pools, particularly when the water is low. At such times the fly is not so much used as the worm, for fish can often be got in the deep runs with a worm when they will not rise to the fly.

ROD AND GUN.

Lord Abinger, who owned the fishing on the river, said he always enjoyed worm fishing as he regarded it as a prolonged strike! This worm fishing had to be done with a considerable amount of lead attached to the line to sink it, and amongst the rocks the sinkers were continually being lost—in fact a friend of mine said that one day the river would cease to flow and then the place could be let for a lead mine!

A favourite pool of ours was a very awkward place called the "crooked pool," where one was compelled always to be accompanied by the gillie, as the force of the water was very great.

A sad accident occurred to a visitor one day on this river. A party, including some ladies, were fishing for trout over a salmon ladder. One of their number was standing on a rock, and leaning over to release the tackle of one of the ladies which had got hung up, he fell into the salmon ladder and was drowned before their eyes. I often wonder that more accidents do not happen in such a rocky and swift river.

It is a wonderful sight to see fish jump up the falls. In a small stream leading out of our river there was a really fine fall, and frequently fish would fail in the jump and tumble back on to the rocks. Sometimes we could pick up a number of grilse about 5-lbs. to 6-lbs. in weight lying dead below the falls. But on such occasions there had been something unusual in the height of the river.

One of my captures was rather original. Hooking a fish in a very long pool, he did not show himself, but kept on swimming up and down, and I followed, keeping a tight line. My wife kindly suggested that I had probably got a big eel on! However, at last the fish appeared to be done, so I put the strain on him, while the gillie walked into the water with the gaff, but just as he was about to gaff him

he drew back with a curious gesture of astonishment. I yelled at him, thinking I might lose my fish, and after a bit he gaffed him and pulled him out. The cause of the man's astonishment was then apparent. The fish was hooked by the tail, so that when I presented to the gillie what of course should have been the head, the topsy-turvy capture gave him rather a shock! Salmon often try to jump on the fly in order to drown it, and this was probably what the fish had done, and in the process had fouled the hook with his tail.

The midges in this valley of the Spean are awful, and sometimes the only way in which relief can be obtained is to light a fire on the bank of the river and sit in the smoke, until perhaps a friendly puff of wind blows the pests away. But the wind can be a danger, and my wife once had what might have been a very serious accident when fishing in a boisterous gale. A gust caught the fly when it should have been returning to the river, and whirled it with great force straight into her face, where the sharp hook became fixed in her nostril. I tried to get it out, but found that this was impossible, as it was well over the barb. There was nothing for it but to send to Fort William for a doctor. The accident did not occasion much pain, but obviously it was very inconvenient. After a time a very stalwart old Highland doctor appeared. This was evidently not the first fly he had extracted, although perhaps he may not have seen another accident precisely of the same kind. He was very cheerful, my wife was very brave, and after a little skilful manipulation the hook was released without very much distress, and in the result without leaving a scar. People in the neighbourhood quickly heard of the accident, and anxious inquiries began to flow in, but I was glad to be able to say that there was really

nothing the matter and my wife had been out again and landed another fish—but not with the same fly.

A story about my fishing must not be omitted; it is in the nature of a confession. I had landed a fish at our first pool, and my wife and I differed in opinion as to its weight. Of course I thought it was a remarkably fine fish, and was prepared to maintain that it scaled a good deal more than she said it did. We sent it back to the lodge, but during the day resumed the discussion as to its weight, and I suggested a wager, which we agreed upon. It was dark when we reached home. During the day, with my mind on the wager, I had furtively concealed about me a few nice round pebbles and some lead sinkers. As soon as we got home I went into the larder to bring out the fish to be weighed, but before doing so carefully filled his mouth with the contents of my pocket! In stuffing them in I caused my thumb to bleed on his remarkably big teeth, which served me right! He was weighed on the hook of a common spring-balance, which being thrust into his mouth caused it to gape rather widely, whereupon my little son—who was very interested in the wager and hoped I should not win—espied the stones and lead, and called out, "Oh, mother, father's put some stones and lead in his mouth." He there and then earned a tap on the head—and I lost my bet!

Some thirteen years ago we moved to a place higher up the Deveron, and the charming Valley of Glass has been the scene of my holidays.

It may interest some of my readers if I give a reproduction of a photograph of my Scotch home. As will be well understood by those familiar with the ways of cameras, the picture fails to suggest the fine upland sweep of the hill behind the house, which rolls away in great uncultivated tracts of moorland, rising in places

to a thousand feet above sea level. Here and there are woods, while sheep and cattle roam at will. The river is about two hundred yards away.

The fishing is not quite so good as in the lower reaches of the river, but the scenery is beautiful and we are in the midst of grouse moors. The Kirk is of unusual size. I have always enjoyed the simple Presbyterian service there, with its Psalms and paraphrases and hymns, and have been able to help to make the singing more effective by presenting a small Memorial Organ. I have not, however, undertaken to play except on special occasions, thinking it best to desert the organ-stool for a time, and take my seat in a pew. The place holds many happy recollections for me, in the earlier years more particularly by the friendship of the Minister, the Rev. Duncan Ross, now, alas, passed away. His was a particularly charming personality—broadminded, and in every way the type of a real, good man. Full of humour and good stories, he delighted to score off his friends if he possibly could: and he did score off me most admirably on one occasion. We heard that the lady organist was ill, so before the service on Sunday I went to the Manse and asked to see the Minister. Staying with us was my friend Dr. Keeton, organist of Peterborough Cathedral, who accompanied me on my errand. When the Minister appeared, I said, "We hear your organist is ill, but if you like, Dr. Keeton and I will play." "It will be all right," I added. He looked at us with a merry twinkle in his eye, and said, "Oh! yes, it will sure to be all right. We're no' very particular in Glass"!

The hymn-singing in the Kirk is very hearty, and I have enjoyed playing to this congregation. The selection is well-varied, generally an item from the old metrical Psalter, then one of the fine Paraphrases, and two or three numbers from the modern Hymn and

Tune Book edited some years ago by Sir John Stainer. The Paraphrases in particular appeal to me, especially the beautiful one from Job iii., 17-20 :—

How still and peaceful is the grave,
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house by Heaven's decree
Receives us all at last.

There servants, masters, small and great
Partake the same repose,
And there in peace the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

This is always sung at the Old Madrigal Society's meetings when a member has died. It is adapted to music written by Dr. Tye in the 16th century. (This was originally written to a versified edition of the Acts of the Apostles.) Another Paraphrase, "O God of Bethel," was a great favourite of Dean Stanley's. But I cannot help saying that the congregation really seem to put greater life into some of the more modern hymns and tunes, and I am not much in sympathy with those who would have these removed from our own or any other Church hymn-book. Scotsmen of to-day have learned to like these hymns and tunes, and if you go into a farmer's house you will frequently see an American organ or a pianoforte with a hymn-book on it. In the old days, when there was no instrument in the Kirk and the Precentor set the tunes, only the most simple melodies were sung, and always to the old Psalms. As in our own Communion, the custom of hymn-singing in Church is greatly valued in Scotland. Yet it is not so very long ago that the Church of England really neglected this great help to devotion. Prayers and sermons are all very well, but uplifting Praise is as good as either in my opinion.

In connection with this subject I may record that when I came to the Abbey no hymn found a place in either morning or afternoon services, even on Sundays ! It was only at the special evening service in the Nave that they were, to a small extent, admitted. People seemed to think a hymn-tune was beneath the dignity of an Abbey service, and I remember Turle saying to me, when they were introduced, " I thought I was in a Parish Church ! "

I advocated their introduction, and after a time (with the sanction of Dean Bradley) edited a Book of Hymns and Tunes for the Abbey (in conjunction with Dr. Troutbeck, who was also an ardent advocate of this innovation in the services). Hymn-singing is now a real feature in the Abbey services, and for myself I candidly confess I enjoy playing a good tune to a fine hymn more than accompanying an anthem.

To return to Glass : the Rev. Duncan Ross once told me a good story of his early days there. At that time there was some little illicit whisky-making in the remote, outlying parts of the parish. One old gamekeeper was noted for it. His croft was very isolated. The Minister made it a rule to go round his parish at certain times, and look up the people. In accordance with this practice he one day called at the dwelling of the keeper. It was snowing, and he rode on a pony, closely muffled up and not easily recognised. He knocked at the door for a considerable time, and at last a shaggy head appeared at one of the windows, looking with some surprise at the visitor. The Minister called out, and, speedily making himself known, was admitted at once. While talking together, Mr. Ross noticed a particular smell, but said nothing. After a while he was, as usual, invited to take a dram, and some very strong and newly-distilled mountain dew was tendered him ! After leaving, he continued his round to call upon

another man, who was not a member of the Parish Church but was an Elder of the Free Church. He found the Elder in, and they had a serious talk. The Elder did not think very well of the religious tone of the congregation of the Parish Church, and hoped the young Minister would see to this. As the Minister got up to go, the Elder pressed him to take something to keep out the cold, producing some liquor of the same type as that proffered by the keeper. The Minister looked at it and then, with a smile, said "I think I know where you got this." The Elder was a little taken aback, and said, looking hard at the parson, "Did he tell ye?" Mr. Ross shook his head. "Ah!" said the Elder, "an' he didna' tell ye that I gaed oot at the back window as ye rappit at the door! Mon, we thought it was the Gauger."

Not only did Mr. Ross tell good stories himself, but he had some excellent Scotsmen constantly staying at the Manse, whom I was really pleased to meet. The Valley of Glass was the birthplace of the well-known Greek scholar, Sir William Geddes, late Principal of the University of Aberdeen. The Geddes family have been in the valley for many years, and Sir William began his education in the Parish School. There is, therefore, a close bond between Glass and the University, and at the Manse I met many of the Professors and heard many good stories. One bearing upon the subject of "music" and its use in disease I think I must relate. I am aware that I cannot tell it as the Professor told it, but I will do my best.

A poor Highland soldier was ill in hospital at Malta, and was expected to die. The surgeon asked the sister on duty how the man was, and was told he could not possibly recover, but, continued she, "One thing he asks before he dies, he would like to hear the pipes again." "Oh," said the surgeon, "I'm going away

for the day, but send to the barracks and ask the Colonel if he will detail a piper to come and give him a tune." At night, when he returned, he sent for the sister and asked if the piper had been. "Oh, yes," she replied, "he has, and he played up and down the corridor fine." "And how is the poor chap?" said the officer. "He's getting better," was the unexpected answer. "What?" exclaimed the medico, "why, it's a miracle!" "Yes," said the sister, "it is, indeed, but I'm sorry to tell you all the rest of the patients are dead!"

The parish of Glass is in the centre of the Gordon Country, and has contributed many brave men to the Gordon Highlanders and other regiments. In the old burial ground called Wallakirk, a most picturesque and peaceful spot, among the hills and close to the river, there is a stone :—

In Memory of
James Gauld
Nether Demeath
who died on
the 27th December 1867
aged 77 years.
On the 19th May 1812 while
serving as a private in the
92nd Gordon Highlanders
He was specially mentioned
for gallant conduct at
the capture of the
fortified post and
pontoon bridge on the
River Tagus at Almaraz
The bridge was cut away
by the enemy and Gauld
swam to the opposite side
brought back the boats and
thus secured the bridge.

Erected by relatives.

It recalls a brave deed in the Peninsular War by a soldier named Gauld, one of a family which has lived long in the Glen. It is a story which I believe is well-known in military history.

In these days such a deed would doubtless have been awarded the Victoria Cross, but I believe it was only when the hero was old that a pension was granted him through the efforts of a distinguished officer who, coming as a guest to one of the neighbouring lodges, happened to hear the local story. During the recent great war many from Glass have been gathered with the honoured dead, while the Military Cross and other decorations are to be seen on the breasts of numerous sons of the Valley.

The Deveron rises in the hills known as the Cabrach District, and many a salmon is taken out of the upper reaches of the river—sometimes, it is whispered, not altogether fairly. In fact, there is a saying that if a salmon once gets up to the Cabrach it never returns!

The love of sport is of course very widespread, and to those whose occupation lies in such remote districts it is a real diversion. A number of stories of devoted anglers are current, and I may give one as a good example of the fascination exercised by the river. The schoolmaster of a very secluded parish in these upper waters was accustomed to fish with two gentlemen from a neighbouring town whenever they could spare a day. He was very expert, knowing all the pools and the best flies, so that they always made a point of getting his company and assistance, generally choosing a time when the school was closed. But on one occasion they made a mistake, and were much disappointed to hear from the Dominie that he was tied to the school for that day. He was sorry, so were they, but after a while he said:—"I think it can be managed if ye'll do as I tell ye." They hastened to say they would do

anything in reason, if he could suggest a way. "Weel," said he, "Ye maun com' to th' school i' the morn and do a wee bit examination wark," going on to explain that Mr. S—— was to take the upper classes in Scripture, and his friend the lower classes in general knowledge. He added that he would prepare a few questions for them to put to the children. The two anglers (and counterfeit Inspectors) agreed, and in due course held the examination. At the end of it there was a short and private consultation with the schoolmaster, who then announced to the boys that the examination had given great satisfaction to the Inspectors, who, as was usual in such cases, asked for a holiday for the school for the rest of the day. The boys took leave of the genial Inspectors with an ovation of cheering, and departed to recount to their parents the success of the examination, while the "Inspectors" and their companion made the best of their way to the river and spent a happy day with a different rod from the pedagogic ferule.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Grouse Drive—Deer Stalking — Sir George Martin and the Deer — Edward Silas and the "Amorous Goat" — Railway Incidents—Slatin Pasha—Debates in the House of Commons—A Nocturne.

Of late years I have enjoyed a good deal of grouse driving, as there are no less than six moors within easy reach of my house, and the residents in the various lodges are very hospitable. Some of them own the lodges and moors, but other shootings are taken by sportsmen by the year. In my first year in the Valley I was invited to a drive by Colonel ——, who rented a large moor that year. In the course of the morning my "butt" turned out to be the top one, involving a long and steep climb. My gun and cartridges were carried by the keeper, and in due time we arrived at the spot rather blown by the steep ascent. The "butt" was not of the ordinary type, built up with turf, but was excavated, and really below ground level. I sat down, so did my man, and carelessly enough I began to talk to him, forgetting that the birds would probably come over the hill just above me without warning—which sure enough they did! All in a moment the air seemed full of a cloud of birds, densely packed together and moving with tremendous velocity just over our heads. Of course they were gone in a moment, and of course without a shot from me. I looked at Alec (the keeper) and thought of the Colonel, and what he would say. "Mind, Alec," I said, "the birds went round the hill." "Oh, yes, Sir," he said, "they went round the hill, sure enough." It turned out as I expected. The Colonel

asked if we did not see a big pack come over the hill-top, and we said, "Certainly, and they went round the hill." I was really afraid to tell the whole truth! Just recently I have made a clean breast of it to the Colonel, and think he forgave me.

Another incident will, I fear, give the impression of my not being a keen sportsman, but accidents will happen. I was staying with a friend who rented a large moor, and was accompanied in my "butt" by a young and charming lady. I am afraid we chatted a good deal, and my bag was not what it ought to have been. There was another lady in the next "butt," who chaffed me unmercifully concerning my bag, and made the most of the fact that she had both "seen and heard" us talking. I was asked to write "something" in my companion's book that evening, as she was leaving the next day, so I scribbled the following:—

> Out shooting one day, the astute Mrs. Palmer
> Espied in my grouse butt a sweet little charmer;
> I shot very badly—she thus did deride,
> "One Miss in a butt causes many outside!"

The last grouse story I shall venture upon was not my own experience but that of a friend. He was at a drive when the host at starting gave the usual direction, "No grey hens, please." The birds came very thick at one drive, and my friend unfortunately dropped a grey hen! In the next "butt" the sportsman was accompanied by his wife, who was a very alert and expeditious retriever, sallying out directly the drive was over and picking up all the birds she could (whether shot by her husband or anyone else!) to add to his bag. My friend was very artful, and took some time to unload his gun, and look for his birds. This gave the lady-retriever a good start, when she did what my friend wanted her to do—took the grey hen and added the prize to her husband's birds. At lunch time, when the birds were

put out on the heather and counted, the host exclaimed, "Hullo! who the deuce shot the grey hen?" After a moment the unfortunate owner of the retriever shyly said, "I am afraid I was the culprit"! The host said nothing, nor did my friend!

I have never done any deer-stalking, but had one little experience of the royal sport when staying near Killarney. My host was a great sportsman, and got many fine deer on the Muckross estate. He was kind enough to let me accompany him one day, and we (my host, the stalker, and myself) had a big climb up one of the mountains, at last arriving at a point where we lay down while the stalker took a look through his glass. He spotted a stag a little below us and within shot. Needless to say we had to keep very quiet and motionless, but much whispering took place between the stalker and my host as to the number of points the beast showed. It was a time of considerable anxiety to me, for I had a cold and felt an irresistible desire to sneeze! I knew what that would probably mean—the alarm of the quarry and some bad words from my host. I controlled myself as long as possible, till at last, as the sneeze would come, I seized my nose, buried my head in the heather, and gave a sort of bark. The effect on my host and the stalker was electrical. They both jumped up in horror, looking behind them, and fell down again as quickly, the stalker saying, "Dashed if I didn't think it was a hind." I whispered my most humble apologies, and am bound to say they were most tolerant of my accident. After a few minutes the stalker peeped over the knoll on which we were lying and found the stag still there! I was much relieved, and am very glad to say the sportsman got him soon after. I think my bark was a really good imitation of a hind. At any rate it took in both my friends—and the stag!

Another little episode in connection with deer took place when I was out shooting with a friend near Spean Bridge. Among the guests was the late Sir George Martin, of St. Paul's, who was a keen sportsman and a good shot. We were walking in line over the heather, shooting grouse, hares, &c., and of course not thinking of deer. I was at one end of the line and Sir George at the other, when suddenly there was a commotion and I saw a fine stag going up the hillside for all he was worth. He stopped for a moment to look at us, and then disappeared. The beast had evidently been asleep in the heather and we had disturbed him. It was not a deer forest, and no doubt he was travelling from Lochiel's forest of Achnacarry to Lord Abinger's. I remember saying to Sir George that it was not likely that the organists of St. Paul's and Westminster had ever walked in line after game until that day.

Martin's host was a devoted amateur musician, and played the English concertina admirably. He constantly had old Edward Silas to stay with him, Silas composing many charming duets for pianoforte and concertina. Very pleasant were the evenings we spent at this lodge after our sport, and besides the really serious music old Silas was usually prevailed upon to give us an illustration of a farmyard. His imitations of the various animals, including what he called an "Amorous goat," were side-splitting. Poor Silas hardly dared to come out on the heather, as the midges always took a great fancy to him. He used an anti-midge powder that perhaps was not efficient; but certainly it was effective, in its way, for it made his forehead look rather like the crust of a well-sugared tart!

Railway travelling has played its part as an accessory in my pilgrimage. Many and frequent have been some of my journeys, yet often have they been enlivened by

incidents that arose by the way. One such, bearing upon my reputation as a fisherman, which befell me during a short journey, may perhaps be recounted. Another man was in the carriage, and, as we smoked our cigars, we got into conversation. I had noticed the large increase of nursery gardens in the district through which we were passing, and said how the development evidenced the great impetus that had taken place in the love for gardening. My fellow-traveller agreed, remarking that he had taken it up a good deal himself, so as rather to give up his pursuit of fishing. I owned to liking it very much, and added that I had a garden in Scotland, where also near by I did some fishing.

"What river are you on?" "The Deveron," I replied. "Oh!" said he, "I know the Deveron well. Whereabouts are you?" "Well," I said, "We are now above Huntly, but used to be near Rothiemay." "Near Rothiemay? You mean Cornie Haugh? I know it well." Then, after a pause, he continued, "I'll tell you who used to have that." (I listened with interest.) "*That old music chap at St. Paul's. He's dead now.*" "No, he isn't," I retorted, "*he's here*, and he's not at St. Paul's, he's at Westminster." The effect on my companion cannot be described. He started up with the exclamation, "What a fool I am —of course I meant you, but only think what a fool I was to talk like that," and so on, and so on.

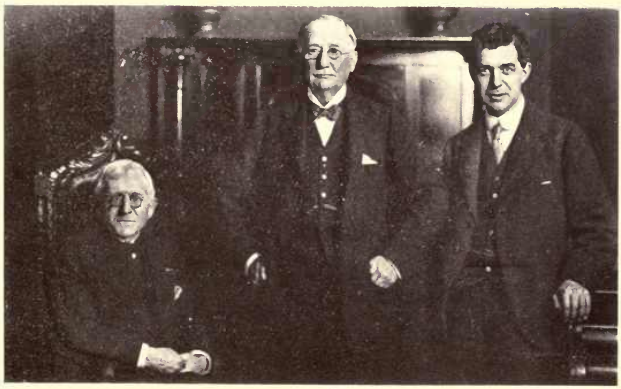
I told this story to Sir Charles Swinfen Eady (now Master of the Rolls) when travelling the same route with him a short time afterwards, and he seldom meets me at the Senate of the University of London without a reference to "*that old music chap at St. Paul's.*"

Another railway story—not this time to do with fishing—may be given as a warning. Soon after my marriage in 1914, my wife and I were invited to a

delightful day on a splendid liner which took a large party from Southampton down the Solent. There was a special train from Waterloo, and we had as fellow-occupants of our carriage an old gentleman and his wife. We were all presented with a book containing the names of the numerous guests, and were studying the lists with some interest. Suddenly the lady said to her husband, "Oh, I see Sir Frederick Bridge and his young wife are here. I should *so* like to meet them." Now, what was to be done? There we were with our unknown fellow-guests, shut up for upwards of an hour. What else might be said about us? Was I to run the risk of hearing things which might make it rather trying for us and our companions? So I turned at once to the lady, and said, "That is not very difficult, for *I* am Sir Frederick Bridge." The astonishment of the lady was great. "But *you* are not Sir Frederick," she said. "Oh, yes, I am," I replied, "and this is my 'young wife'." It turned out that the lady knew many of my wife's people, and we spent much time on board together, with many a pleasant joke about the scene in the railway carriage. We have been close and intimate friends ever since.

As I write, the news of the Armistice (November 11th, 1918) prompts a story of deeper interest. The incident occurred while travelling with a friend from Aberdeen to Edinburgh. There was no dining-car on the train, and when the luncheon hour arrived, the attendant adjusted in our compartment one of the temporary tables carried for such occasions, and designed for four. Presently two gentlemen joined us. It was not very long before we discovered that one was none other than Slatin Pasha, who, it will be remembered, was captured and kept in slavery by the Mahdists. He was rescued from this miserable condition in 1884, and later was appointed British Inspector

THE AUTHOR'S SCOTCH HOME.
CAIRNBORROW LODGE, GLASS, ABERDEENSHIRE.



THREE EX-ORGANISTS OF MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.
DR. KENDRICK PYNE. SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE. MR. S. H. NICHOLSON.

of the Soudan. The other traveller, his companion, was a very distinguished English officer. We soon got upon very friendly terms (I had given Slatin Pasha a tonic from my whisky flask, as he complained of a fearful cold), and on passing the Forth Bridge we discussed the recent Naval manœuvres. If I remember, these had included a supposed attack of an enemy fleet from the North. All apparently went well for the defence, and the enemy was driven off. But report said that one of his submarines managed to get into the Firth of Forth, and in mimic warfare torpedoed some of our battleships. Such was the story current; and it was added that the Admiralty had kept the matter quiet but were rather disturbed about it.

The incident made a great impression on me. I do not remember that Slatin Pasha said much; but having in mind that when war broke out the name of this Austrian-born officer—along with those of other enemy aliens—was removed from the lists of British Orders of Knighthood, one wonders whether he may not have been consoled by remembering that he had a bit of useful and very significant information which even the gods could not take from him.

Among my greatest pleasures that frequently afforded real relief from the anxieties of Abbey work, have been my opportunities for attending the debates in the House of Commons. From boyhood I have taken a great interest in politics and in current events. Indeed I remember now with some sorrow the many hours spent during the American Civil War in particular in reading the daily papers. There was a certain quiet little reading-room up a little alley in the streets of Rochester, in which the chief daily papers could be seen. This old room was a delightfully quaint place, close under the wall of the Deanery garden. The hours I spent there, instead of

practising the piano . . .! Yet it was not all wasted time. I read, and learned, and if I had practised the piano more diligently instead of reading the daily papers, possibly I should not have done quite as well in the world as ultimately I succeeded in doing. But it must not be supposed that this is a general advocacy of such a curriculum. A cultivated interest in passing events, however, made me value the occasions when later I came to hear the great men in the counsels of the Nation.

Fortunately for me, the senior chorister at the Abbey when I took office was the son of one of the officials in the House of Commons, whose post it was to sit in the big chair in the Lobby, at the actual entrance to the Chamber, to see, I suppose, that only Members were admitted. I used to send in my card from the outer Lobby, and was generally passed in to my friend the door-keeper. Almost without exception he was able to get me admitted into the Strangers' Gallery, from whence one looked down upon many interesting scenes, and heard those masters of debate, Parnell, Gladstone, Disraeli, Goschen, Sir William Harcourt, and others. I was in the House on the last night that Disraeli was present.

Altogether these were interesting experiences for which I am very grateful to the friend whose kindness made them possible. By-the-by, admission to the House of Commons debates is also a traditional privilege of the boys of Westminster School, a privilege which, I believe, they have at all times valued and turned to good account.

I have enjoyed the friendship of many generations of the boys of the famous Westminster School. Among those who were in the School when I went to the Abbey was the present Dean of Christ Church, Dr. T. B. Strong. He was very musical, and I gave him

organ lessons. Another was Mr. H. Bertram Cox, C.B., now solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue. He also was musical, and these two were constantly in the organ-loft. When they went up to Oxford they corresponded with me very frequently, and were particularly kind and sympathetic at a time of great domestic sorrow. Curiously enough, both were able to suggest to me subjects for musical treatment, which I adopted for Festival works. Dr. Strong's prompting was the dramatic episode of "Callirhoë," told by Pausanius, and Mr. Cox directed my attention to Gladstone's Latin version of Toplady's "Rock of Ages." Both works were produced at Birmingham.

I have gladly welcomed the boys to the organ-loft, and always found in them good specimens of the English public school boy. As such they sometimes played pranks in their own domain, and one habit, which I fancy is still carried on, though not very frequently, was to climb out of their dormitory window and over my house for a midnight prowl on the School roof, and even on to the Abbey. There was no particular harm in it, but on one occasion it alarmed my servants, so, along with a friend who was sitting and smoking a late pipe with me, we mounted on to the roof of the School just in time to see some distant figures descending a ladder on to the roof of a lower building. It was after midnight, and dark. We could not see the boys below, but could hear them whispering. My friend went and fetched a bucket of water, and after a bit we managed to empty it over the runaways! This made a great commotion, and at that moment the window of the Precentor opened, and he demanded to know what the boys were about. "Talking to Dr. Bridge," was the ready reply from below. This astonished him, and he called to me to ask what *I* was about! I explained as well as I

could, and he shut the window. The truants then came up the ladder, when the older boys (there were five or six) in response to a request for their names at once complied, but asked me to let the younger ones off. "Of course," I said, "I shall have to report this." They went back over the roofs to their dormitory, and we went to bed. The next day two of them called to say the Master wished them to apologise for the trouble they had given me. "But," I said, "how does he know? I have lodged no complaint, and did not in fact intend to report you!" "Oh! no, Sir," said one, "it was Flood Jones who boxed us" (Flood Jones was the Precentor). It seemed that he had gone and called up the Master while the boys were talking to me, and when the poor miscreants climbed through their dormitory window, the Master welcomed them below! I was told that not long afterwards the episode was set as a subject for Latin epigrams.

CHAPTER IX.

Lord Tennyson's "The Goose"—Presentation of the Musicians' Company's Medal to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales (Edward VII.)—Bach's "Christmas Oratorio"—Music-makings at the Worcester Festival—Festival Compositions—Grieg and Dvořák at the Birmingham Festival—Visit to Gounod, at Paris—Processional effect in Notre Dame.

A VERY interesting experience which came to me in my early years at the Abbey was the opportunity of meeting Lord Tennyson. As already mentioned, when living at Windsor I had made a musical setting of "Christmas Bells," a poem from "In Memoriam," and this being sung in the Abbey at Christmas-time had attracted the attention of a friend of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Baillie-Hamilton. He had also heard privately a performance of a setting of mine of Tennyson's humorous poem, "The Goose." Through Mr. Baillie-Hamilton's introduction, I got to know the Hon. Hallam Tennyson, and it was decided that the two settings should be performed at an evening party at the house of Lord Tennyson in Eaton Square. I took a portion of the Abbey choir with me, and we sang these two compositions before a large company. "The Goose," with its humorous words, and, I think, fairly humorous music, seemed to please the audience very much. Indeed, I know it gave satisfaction to the Poet in one point. There is a verse in the poem describing the old owner of the goose getting prosperous with the results of her poultry-keeping, and the lines run:—

> And feeding high and living soft
> Grew plump and able-bodied,
> Until the grave churchwarden doffed,
> The parson smirked and nodded.

This is set in a mock sentimental way, and it produced considerable merriment, the Poet saying in my hearing, evidently with some satisfaction, "That 's the poem the critics said showed I had no sense of humour." It seemed to me that he had for the first time been quite easy in his mind on this subject. Another observation which I must record also came from the Poet in connection with this song. Mr. Frederick Locker, who was one of the guests, and himself a poet of no mean order, congratulated me before Tennyson on the way in which I had set the words, saying: "I hope that your name will go down to posterity associated with the poem and its author." "In fact," added Tennyson, "the current of my poetry will be *Bridged*."

I was proud to have my name thus whimsically punned upon by the Poet-Laureate.

In 1878 I became a member of the ancient City Guild, the Worshipful Company of Musicians, at the same time as Sir John Stainer and John Hullah. There was not much life in the old Company in those days, and it really did not do anything for music. But I was able to proffer a few suggestions which perhaps helped to start it on its present great and beneficent career of service to Music and musicians. I became Master of the Company in 1892, and had the honour of presenting the Gold Medal of the Company to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.), as a humble recognition of his services in the cause of Music, notably in the establishment of the Royal College.

The interesting ceremony of presentation took place at Marlborough House, when His Royal Highness received the Worshipful Master of the Company (myself), the Junior Warden (Sir John Stainer), Mr. Alfred H. Littleton, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and other

Members of the Court. The Clerk read the following Resolution, which had been unanimously adopted at a meeting of the Court:—

> "That the Worshipful Company of Musicians, in order to express its deep appreciation of the untiring interest shown by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in the progress of the art of music in this country, which has resulted in the successful foundation of the Royal College of Music with its liberal endowments in aid of promising talent, respectfully begs His Royal Highness to accept the Gold Medal struck by the Company for the purpose of encouraging music and musicians. The Company cannot but feel that should His Royal Highness graciously become the first recipient of their offering he would not only confer an honour on them, but would give a prestige and value to their Medal which will greatly enhance its value to future holders."

His Royal Highness in reply said that he wished to return his "thanks for the kind words of the Resolution, and for the gift of the very handsome Medal." He went on to express his best wishes for the spread and development of musical education and the art of music in this country, and added that he was very much gratified by the recognition which his efforts had received at the hands of the ancient and interesting Company of Musicians.

The Medal, designed by Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., bears on its face a representation of St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, and on the reverse the motto "Harmony," with the arms of the Company.

I was also one of a deputation of the Court in 1905 to present the Honorary Freedom of the Company to H.R.H. Prince Christian, in recognition of his services to Music as Chairman of the Council of the Royal College.

The Company is to-day most active in its furtherance of everything for the good of the Art, founding many scholarships and awarding medals to the principal London Musical Colleges and to the Naval and Military schools of music. It also offered a valuable prize for the composition of a March in honour of the Coronation of King Edward, which was won by Mr. Percy Godfrey, and has instituted many other prizes too numerous to mention. The March was performed at the Coronation under my direction, and a sum of £866 derived from the sale of copies was subsequently contributed to King Edward's Hospital Fund.

Perhaps the most notable step in encouraging native composers was taken by Mr. W. W. Cobbett, a member of the Company, in 1905, when he organized what proved to be the first of a series of competitions that have been the means of adding to English chamber music many works of undoubted charm and merit. As the outcome of a letter that he addressed to the Master of the Company, a committee was formed, and a circular issued inviting short works in that most difficult of all forms, the string quartet. It is interesting to recall that this circular marked the first appearance in the world of music of the word "Phantasy"—the modern analogue of the old English "Fancy." The response to these competitions has been highly encouraging.

An energetic member of the Company who lent valuable assistance in the allocation of its awards and scholarships was the late T. Lea Southgate. For much devoted work in the cause of music his name deserves to be remembered by the members with honour.

Canon Duckworth was the honorary chaplain to the Company, and has been succeeded in this office by the Ven. Archdeacon Pearce, Litt. D., Canon of Westminster, now Bishop of Worcester.

In January, 1879, we gave a performance at the Abbey of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio." The Consecration of Dr. Lightfoot as Bishop of Durham, and the funerals of Lord Lawrence and of Sir Rowland Hill took place this year.

In 1880 we again performed Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," and "Elijah." For the latter occasion I ought to say the expenses of the band were paid by the Dean out of his own pocket. In 1881 occurred the death of Dean Stanley. From previous pages it will have been seen that I was not always happy in my dealings with the Dean concerning choir matters, yet would not wish it to be inferred that anything was lacking in my appreciation of his great personality. He had a burning desire to make the Abbey loved and used by the people. But his abounding zeal seemed to lose its vitality when death removed the sweet influence of his wife, Lady Augusta—I have already said what her departure was to the whole body of those living in the Cloisters. We had a great funeral service for the Dean, who was laid to rest by the side of his wife in Henry VII.'s Chapel, the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian being present.

The picture that I refer to in my remarks upon the Purcell Celebration (*see* page 159) was given to me as a memento of the Dean.

Dean Bradley was Dean Stanley's successor, being installed on November 1st of the same year.

Another notable event in 1881 was the funeral of George Edmund Street, the architect, for which ceremony I was able to suggest a very appropriate anthem, which at that time was but little known. This anthem was written by Dr. Wesley on the death of the Prince Consort, an event of which I retained a perfect recollection. It commenced, "All go to one place," and the penultimate verse is particularly

appropriate to an architect: "For we know that if our earthly house were dissolved, we have a building of God; a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

In 1881 I began to attend some of the great Musical Festivals, going to Worcester as the guest of the Dean, Lord Alwyne Compton; also undertaking the onerous task of writing an account of the proceedings for the Press, a tiresome and fatiguing duty which I never tried to do again. But it was a very pleasant time. One of my fellow guests was Dr. Stone, a well-known amateur who played the contra-fagotto* at the Festival, and we made a good deal of music at the Deanery. Dr. Stone's instrument was an enormous affair (Santley once told him that it resembled the stand-pipe at Chelsea Waterworks!). We arranged a duet for contra-fagotto and piano, the theme being that of the well-known round, "Three blind mice." Stone played the tune at an incredible depth, and my part was to demonstrate the scamperings of the mice. The composition had a great success. It was never printed, nor do I think there is any record of its performance in the annals of the Festival.

I was asked to contribute a work to the succeeding Worcester Festival (in 1884), and set "The Song of St. Francis of Assisi," the English translation by my old friend Mrs. Oliphant. I have already spoken of this poem in reference to my life at Windsor. The following year (1885) I was gratified at finding a place in the Birmingham Festival. For this meeting I set Mr. Gladstone's Latin translation of Toplady's hymn, "Rock of Ages." Afterwards we performed it at the Abbey, Mr. Gladstone himself being present. He wrote me a very kind and appreciative letter, and was good enough to allow

* This instrument is used by Haydn in his oratorio "The Creation" to imitate the "cheerful roaring of the tawny lion."

me to dedicate my work to him, saying he "cordially wished it success."

It was at the Birmingham Festival that I met both Grieg and Dvořák. Grieg was rather a terror to the orchestra at the London rehearsals. Extremely fastidious, and demanding the most minute attention to the nuances in his music, he kept the band hard at it for a very long time, when he had finished appearing a complete wreck from his exertions. He was a very fragile-looking man, and died rather prematurely.

Dvořák was a man of different build; also he had much natural simplicity. I remember a remark he made which serves to sustain this impression. During the Festival week a large party was entertained at luncheon at the house of Mr. G. Hope Johnstone, who was a member of the Festival Committee. It came on to rain rather heavily, at which most of us were inclined to be sorry. But Dvořák turned animatedly to Mr. Alfred Littleton—who sat between Dvořák and myself—and made a remark in German, which I did not understand, but which seemed to amuse Mr. Littleton very much. I asked him later what it was, when it appeared the composer expressed his delight at seeing the rain, saying it would be good for the potatoes in his garden at home. Next day I travelled up to London with Dvořák. He was somewhat disappointed with the reception of his work, and I did my best to cheer him up. But it was a difficult task, for, to tell the truth, the work was a failure. It was his oratorio "St. Ludmilla," in which the composer made the mistake of writing music that he thought would appeal to English folk, rather than giving rein to his own genius as he had done in his noble "Stabat Mater." "St. Ludmilla" was a copy, to a great extent, of Handel's style, and did not reflect the real genius of Dvořák.

On April 27th, 1882, the funeral of Charles Darwin took place in the Abbey. It seemed to me the ordinary funeral anthems were hardly appropriate to Darwin, so I ventured to suggest the words which I afterwards set to music (Proverbs iii., 13, 15, 16, 17), "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." This anthem was beautifully sung by the choir, and Canon Prothero called to congratulate me on its success immediately after the service.

In this year my predecessor died, in the eighty-first year of his age. He had been appointed to the joint offices of Organist and Master of the Choristers as successor to Mr. Greatorex, F.R.S., on September 1st, 1831, by Dean Ireland, thus having held his appointment for over fifty years. Turle was a most amiable man, and although his contributions to Church music were not extensive, in one domain he may be said to be supreme, that of the number and beauty of his chants.

In 1883 we gave a performance in the Abbey of Gounod's "Redemption," in aid of Westminster Hospital. In connection with this event I called on the composer in Paris a month or two before it was announced to take place, who proved very gracious, but seemed somewhat anxious as to whether it was possible to give an adequate performance of his work at Westminster. I answered that I thought it was, and told him of the effects which we hoped to get with the trumpets and harps placed in the Triforium. He was very pleased, and sent me a box for the Opéra, which my wife and I found great pleasure in accepting.

During my stay in Paris I was a witness of the impressive funeral cortège of Gambetta. The playing of Chopin's Funeral March by one of the bands in the procession (I think it was the band of the Republican Guard) was truly superb. At some of the Colonne concerts, also, I was particularly struck by the brass of the orchestra; it seemed to me superior to anything I had heard in England. But probably one would not be able to say the same to-day.

At Notre Dame I was fortunate in being present at a very effective service. It was doubtless an echo of the Christmas services, and the hymn "Adeste fideles" was sung in procession round the Cathedral, the last verse being sung in the Sacrarium. The effect of the procession wending its way in the columned distances, with the organ at the West end coming in between the verses, was indeed beautiful. We have been able to turn this experience to account in the Abbey, when on great Festivals we sing some well-known hymns in procession, the choir and clergy traversing the Ambulatory and returning through the Choir into the Sacrarium. As a rule our singing in procession is unaccompanied, but between the verses we bring in the organ with, I hope, some of the effects heard long ago in Notre Dame. (Reference is made to an important use of such processional music when describing the events of the Coronations.)

I did not on this visit make the acquaintance of any notable organists, but it has given me very great satisfaction from time to time to welcome prominent exponents of French organistic art in the Cloisters. One of the best of these, and a charming man, was Felix Alexandre Guilmant (1837-1911). He enjoyed playing on the Abbey organ one evening—when I took him in for a private performance—and showed his admirable powers of extemporisation.

The Consecration of Canon Barry as Primate of Australia, of Bishop Boyd Carpenter as Bishop of Ripon, and the installation of the Rev. F. B. Westcott, as Canon, all took place in 1883. Also this year there was solemnised the wedding of the Hon. Hallam Tennyson and Miss A. Boyle, and memorial services for H.R.H. The Duke of Albany and for Henry Fawcett were held.

In 1884 the organ was rebuilt and enlarged. I have already explained that the instrument was very old-fashioned and inadequate when I came to the Abbey. During my time it has been improved and rebuilt at various intervals, being now a very complete instrument. Without much trouble I got a good many friends to contribute stops, &c., and in 1895 we were able to add a very beautiful electric organ. This is placed in the Triforium, just above Handel's monument, and has a charming effect. It was the gift of a friend, Mr. A. D. Clarke, in memory of his wife. I have always been careful to preserve any of the old pipes which were in good order, and we actually possess two beautiful (wooden) stops that were added to the organ by Father Smith in the year 1694. The bill for inserting these, and two other stops (now unfortunately not to be found), is still in existence in the Muniment Room. These additions were made under the direction of the Precentor and Henry Purcell, the organist.

Unfortunately the old Choir organ-case was removed in 1847. It is now in Shoreham Church, Kent, of which one of the Canons was rector, and so was able to obtain and utilise this beautiful example of ecclesiastical carpentry. It is in my opinion the very case which stood on the North side of the Abbey in Purcell's day, and upon it can still be seen the names of various organists of the Abbey. I had hoped at one time it might be restored to its place; but this

has not been possible. Its retention at Shoreham, however, robs the Abbey of a really interesting relic.

The Abbey organ is now blown by an electric motor, but when I entered on my duties there were three old men who blew. They were much disturbed because I played voluntaries on week-days! I do not think my predecessor played "in" very often on week-days, and he only played a few chords "out." I, however, played voluntaries of decent length, at which the three blowers grumbled much, actually getting a complaint to the ears of Dean Stanley. They were artful, representing that I kept sightseers waiting who wanted to see the Royal tombs. These three men were guides, and professed they were very anxious to get to their other duties as soon as possible. Dean Stanley spoke to me about it, when I ventured to remark: "Some people like to hear the organ as well as to see the tombs." He did not lay down any rule, but asked me not to make the voluntaries "too long." Fortunately the lazy blowers no longer harass the organist.

In 1885 we had a commemoration service in aid of the Royal Society of Musicians, other events of importance this year being memorial services for General Gordon and for General Grant. My old friend Maas sang in the choir in the service for General Gordon, his solo being "Be thou faithful unto death."

Among funeral services in 1886 may be mentioned that for Archbishop Trench, formerly Dean of Westminster, and the service for W. E. Forster, a statesman who imparted so much impetus to elementary education and whose later opposition to Gladstone I well remember. On Ascension Day in the same year we performed "Mors et Vita" and my own "Rock of Ages" with full orchestra.

CHAPTER X.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee—An Expensive Fanfare—An Awesome Serpent—Fenian Alarm: a "Black Bag" in the Organ-Loft—Queen Victoria at the Jubilee Festival—The National Anthem in the Abbey—Lockhart's Jubilee Picture—A "Devoted Friend" at the Auction—A Distinguished "Man-Servant."

In 1887 we began the year with a service for the unveiling of a Memorial Tablet to Henry Fawcett. The music was supplied by the students at the Royal Normal School for the Blind. I was, however, absent on an errand which was the beginning of a very anxious time. This was the year of H.M. Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and preparations were already being made for the due celebration of this event, to be held in the Abbey on June 21st. I had taken time by the forelock, and set some appropriate words as an anthem which possibly might be used on this occasion. H.M. The Queen had of course the selection of the music, and Canon Prothero suggested to Her Majesty that I should attend with some of the choir at Osborne, to let her hear my anthem. The date selected for our visit was unfortunately the day of the unveiling of Professor Fawcett's Memorial. I took a few boys down to Osborne, and three of the Lay-Vicars. It was rather curious that one of them, Mr. Montem Smith, had as a boy sung at the funeral of William IV. Besides the choral performance of my anthem before the Queen, one of the boys sang a solo from Gounod's "Redemption," and Mr. Hilton sang "Nazareth." I was presented to Her Majesty after the performance. She was very gracious, and signified her pleasure in the interpretations.

The Choir and Organ of Westminster Abbey (Looking West).

A few days afterwards a letter came from Canon Duckworth, in which he said: "Sir Henry Ponsonby told me last night that you may certainly consider that you have the Queen's permission to inscribe your Jubilee anthem to her. The Queen spoke to me of you and your party, and seems to have enjoyed your visit. She praised your anthem, and expressed her approval of Crook's singing." Crook was one of the boys, and a beautiful singer. It is sad to have to record that only a few years later he developed consumption, and died.

The preparations for the momentous event of the Jubilee, that has now passed into history, demanded a great deal of thought and care. A large choir had to be organized, and arrangements made for a band of brass and timpani to supplement the organ. There was also the editing of the music, which included by Her Majesty's Command a setting of the Te Deum by the late Prince Consort. The fabric and precincts of the Abbey were given over to the Office of Works for some weeks, the preparations being almost as elaborate as those for the Coronations of a later date. A feature of the ceremony was the reception of Her Majesty by a fanfare of trumpets played from the organ-loft. I found a fine collection of military trumpets, belonging, I suppose, to the Lord Chamberlain's department, which were lent to me to be played by the trumpeters from some of the military bands. An amusing episode took place when we were having a preliminary rehearsal of this fanfare in the Abbey. The carpenters engaged in putting up the stagings were much interested, and apparently inclined to take it a bit easy while the music was going on. The Clerk of the Works came to me, good-humouredly remonstrating against the continual practising: "My men simply can't work while that is going on, and it means five pounds a minute"!

Now trumpeting at such a costly figure, even at Jubilee time, becomes a luxury indeed, so we curtailed our rehearsals.

The complete book of the music was published by Metzler & Co. The Te Deum by the Prince Consort was their copyright, and although my anthem was published by Messrs. Novello, it was also included in the complete book issued by Metzlers. I was greatly indebted to their manager, Mr. J. Coward, a son of the celebrated Crystal Palace organist, for much valuable help and advice in bringing out the book and arranging for the band. One day he came to me and said that he wished that I would do him a favour. "Certainly," I said, "if it is possible." "Well," he replied, "Mr. Arthur Chappell [the well known originator and director of the Monday "Pops"] is one of our directors, and he wants to know if I can arrange with you to get him admitted to the Jubilee Service." "Oh," I said, "that's impossible; yet if he could sing or play in the band, I *might* manage it." Coward thought a moment, and then said, "Leave it to me, I think I can arrange it," and he proceeded to play a sad trick upon Mr. Arthur Chappell to which I may at once say I was not a party.

In a show-case at Metzlers', among examples of military instruments was a remarkable-looking specimen of the bass trombone (*see* Illus.), but instead of the tube expanding into a bell end, it was fashioned into the grinning head of a python. The large convoluted instrument known as the serpent was at one time in regular use in the orchestra, even in Handel's day, and it is said that when he first heard it in this country he remarked, slyly, "Dat vos nod der serpent dat did Eve beguile." The serpent had a wooden tube of oval section, some eight feet long. The Metzler relic was serpentine only as regards the head, which was an

enormous affair with red jaws and white fangs—altogether an awesome reptile—and it was this thing Coward got down into the office, ready for Mr. Chappell.* That gentleman duly appeared, and of course inquired of Coward, "Have you seen Bridge? What did he say?" "Oh," said Coward, "he's very sorry, but it can't be done." Chappell was much disappointed. "But," added Coward, "there's one way, and it's quite easy"—proceeding to explain that I would be glad of a few low notes from the bass trombone in my anthem, and that he, Coward, could make quite an easy part for Mr. Chappell, who would then be admitted as a member of the band, and see the show! Chappell looked with undisguised dismay at the serpentine horror, and ejaculated, "That be hanged!" "Well," said Coward, "It's your only way, and although it's an awkward-looking thing to carry through the Abbey, yet once in the orchestra you will be all right." Chappell hesitated a moment, then, bracing himself, and to Coward's almost hysterical delight, he said, "Give me the mouthpiece, I'll have a try." He blew a fearful note, the effect of which on Coward, and on all the clerks, who were in the secret, cannot be described. I was obliged to put Chappell in the choir after this, where he did no harm, which he certainly might have done had he taken the instrument with him into the orchestra.

There were very many details to be considered, nothing being left to chance. For instance, I was anxious to find out what was the pitch of Archbishop Benson's voice. The Archbishop was to read the prayers at the service. Although, so far as I knew, he did not intend to intone, yet he had a musical voice, and I was anxious if possible to fit in with his note the

* I believe that grotesque instruments of this class were sometimes used at country fairs, the performer playing a fantasia outside a booth by way of attraction for sightseers to step inside and see—and perhaps hear—worse horrors.

Responses and Amens. He was kind enough to invite me over to Lambeth, where he read certain prayers, which enabled me to arrange the matter satisfactorily.

An incident in connection with the preparations for the great service must not be omitted. In this year (1887), just before the Jubilee, a good deal of alarm was prevalent in consequence of the Fenian outrages, and the rather frequent discovery here and there of clockwork bombs in black bags, &c. Long previous to the ceremony the Abbey was closed to the public, anxious precaution being taken by the officials to ensure the Royal safety. By special order the choir platform was frequently examined, and the organ-loft with every remote corner of the Abbey subjected to minute inspection. The day before the service a rehearsal of the band was called, after which I remained in the organ-loft looking over some music for the next day. A young pupil standing near startled me by calling attention to a strange noise:

Listen, Doctor," he said, "don't you hear a ticking?" "Ticking! Where?" Leaping from my seat, I listened intently, and sure enough I heard a faint, rhythmic "tic-toc," proceeding apparently from a corner of the loft. Peering into the shadow I saw, fateful sight! . . . *a little black bag!*

Instead of waiting to be blown to pieces for my country, I left the loft—well, somewhat quickly—and hastened into the Cloisters, where I met an old man who had charge of the blowing-engine of the organ. "Groves," I said, "go up into the organ-loft, and bring down a little black bag that you will find in the corner." "Yes, Sir," he replied, and ambled off unsuspectingly. Then I waited. I do not know what I expected, or what I intended to do when it had been brought to me, but I breathed again when Groves reappeared safe and sound with the

bag. On examination it was found to contain an alarm-clock, ticking away very merrily. I discovered upon inquiry that one of the band had bought the clock on the way to the rehearsal, but how his bag had escaped detection and had run the gauntlet of the fifty policemen who were guarding the Abbey and looking out for ticking clocks in black bags, I never quite knew, except that the bandsmen mostly carried their instruments in bags, and so were not closely examined. Groves' destiny after all was to die safely in bed, and when, a short time ago, I sent a wreath to his funeral, I thought of the episode of the bag, for to the day of his death he used to say, "You very nearly got me blowed to pieces that time, Sir."

In arranging the musical portion of the Jubilee service I had to communicate very frequently with the Lord Chamberlain's Department, of which Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane was then Controller. Sir Spencer was extremely amiable, and it was a delight to work with him. He presented me with a list of the various entries of great people for whom Marches had to be played, and arranged an elaborate series of flag signals from the west-end of the Abbey to the organ-loft, to let me know who was arriving. It was a complicated affair, but we managed to fit it all in pretty accurately. The final March was to be played as the Queen walked up the Choir to her appointed seat. I shall never forget how dignified and stately was Her Majesty's bearing at that particular moment. The usual choir seats had been removed, but the carved stalls remained, these being occupied by dignitaries who attended from all parts of the Empire, notably by many of the Indian Princes. Her Majesty, looking right and left as she advanced, seemed to me to honour each one by a special bow.

It was a curious thing that the National Anthem was not down to be performed on that great occasion except for the inclusion of the first part of it in the anthem I had composed. The whole programme had come to us from a Royal source, and I had no prerogative to modify the scheme. It may be said in passing that there seemed for many years to be a shyness, if I may use the term, in singing the National Anthem in Church, and particularly did this seem to apply to the Abbey. Of late years, especially since the recent terrible war, this diffidence has happily disappeared, and at the time of writing I am playing the National Anthem daily at the close of the afternoon service.

June 21st, 1887, was a gloriously beautiful day, and as such is surely still enshrined in the memories of thousands—glorious from its associations, beautiful because a perfect day of an English summer. For us at the Abbey all went well, the glorious interior looking magnificent as the distinguished gathering thronged the tiers of improvised galleries, and, assembled from every corner of the earth, our race proclaimed its great day of festival and exultation.*

A day or two after the event I was invited to the garden party at Buckingham Palace, when, as Her Majesty passed with her suite through the crowd, I was accosted unexpectedly by the Lord Chamberlain and presented to the Queen, who was very kind, saying: "The music was most successful, every one was extremely pleased." A few days later I received the Jubilee Medal, and also the following letter from Sir Ponsonby Fane:—

"DEAR DR. BRIDGE,—I must write you a line to say how splendidly your music went yesterday. I shall

* It may be of interest to state that three generations of my family took part in the music: My father sang tenor in the choir, my son joined the trebles, and I played the organ and conducted.

always have a most pleasant recollection of our communications and collaborations on this interesting ceremony, which thank Heaven, has been so successful.

"Yours very truly,

"S. PONSONBY FANE."

Dean Bradley also wrote to me in the following kind terms :—

"DEAR DR. BRIDGE,—Please to allow me to express to you on paper my grateful sense of all you have done to secure the success of both our Jubilee Services.* The task of bringing together such a choir was in itself no light one, and I and all others are, I am sure, deeply grateful to you both for the successful completion of that task and for all else that you have done.

"My words are few, but they come, I assure you, from my heart.

"Most truly yours,

"G. BRADLEY."

I was honoured by being included in the Jubilee picture painted by Lockhart. My portrait was a somewhat tiny affair, and he put me standing at the organ-desk. After Lockhart's death many of the sketches he made for the picture were sold at Christie's, my portrait being among them. Hearing it was to be sold, I decided to try and buy it, and gave a commission to a dealer, "if it was not too expensive." The dealer bought it for me, but it cost rather more than I thought it was worth. A few days afterwards, a member of the Abbey voluntary choir (by profession he was a lawyer) said to me, "Oh! do you know your picture was sold at Christie's the other day?" "Yes," I replied.

* The Jubilee programme was repeated in the Abbey on June 22nd, admission to the performance being by ticket. The proceeds were devoted to the London hospitals. Madame Nordica sang on this occasion —the year of her London début at Covent Garden, which took place on March 12.

"Well," he said, "I nearly bought it." "Why did you not?" I inquired. "Oh! well," said my friend, "it went for more than I was inclined to give, but I made the other chap pay for it, and ran it up well"! He had been bidding against the man who was bidding for me! His devotion cost me some pounds.

Besides the Abbey Jubilee Service, a very important celebration of the event took place in St. Margaret's Church, and was attended by the House of Commons. Archdeacon Farrar was the Rector, and at his request I undertook to see to the music; also I set a special hymn, written by Bishop Boyd Carpenter for the occasion. A very amusing incident took place in connection with this service, which may be worth recording. Tickets were difficult to get, and a very distinguished medical man who had attended my wife in a critical illness, came to me to beg that I would procure one for him. I told him it was quite out of my power to do so. But he was not to be denied: "I have done you a service," he said, "and you must do me a good turn! Can't you take me in with you?" Then a thought struck me—I might get him to carry a bag containing the robes which I had to wear! He was quite willing, so we went together. The janitor let me pass, of course, when, turning, I called sharply to "my man," "Hurry up with that bag"—which he did! When he got well inside he promptly dropped the bag, and afterwards I saw nothing of him until dining with him that evening. Frequently did we recall the ruse, and always did we find its humour irresistible.

This was not the only service at which I officiated at St. Margaret's. Archdeacon Farrar was also a Canon of the Abbey, while as Rector of the Commons' Church he was always willing to give facilities for musical celebrations at St. Margaret's, in which I was glad to help him in any way, for he was a kind and cordial

friend. On one occasion he got me to help with the boys in a performance of John Farmer's Cantata, "Christ and His Soldiers." He had known Farmer at Harrow, and had a great admiration for him. Farmer came and conducted his work, which, although it cannot be called a great masterpiece, seemed to give him intense pleasure. He got very excited, and perspired immensely with his exertions. I had the pleasant sensation of having assisted in a very strenuous undertaking.

The Archdeacon was a great preacher, whom we missed very much when he left to become Dean of Canterbury. Whilst he was at Canterbury I used frequently to go down at his invitation to help in special services that he organized in the Cathedral.

CHAPTER XI.

The Browning Memorial Service and Mrs. Oliphant—The Madrigal Society—The Gresham Professorship—Funeral of Lord Tennyson—The Marquess of Lorne's Hymn—Princess Beatrice's Bazaar Book—The Jenny Lind Memorial—Death of Canon Prothero—Musicians' Company's Exhibition—Dr. Pearce and the Common C(h)ord.

In March, 1888, we had a commemoration service for the Emperor William I., of Germany, and in June of the same year a commemoration service for his son, the Emperor Frederick III. Also this year there was celebrated the Jubilee of the Coronation of Queen Victoria, which was observed at the Abbey by the performance of Berlioz's Te Deum, sung by the Bach Choir and conducted by Sir Charles Stanford, with myself at the organ.

The following year, 1889, brought the memorial service to John Bright; also the inauguration of the Church House, for which I composed "The God of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build, &c."

On Ascension Day in this year there was a performance of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," in aid of the funds of Westminster Hospital. The announcement had been made, and we were in the midst of rehearsals, when I was gratified at receiving an entirely unexpected letter from the daughter of Mendelssohn, asking me to send her some particulars of the forthcoming event. It was with extreme pleasure that I responded to this request, and the incident was the beginning of a

long friendship. Madame Benecke frequently visited the Abbey, on one occasion giving me a copy of the drawing of her distinguished father (hitherto unpublished), made by the painter Begas in 1821, which is reproduced in these pages. It is a gift which I greatly value. Appended is the letter above referred to, that formed the beginning of so much pleasant intercourse:—

"Norfolk Lodge, Barnet,
"*May 2nd.*

"DEAR SIR,—I see a notice in the *Musical Times* that you are thinking of having 'Elijah' in Westminster Abbey on the 30th inst. May I trouble you to tell me at what time it would be sung, and how we could get to hear it well? Forgive my troubling you, but I do not like to lose a chance of hearing 'Elijah,' and I have never yet heard it at Westminster.

"Believe me,
"Yours sincerely,
"MARIE BENECKE
("*née* MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY").

In December, 1889, came the funeral of Robert Browning, a great and impressive service, attended by many distinguished people. I was asked to set some words of Mrs. Browning's, to be sung at the graveside, the verse suggested being, "What would we give to our beloved." Referring to the choice of these words, Mrs. Oliphant wrote from Windsor: "I think it a most beautiful thought, and one which Browning would have entirely appreciated, to lay him in his grave to the sound of his wife's beautiful words."

Afterwards some very kind letters were written to me by members of the Browning family.

I was introduced to Robert Browning in my early days at the Abbey, by Dean Stanley, who, in presenting

me to Browning, delivered the characteristic remark, "Poetry and Music should know each other." Many years later I met the poet at Arthur Coleridge's hospitable table, and ventured to refer to his comments on Fugue in his stanzas on "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha." He seemed pleased that I found interest in the subject, saying that he did know something about Fugue. I was not sure whether in his poem "A Toccata of Galuppi's," in the verse—

> While you sat and played Toccatas stately
> at the clavichord?

Browning intended to convey the idea that it was one of his own Toccatas Galuppi played. So far as I can learn there is no Toccata by this composer, for when we celebrated the centenary of Browning's birth I tried to find a Toccata of Galuppi's to play on that occasion, and failed. I spoke to Sir Hubert Parry about it, who said there was no work of that kind that he knew of. He however recommended a beautiful *Adagio* and *Allegro Spiritoso* from a Clavier Sonata for Viola da Gamba, which I procured and played at the service in the Abbey, on May 7, 1912, in honour of him whose life-work it had been to add to our English poetry so much of noble utterance and unfading beauty.

In 1890 we had a Festival for the Royal Society of Musicians, which service included my short Oratorio, "Mount Moriah." In this year was also celebrated the first Latin Commemoration Service of Westminster School, an interesting function which is now held every year.

Before continuing my Abbey record I may now glance at a few doings outside the Precincts.

Some of the most interesting and pleasant music-makings which I can recall are those of the old Madrigal Society. This is the oldest musical society in the world. It was founded in 1741, its first meetings

being held at the "Twelve Bells" in Bride Lane, and later at the "Anchor and Crown" in Whitefriars. According to Sir John Hawkins, who was himself a member, most of the members were mechanics and Spitalfields weavers, while others followed various trades and occupations. He records, too, that many of the members were very expert in music, and able to sing at sight almost anything in the English and Italian Madrigal School. When I joined the Society in 1877 the meetings were held at the "Freemasons' Tavern" in Great Queen Street, from October to July. I met many delightful musicians at these gatherings, amongst them old G. A. Osborne. He and I used to sit together when we could, until, in 1878, they made me assistant-conductor. He was very congenial, and a real, witty Irishman. I am afraid that sometimes we behaved rather badly in one respect at the Society's meetings. There was a great objection on the part of the authorities to any speech-making. Osborne delighted in delivering a little speech, and more than once I encouraged him to ask questions perhaps more or less relevant to the particular madrigal being sung. The secretary, Edward Street, a delightful amateur musician and true lover of madrigals, always looked rather shocked, but amused; the treasurer, Kellow J. Pye, one of the real old-fashioned type of serious musicians, looked really shocked. After this had occurred once or twice they refused to allow us to sit together, which was very disappointing to me and also to Osborne. However, I made up for my bad behaviour later on by undertaking the conductorship, a post which is still in my hands. It is somewhat chastening to find myself the oldest member of the Society.

I had a real affection for Osborne, as I believe he had for me—and sweet indeed is the savour of his

memory. He often attended the meetings of the Musical Association, frequently rising to break a lance with the lecturer of the evening. But he was ever a genial adversary. Occasionally he would contribute a paper to the Society's "Proceedings," notably in vols. v. and vi., in 1879 and 1880 respectively, when he wrote upon Berlioz and Chopin, subjects that he was well qualified to speak upon, as he had been very intimate with these composers.

Osborne had met many distinguished musicians. Himself a capital host, he found keen delight in social amenities. A relaxation in which he frequently indulged was in playing duets with Dr. T. Lea Southgate, who was an intimate friend. Osborne had been a very popular pianoforte teacher, and he composed a good deal of light pianoforte music. His "La Pluie des Perles" had a wonderful success. He once told me that this little piece had brought him in over six thousand pounds. It gave him great pleasure when we performed an anthem of his at the Abbey, which he produced rather late in life. It was very melodious, though lacking some of the characteristics that are wont to be looked for in devotional music. Osborne was a great friend of old John Ella. There is a story the truth of which I can vouch for that when Ella, stricken in years and blind, and able to say with Job "I am a burden to myself," stood sorely in need of comfort, Osborne would frequently devote a Sunday to visiting his friend, whom he would solace by reading from the Bible.

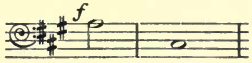
The most notable event in connection with the Madrigal Society was the hundred and fiftieth Anniversary Festival, held in 1890, when amongst other things we performed Tallis's celebrated Motet, composed for eight choirs of five voices, *i.e.*, forty parts. This same Motet had been sung over fifty years before at a Festival held in 1836.

In 1904 I was elected president, and in 1914 the members presented me with the gold medal of the Society in recognition of my long years of service. This old Society has always helped to keep alive the love of madrigal singing. The Children of the Chapel Royal have for many years taken part in its meetings, sometimes assisted by boys from well-known church choirs to sing the soprano part. Arthur Sullivan when a boy in the Chapel Royal attended these meetings, Thomas Helmore, master of the Children, being a very prominent member. There are in the old soprano copies some amusing pencil notes Sullivan made at that time. In 1899 he was elected president, and laughed very much when his attention was called to these youthful essays. The performances are of course occasionally rough, but the members assemble essentially for singing and not for rehearsing. The Society is assisted by several professional singers, so things go fairly well, though occasionally a little slip will be made by one of the aged members. I remember a case that was really rather trying at the moment. We had an old member who had contributed very handsomely to the Prize Fund, which the Society administers at stated intervals. I must explain that many of the books used at the meetings have madrigals at one end and anthems at the other, and it is possible to get hold of the wrong end of the book, and try to sing an anthem when a madrigal is on. This indeed seems to have happened on the occasion that I have in mind. We were singing one of the "Oriana" set, which generally conclude with the words :—

> Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
> Long live fair Oriana,

in this particular madrigal there being a silent bar before the chorus came in. At the critical moment the

old gentleman to whom I have referred led off in stentorian tones a part of an anthem beginning



This nearly upset the nymphs and shepherds, but we were afraid to make much of the incident in case there should be no more money for the Prizes.

The Society's meetings are quaint old functions, the key-note for each madrigal being blown by the conductor on a somewhat wheezy pitch-pipe. It is recorded of one of the conductors who preceded me that he blew the note so badly, beginning softly and crescendoing into a different note and back again, that when he stated "That's A," one of the members called out, "Which end of it?"

The programmes always contain a selection of the celebrated "Oriana" Madrigals, which were composed by the leading musicians of England in honour of Queen Elizabeth and published in 1601. It may be unknown to many people that a similar compliment was paid to Queen Victoria when, in 1899, Sir Walter Parratt originated the idea that took shape in a book of "Choral Songs and Madrigals." Sir Walter did me the honour of asking me to set the following charming words written by the Marquess of Crewe:—

For all the wonder of thy regal day,
Golden content, and Freedom that can dare
To covet not nor shun a grander sway,
And knowledge soaring to a loftier air,
We bend to Thee that Thou hast been
Of sea and land illustrious Queen.

But rather for the mind that can rejoice
With all our joy, and strive as we have striven,
Ripe human counsel, and the nearer voice
Of comfort to the lowly mourner given—
We cling to this, that thou hast been
In heart and home our Mother Queen.

A Curious Bass Trombone.

Littlington Tower
in 1840.

Captain Cooke's Signature,
Scratched on an Abbey Window.

I also took a very active interest in another body, known as the Western Madrigal Society. Founded in 1840, at No. 27, Soho Square, its first meeting was held shortly afterwards, under the presidency of Joseph Calkin, while I had the honour of conducting these madrigalists from 1878 to 1896, the meetings then being held in Lisle Street, Leicester Square, at the rooms of the Royal Society of Musicians. A delightfully quaint atmosphere seemed to linger in this quiet retreat, the old-world charm of the madrigals performed finding harmonious setting in the surroundings. We gathered there literally under the eyes of bygone worthies in the realm of music—Purcell and Handel, among others—and the drama, whose portraits gazed solemnly from heavy frames, and, I fear, through much varnish and faded paint, at the group of moderns seeking to capture the spirit of the melodies of long ago. A distinguished portrait among the many hanging there is a very fine one by Gainsborough, of King George III., who presented it to the Royal Society of Musicians.

The Court of Assistants administering the splendid charity of the Royal Society of Musicians have for many years held their meetings in these rooms. The story of their unostentatious beneficence has never been told, yet doubtless it has brought light and cheer into many a straitened home.

The procedure of the Western Madrigal Society assimilated closely to that of the "old" Society upon which it was modelled. But the younger Society dispensed with the dinner that is so much a feature of the meetings of the old Madrigal Society—probably with advantage, because it is questionable whether a generous ménu is the best preparation for artistic voice-production. The Western Society preserved, however, a tradition of its own, which was observed at

the interval in the programme. The chief upholder of this tradition was Mr. Stephen Olding (a popular member and a charming man), who combined with his knowledge of madrigals an expert gift for compounding punch. He never failed to attend without bringing with him a couple of bottles of his special brew, which the members and visitors consumed with great satisfaction. The beverage was really very good, and sometimes the effect on the voices of the singers —especially the altos—was remarkable. In the second part of the programme, should an amorous number occur, they would skip through it with delightful nimbleness. I can still see two of these old gentlemen—their combined ages numbered a hundred and sixty years!—with hardly a quaverous note to mark their years, valiantly voicing "I saw lovely Phyllis." The incident is not without a certain pathetic humour. Perhaps the compounder of the punch had studied the "Anatomy of Melancholy," and added philters to his recipe.

To speak of punch recalls another medium of the same name, but a different order of volatility—I refer to the London Charivari. The distinguished artist, Charles Keene, so long associated with *Punch*, was a very interested member of this Society and a regular attendant at its meetings. He was a silent man; in fact I do not remember ever hearing his voice in the madrigals, but he seemed thoroughly to enjoy the functions.

Alas! very few of my old friends of those days of long ago now survive. Very reluctantly I had to relinquish the direction of this Society, as I found that my accumulation of conductorships was making undue demands upon my energies. There are limits even to the ecstasy of swaying a baton.

In 1890 the Gresham Professorship of Music fell vacant. It is one of seven Professorships founded by

Sir Thomas Gresham in 1575, Dr. Bull having been the first musical professor. I had never done a great deal in the way of lecturing, but was not wholly without experience, having at various times contributed lectures both in Manchester and in London. I determined to send in my name to the Grand Gresham Committee, a body formed jointly of the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company. One of the regulations laid down by the Committee was that a select number of the applicants should lecture at the College before the Committee and general public. In the result, I was one of six selected. I took a great deal of trouble with my paper, both in preparation of matter and in delivery, but must confess that I felt really nervous when my turn came to lecture. Later I was summoned to Mercers' Hall, to interview the Committee, being elected, I believe, almost unanimously. The most dangerous of my opponents was a German! In the course of my duties I have delivered something like three hundred and fifty lectures, up to the time of writing. They are free to the public, and are illustrated by vocal and instrumental music. Gresham College has recently been rebuilt, and a very excellent hall to hold five hundred people provided for lectures. The audiences are large and interested, and certainly my Professorship has been to me a source of great interest and information. My hearers sometimes appreciate a little humour. I remember an occasion on which I was able to score off a member of the public. I had gone past my allotted time (one hour), and apologised for so doing. "Go on, Sir," said a voice from the gallery, "it's raining outside." This raised a laugh, so I paused a moment, before saying, "The remark reminds me that at one of the lectures given here, a long time ago, only two persons attended, and

they, it is said, only entered because it was 'wet outside.' Doubtless they stayed to find it *rather dry inside*."

The funeral of Lord Tennyson, in 1892, was of course a very important event, the ceremony being attended by many great personages. The Hon. Hallam Tennyson asked me to set "Crossing the Bar," to be sung at this service, and I was naturally very anxious to set the words to worthy music. The poem was one of the last things Tennyson wrote. As everyone knows, its nobility of utterance had made a profound impression. To set it for such an occasion and perhaps find that lovers of the words did not think much of the music, would have been very mortifying. There was no time to lose, as the work had to be composed, printed, and rehearsed in the space of a few days. However, I got to work one morning and completed the first sketch. Just as this was done I received a call from a friend of the deceased Laureate, who was anxious to know how it was getting on. He seemed surprised that I had done so much, and begged me to let him hear it. Now this was hardly fair. We know that artists do not like to let a sitter see their first sketch for a portrait, and I felt it might not be wise to let the music be heard till I had given it due revision. However, my visitor was very persuasive, so sitting down I played and sang it to him as well as I could. As soon as it was finished he jumped up, and striking his hands together said, "You've made a great success of it." This encouraged me a great deal. Resuming my work with renewed zeal, the setting was completed without delay. I have the original sketch by me, and may be permitted to state, with some little pride, that there were but very minute changes necessary in what had come to me in my first attempt.

In April, 1894, I received an unexpected request from Scotland, to make a hymn-setting of some verses by the Marquess of Lorne, to be included in a special book that was being compiled on behalf of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice in connection with a bazaar she was organizing at Balmoral. The subjoined letter, from the editor of the book, explains the object and purposes of her Royal Highness very fully:—

"Craig Gowan,
"Balmoral, N.B.,
"*April 11th*, 1894.

"SIR,—H.R.H. Princess Beatrice has authorised me to edit a Bazaar Book for the Bazaar which her Royal Highness is to hold here this Autumn. To this book the Marquess of Lorne has sent some verses which, if set to music, would make a very appropriate hymn for the dedication of the new Church. I therefore venture to ask you whether you would kindly undertake to compose the music—the same for publication in the Bazaar Book? Should you entertain this proposal, I shall send you a copy of the verses.

"Believe me to be,
"Yours very faithfully,
"R. A. PROFEIT."

It was with pleasure that I undertook this task. The hymn and tune are now printed as No. 401 in the "Westminster Abbey Hymn Book."

Early in the same year also an influential committee was assembled, under the presidency of H.R.H. Princess Christian, for the purpose of setting up in the Abbey a memorial to the great name of Jenny Lind (Madame Lind-Goldschmidt). The memorial took the form of a medallion, and was unveiled on April 25th by

Princess Christian, in the presence of a distinguished company. A few days afterwards Her Royal Highness caused the following letter to be sent to me:—

"8, Onslow Gardens,
"*April 24th*, 1894.

"DEAR Dr. BRIDGE,—Princess Christian has desired me to write and tell you how much obliged she is to you for the very kind way in which you made and carried out the musical arrangements, with which all present were delighted, on the occasion of Her Royal Highness unveiling the Jenny Lind Memorial on Friday last in Westminster Abbey.

"Her Royal Highness wishes me to mention how much also she appreciated the singing of the boys.

"Believe me to be,
"Yours very truly,
"CHARLES ELIOT."

Later in 1894 the death of my old and good friend Canon Prothero brought a great loss to the Abbey and to myself. Always ready to listen to any suggestions for the improvement of the music of the Abbey services, or that would tend to the greater welfare of the boys, he never spared himself any effort constantly to progress in these directions. He was kind and appreciative, and respected by all the choral staff.

For the Hereford Festival of this year (1894) I contributed a sacred choral work entitled "The Cradle of Christ."

An interesting musical event with which I had much to do was the Exhibition of music and musical instruments held in Fishmongers' Hall, under the auspices of the Musicians' Company, in 1904. We assembled a splendid collection of old instruments, among which was a reputed reproduction of the

Græco-Roman *hydraulus** or "water-organ," in which there is no bellows, the wind being maintained and equalised by the weight of a column of water raised by a pump worked by a lever. The Prince and Princess of Wales (now King George and Queen Mary) visited the Exhibition, and I was asked to contribute a selection on the "water organ." It proved a very wheezy affair, and I found it difficult to play even the National Anthem upon it. However, after a little practice I thought it could be managed, my friend Sir Homewood Crawford, a prominent member of the Company, undertaking to blow. His Royal Highness and the Princess of Wales were very much interested in the instrument, so I set to work to play, and Sir Homewood Crawford to blow, but the effect was certainly rather ludicrous. It amused the listeners very much. At the end of my "recital" I apologised for my poor effort, and added, "Sir Homewood is not a very expert blower." He was fairly taken aback at my audacity, but said nothing. However, later on he had a chance of getting me to make amends. When the Coronation of King George was being arranged, it became necessary to provide two blowers for an auxiliary bellows for the organ. Of course we had a band, but at some parts of the service the organ was used alone, and although it was blown by electricity, yet I had to insure against an accident cutting off the wind. So a small bellows was installed to supply a part of the organ, if an accident should happen. Thus was established a bit of valuable patronage, as its conferment

* It was constructed from the descriptions given by Hero (B.C. 250) and Vitruvius (*c.* A.D. 50), and from details supplied by a pottery model discovered at Carthage and made in the early part of the second century A.D. A full description, with illustrations and diagrams, appeared in "The Reliquary," July, 1904, and in the printed collection of Lectures delivered at the Exhibition.

assured the recipients seeing the Coronation! Sir Homewood put in a claim to be one of my emergency blowers, on the strength of previous experience! His fellow-blower was my old friend the Rev. Duncan Ross, Presbyterian Minister from Aberdeenshire, whose Kirk I had attended when in Scotland. They were both rehearsed the day before, and became quite efficient in their work. But they did not have to blow, and so were able to see a great deal of the Coronation ceremony.

Adverting to the Musicians' Company's Exhibition, I recall an amusing little "professional" encounter with Dr. C. W. Pearce. I was delivering one of the lectures that formed part of the scheme of the Exhibition, and the afternoon was inordinately hot. Pausing in my address, I drew attention to the need for ventilation, whereupon Dr. Pearce got up, and, as the event proved, wrestled unsuccessfully with some cords that should have opened the windows. His discomfiture was complete when I remarked in a loud whisper to the audience that he, a Doctor of Music, seemed "unable to manage the common c(h)ord."

The lectures above referred to drew large audiences, my friend Dr. T. Lea Southgate being indefatigable in his attention to numerous details of organization that contributed to the general success of the undertaking.* A name that may justly be coupled with Dr. Southgate's is that of the late Mr. Alfred H. Littleton, who, as well as himself contributing to the lectures, loaned the unique collection of historical books from his valuable musical library which formed one of the features of the Exhibition.

* Dr. Southgate was always willing to place his valuable manuscripts at my disposal, thus enabling me on several occasions at my lectures at numerous other venues to revive many old "Fancies" for strings by Jenkins, Dering, and others.

CHAPTER XII.

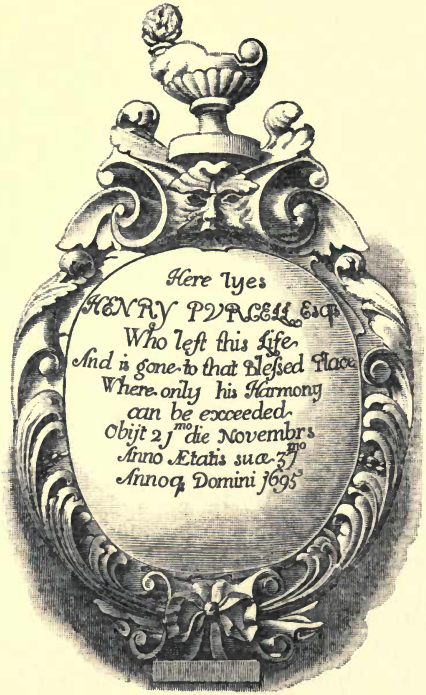
Purcell Celebration—Purcell's Te Deum: A Dramatic Incident—Purcell Memorial in the Abbey—Purcell's Residences—Relics—A Purcell Myth—Purcell Stops in the Abbey Organ—Conductorship of the Royal Choral Society—A "Cabman Critic"—A Contrapuntal Waiter.

EXCEPT for various weddings and funerals, there is nothing to record concerning my work at the Abbey until 1895. This year brought the bi-centenary of Henry Purcell, our greatest musician and a former organist at Westminster Abbey. I had made up my mind to have a memorable celebration if possible, and the suggestion was approved by the authorities, a large choir being organized and rehearsed with a complete orchestra. We took a great deal of trouble to obtain the best anthems of Purcell, such as would be suitable for a large choir, for of course the "verse anthems," as they are called, would be ill-adapted for interpretation by the resources assembled. I also desired to include the celebrated Te Deum written by Purcell for St. Cecilia's Day, 1694, and sung at the Festival at St. Paul's until Handel produced his "Dettingen" setting. After that it shared the Festivals with Handel's music. I may confess to being rather troubled about the Purcell Te Deum. I had tried it once and found it very tedious and wearisomely long. Also there existed an account of Mendelssohn's having heard it at St. Paul's, and his severe remarks upon the composition. On looking over the score I formed the

conclusion that it could not be done. It would take up too much time, and frankly the work did not seem worth it. Of course one hardly dared breathe these sentiments to Purcell-lovers, but I did speak to Sir Hubert Parry on the subject, and found he agreed with me, saying he thought it "dull and long-winded." So with much regret I determined to omit it. Then occurred a most dramatic and fortunate incident. When walking one night to my house in the Cloisters, after evening service, a man appeared out of the gloom and stopped me, saying "Have you a few minutes, Sir?" "No," said I, for I was very busy, and perhaps not very polite. "Oh!" said he, "I am sorry, I wanted to show you a manuscript; I think it is by Purcell"! "Come home with me," I replied, with great cordiality. As we neared my house I recognised him as Mr. S——, a Lay-Clerk of Windsor. When we got in I took him to the drawing room to have a cup of tea, and he handed me a roll of manuscript music. Placing it on the pianoforte, I could hardly believe my eyes! Before me was the veritable autograph score of Purcell's Te Deum. I told him at once what it was, and he said, "I thought you would be interested." Inquiry elicited that it had come into his wife's possession from a daughter of John Mitchell, the old organist of Eton College. I had known Mitchell well when at Windsor, as he was also a Lay-Vicar of St. George's. It seemed that he had lately died, and amongst other pieces of music his daughter had presented this manuscript to the wife of Mr. S——. It did not take me long to make up my mind to endeavour to secure the Te Deum. But Mr. S—— demurred, saying, "I can't say Yes, or No, as it belongs to my wife." Then a bright thought struck me. I remembered that in a drawer in my study was a bank-note for a considerable amount. I am not in

the habit of keeping bank-notes there; but it was a fact that I *did* happen to have one at that moment. I hastened to get it, and coming back, said, "My dear S——, this manuscript is of no use to you or to your wife, but it *does* interest me, being at the Abbey, and I'll exchange this note with you for it"! This made an impression, and after a hesitating look at the manuscript he hastened off with the note, leaving the music with me. Now comes the surprising sequel to the story. I was much interested in my purchase, particularly as it contained the names of the original solo-singers inserted in the score. They were mostly members of the Chapel Royal choir, of which place Purcell was organist as well as of Westminster. But looking through the Te Deum once or twice, I began to rub my eyes, and wonder what was wrong with it. It seemed so much better than the Te Deum with which I was familiar, and so much more condensed. Taking down the printed score, published by Vincent Novello, in a moment I realised intuitively, but with the most absolute certainty, what had been done. Dr. Boyce, anxious to keep Purcell's Te Deum alive as a rival to the "Dettingen" Te Deum of Handel, had taken Purcell's score and broken it up into various movements, adding in the process about a hundred and fifty bars to the original, many of these additions being exceedingly "dull and long-winded" symphonies. This was the cause that had excited Mendelssohn's disgust, had prompted Sir Hubert Parry's dictum that it was "dull and long-winded," and established my conviction that it was too tiresome to find a place in the Purcell Celebration. It was a great and joyful surprise to me. But to place the matter beyond dispute I at once looked out one of the original printed scores issued by Purcell's widow, which corresponded exactly with the manuscript. This was delightful, for now it was possible for me to

include this great work in the programme of the Celebration. The following day I went up to Novello's, and told Mr. Littleton the whole story and what I had discovered, saying, "Now you must issue an octavo

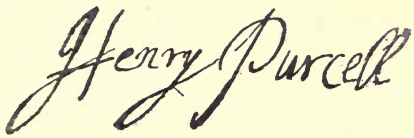


TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF PURCELL IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

edition for us." "But," he said, "I think we have an octavo edition already." He sent for a copy, and on looking at it gave a very impressive little whistle, remarking, "This is awkward!" It was indeed an

octavo edition, but unfortunately it contained all Dr. Boyce's additions. Mr. Littleton was good enough to let me prepare another edition this time of the real Purcell, which was duly sung at the Celebration. Had my friend from Windsor turned up a few days later, this would not have been possible, and I should always have felt that our programme was incomplete. Oddly enough some people rather questioned my discovery, one excellent but conservative Cathedral organist writing that "he did not like to give up the Purcell he had known so long"!

Musicians were generally much interested in the Celebration, and a wreath was placed upon the Master's grave by a deputation from the various



PURCELL'S AUTOGRAPH, FROM "BONDUCA" (1695).
(The MS. was formerly in the possession of Sir John Hawkins.)

musical institutions, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Charles Stanford, and Sir Walter Parratt being among those who conveyed it to the spot where Purcell lies. The collection was for a Purcell Memorial in the Abbey, which suitably took the form of one of the fine cases for the organ, designed by J. L. Pearson. Enough was raised to erect the case for the North side of the organ, and later on the Dean and Chapter contributed the cost of the case on the South side, which is embellished with the arms of Purcell. So the Master has one of the biggest, and, I think, one of the best memorials preserved in the Abbey. I must not omit to add here

that the Dean and Chapter, on the suggestion of Canon Wilberforce, kindly presented me with my Doctor's robes to be worn at this Commemoration of the greatest of Abbey organists. Already I had my Doctor's hood, but only the black Bachelor's gown. I have worn these robes at the Coronations, and at all the great Abbey services since 1895.

I was also so fortunate during my preparation of the Commemoration as to be able to glean a little of what may be called "domestic" information concerning Purcell, that may be viewed as an interesting corollary to the event. By the kindness of Mr. Aston, the secretary of Queen Anne's Bounty, I had the benefit of the services of one of his assistants, who exhaustively searched the rate-books of Westminster. These are carefully preserved, and are in excellent order. From these records we discovered the positions of three houses in which Purcell had lived: one in St. Ann's Lane, another in Bowling Alley, and the third in Marsham Street. Of these, only the one in Bowling Alley remained. Bowling Alley is the old name for the upper part of what is now called Tufton Street.*

I took Mr. Wright, Clerk of the Works, with me, when we found that although the front of the house had sustained many alterations, being subsequently turned into a shop, the rooms at the back were probably in the same condition as in Purcell's day, presenting two little panelled chambers having high wooden mantelpieces of a style which to-day would be far to seek. (*See* Illus.)

Unfortunately this house, with others, was pulled down when the new buildings of the S.P.G. were

* It led right up to the South Gate of Dean's Yard, and it seems a pity that the old name, reminiscent of a recreation of the Monks, should have been changed.

erected a few years ago, but I had a sketch made of the interior of the principal room, and also purchased the mantelpieces and balusters of the staircase, along with other curious woodwork. These relics I have had made into very useful cupboards for my music. My friend, the late Sir Horace Regnart, sometime Chairman of Messrs. Maples, admired these very much, complimenting me on my skill as a designer of furniture!

There is no doubt that Purcell never had a house from the Dean and Chapter, but was the recipient instead of a yearly sum in lieu of such accommodation. His receipts, up to the time of his death, are all preserved in the Abbey Muniment Room.

An old house in Westminster used to be pointed out as the one in which Purcell lived, and Dr. Cummings gave a sketch of it in his "Life of Purcell." Dean Stanley also had a painting of this house, which at his death came into my possession, but it is certain the whole story was a legend, probably invented by that very enthusiastic Purcell-lover, Mr. Richard Clarke.

Another interesting fact which I discovered in the course of researches prompted by the occasion of the Purcell Celebration, was that the original pipes of two beautiful stops in the Abbey organ, added in 1694 under Purcell's own direction—Father Smith being the builder—still formed an integral part of the instrument.

In 1905 I had conferred upon me the Honorary Degree of M.A. of the University of Durham by Vote of Convocation. I had for many years acted as an Examiner in the University along with my old schoolfellow, Dr. Armes, Professor of Music there, and Sir John Stainer, and had laboured (not unsuccessfully, I hope) with these musicians to place the Musical Examination upon the high level to which it has now attained. Dr. Armes was the pupil of Hopkins, at Rochester, for

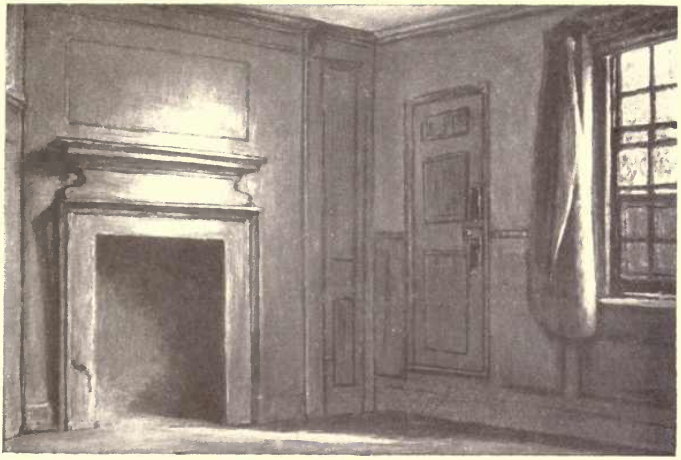
whom, it will be remembered, I pulled out the organ-stops as a boy, and blew the organ when he practised "Baal, we cry to thee."

The Examination periods at Durham were delightful times. The University extended a right cordial welcome to the Examiners, lodging us in the Castle and feeding us sumptuously. As Armes and I hailed from the same Cathedral School, we had many a story of past days to enliven the evenings. When he died he was succeeded in the Professorship by my brother, Dr. J. C. Bridge, of Chester.

The death of Sir Joseph Barnby in 1896 left vacant the conductorship of the Royal Choral Society, and the Council were good enough to offer me the post. Having had some experience both in Manchester and in London in conducting choral forces, I gladly accepted the position. Curiously enough, I had ten years before conducted a rehearsal of the Society. It was the first rehearsal of Sullivan's "Golden Legend." Barnby was ill, and at the last moment I was asked to take the baton. There was only a very short time in which to look over the score of the new work, but we had a very successful rehearsal, and Barnby wrote me the following very kind and appreciative letter. It is interesting, viewed in the light that I became his successor as conductor of his famous choir, a position that I continue to administer after upwards of twenty-two years:—

"The Cloisters,
"Eton College, Windsor,
"*September 29th*, 1886.

"My Dear Bridge,—I owe you many thanks for so kindly taking my rehearsal for me on Monday night. I have heard such a report too of its success, that I am quite free from all anxiety.



Room in Purcell's House in Bowling Alley.

The Medal of the Worshipful Company of Musicians.

"I think you would be inclined to smile if you could see the enthusiastic way in which Hedley* speaks of your admirable management. Once more thanking you heartily and sincerely,

"Believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"J. BARNBY.

"You will be pleased to know I am much better."

I hope the choral singing has not deteriorated in the years that I have held the pleasant position of conductor of the Royal Choral Society. It is unfortunately not possible to be very enterprising, for expenses have to be met, and the public will not come in paying numbers to hear any but well-known works. However, I claim during my many years of office that we have kept the performances at a good level, and brought forward many new works. In the Appendix will be found a list of the works performed under my direction by the Royal Choral Society. My relations with both choir and orchestra have always been very happy; now and then I have been betrayed into a satirical word, but seldom into an angry one. Yet the orchestra has given me one or two chances. One occasion was when they joined in the "Demon Chorus" in "Gerontius," singing "Ha! Ha!" with a nasal tone (this had been allowed by some conductors, but I strongly disliked it). I pulled them up, with the remark, "Don't join in; but if you *must* sing, let us hear what will come more naturally to you, 'He-Haw'!" Mr. Gervase Elwes was present, and never forgets to tell me of this incident, which delighted him.

Another time, when remonstrating with them for playing too loudly, I asked, "Why don't you play as softly as you did on Sunday last? I am told that

* The Secretary of the Royal Choral Society at that time.

it was delightful. But I suppose you had a long-haired German conducting, and took more notice of him than you do of me!" "No, Sir," said one, "It wasn't a German—it was Percy Pitt." "Ah," said I, "under a man with such initials you could not help but play *pp!*"

On yet another occasion we were rehearsing Berlioz's "Faust." This time, however, it was the choir, and I remember rebuking the tenors for singing the Satanic choruses so listlessly. I must explain that in this fearful scene Berlioz has set music to some very odd gibberish, invented by himself, and supposed to represent the language of Hades. I called the singers' attention to one line, pronouncing the words as I wished them to be sung. But I mis-read a word, and was instantly detected, for a mellifluous voice from the tenors piped up, "But there 's an *o* at the end of it, Sir"! However, I was at once able to subdue him: "Yes," I retorted, "and you'll say 'Oh!' if you get there and don't know the language!"

And here perhaps I may appropriately tell the story of my "cabman critic." I picked him up one night on leaving the Albert Hall, after conducting a concert. He drove me home. I had alighted in Dean's Yard, and was searching in my pocket for the fare, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Well, Sir Frederick, how did the concert go off?" I was rather taken aback by this unexpected query, and for a moment hardly knew what to reply. In point of fact, the particular concert was one of a special character. We had given a selection of Wagner, including "The Last Supper," a very difficult work which had not been done in London for, I think, some twenty-five years—indeed, very few choral societies had been able to tackle it. Pulling myself together, I said to the expectant cabby, "Oh, I think pretty fair." My friend at once replied, "Well,

for myself I don't understand Wagner [pronouncing it in familiar English], he is too abstruse and mathematical for me." This amused me very much, and after a little more conversation I said, "Well, you know who I am. If you like to look out for me I shall be glad to employ you to take me to and from the rehearsals." He thanked me, and said he would not forget. True to his word he turned up on the next occasion of a rehearsal. Afterwards I employed him often. He constantly came to the rehearsals, and also to the concerts, and on not a few occasions honoured me by adversely criticising my conducting. For example, he said, after a performance of "Messiah," "It was very good, Sir Frederick, very good: but what makes you take the 'Hallelujah Chorus' so fast?" "Fast," said I, "I didn't take it fast." "Oh, yes, you did," he observed, shaking his head, adding, as he drove off, "It may gain in brilliancy by your method, but it loses in majesty. Good-night!"

On another occasion my cabman critic rather nonplussed me by asking what I thought of Perosi, the Italian composer whose music was then being talked about in London. Not knowing much about him, however, but not wishing to exhibit my ignorance, I fenced with the question. He soon discovered I was somewhat at sea on the subject, and proceeded: "If you have not seen his 'Transfiguration' I will lend you the score." I thanked him, and we parted. The very next time I required his services he reminded me of the conversation, and handed me the score, producing it from under the box-seat. I could give numerous instances of his extraordinary powers of criticism and of his love for music. I found on inquiry that he did not drive his cab on Sundays, but spent most of his time practising on an organ which he had at home. At different times I presented

him with a good many pieces of music, my own compositions being amongst the number. These he considered to be somewhat "knotty" (I suppose his familiarity with the whip suggested this critical term). It was easy to perceive his great delight in the short discussions that I was able to give him, in the quiet of Dean's Yard, after my return in his cab from a concert or rehearsal. He was one of the most musical men in a humble walk of life that I have ever met, and I am sure his verdicts on performances would bear favourable comparison with those of many professional music critics. After he lent me the score of Perosi's oratorio I dubbed him Perosi, and that was the name by which the linkmen at the Albert Hall got to know him (some of them playfully, after their manner, contracting it to "Rosie"). I think it is no small credit to him that from the uncongenial altitude of the box of a London cab he had been able to cultivate music so successfully.

That my cabman took a real pleasure in serving me, and that he heartily appreciated the interest that I unfeignedly found in him, is evidenced by the following letter written by his daughter, which explains itself:—

"*May 8th*, 1900.

"DEAR SIR,—Father requested me to write to you apologising for disappointing you last evening. He got a fare through the City, and was blocked by the traffic as a result of the procession of the Naval Squadron. It would appear that he was careless or indifferent about keeping his appointment, but such is not the case. He has been a victim to circumstances, and had no alternative but to accept the situation. . . . Trusting you will accept this explanation, he remains your

"Most humble and faithful servant,

"_____"

But this is not the only example of a musical enthusiast I have met in unexpected places. Among many curious experiences that have come to me as organist of Westminster, I may mention the eager desire shown by unknown music-lovers in far away corners of the world to make me their correspondent. Numerous compositions reach me in this way, the hope and pride of whose creators is that each their child of many prayers may be heard in one of the Abbey services. Many works, again, are submitted to me with a request for an opinion upon their merit. One of my most industrious correspondents writes to me from a poultry farm in Australia. He says that his is a remote part of the country, and that he amuses himself by playing on the American organ and on the mandoline. He composes a good deal, setting many tunes to popular hymns. Also he has turned his attention to organ voluntaries, producing among these latter a "Dirge" for a favourite dog that had been killed by a motor. He does not say if he developed this theme as programme music; but concerning its inspiration, I was led to reflect that even in the back country where he lives, motor traffic could be a source of danger. I asked in one of my letters if he found that cocks and hens took any interest in music. He assured me that some of them were really musical, and that music was very effective in stimulating the production of eggs! I have maintained an interesting correspondence with my friend, whose attraction, although I have never seen him, lies in his obviously sincere love for music and his simple enthusiasms. On one occasion he sent me a setting of some words (a carol) which I myself had set to music. Apparently he thought I had not been very successful in the attempt.

It has always been interesting to me to observe how unreliable are occupation and environment in affording

clues to the mind and disposition of people to whom one may perhaps casually assign a certain mentality because of their surrounding circumstances. Of course I am not alone in forming this conclusion. It has become a foible of mine, from which I have now and then got much pleasure, and some amusement, to be on the alert to note and study natural talent flourishing in uncongenial or unexpected places. My cabman friend and my poultry-keeping correspondent afford instances. Another comes to my mind in the person of a waiter. He has now disappeared, but when I knew him he flourished at a well-known restaurant where some social functions were wont to be held in connection with a certain musical society. My waiter revealed himself as a scientific musician. One evening, whilst handing me the wine-list, he took the opportunity, after the confidential manner of his craft, of opening a small conversation. Then, to my great surprise, he went on to say how much he liked my primer on "Counterpoint," in his zeal there and then producing the book from his coat-tail pocket. Later I learned that he was very fond of organ-playing. I wondered, however, if sometimes, to their intense amazement, he inadvertently handed the guests my "Counterpoint" instead of the wine-list.

I once contributed a short poem to *Punch*. It was a parody on the well-known song "Sally in our Alley," and it owed its origin to the fact that Mr. Labouchere, familiarly known as "Labby," bought a house abutting on the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey, which could be plainly seen from my own windows. This induced me to write "Labby in our Abbey." It was at the time when Mr. Balfour was often called "Bomba" by the Irish Members, and when the Ministers were supposed to be taking advantage of the Septennial Act. My poem fits the tune of "Sally in our Alley" excellently

well, and I have sung it myself more than once at musical dinners. Sir George Grove brought it to the notice of the Editor of *Punch*, who inserted it, but with a few little emendations of his own. These, I may say, did not have my full approval! Its authorship was not stated, but it was said to be by a "Westminster Chorister," which was coming pretty near home. I append the words:—

Of all the boys that are so smart
There 's none like crafty Labby:
He learns the secret of each heart,
And lives near our Abbey.
There is no lawyer in the land
That 's half so sharp as Labby;
He is a demon in the art,
And guileless as a Babby.

For "Bomba Balfour" in the week
There seems to be no worse day
Than is the one that comes betwixt
A Tuesday and a Thursday.
For then we read each foul misdeed,
"Unmanly, mean, and shabby,"
Exposed to view in type so true
By penetrating Labby.

The Ministers and Members all
Make game of truthful Labby,
Though but for him 'tis said they'd be
A sleepy set and flabby.
And when their seven long years are out
They hope to bury Labby;
Ah? then how peacefully he'll lie,
But,—not in our Abbey!!

CHAPTER XIII.

Diamond Jubilee Celebration—Knighthood—Sir William Gowers—Sir William Crookes: "Timing" a Knighthood—Dean Hole and his "West Front"—The "Flag of England"—Mr. Rudyard Kipling and his Poem—Funeral Service for Mr. Gladstone—The Duke of Westminster and "Westminster Bridge."

THE year 1896 was fairly uneventful so far as my work at the Abbey was concerned, but in 1897 came the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. This was not celebrated in the Abbey, as was the 1887 Jubilee. Mainly it was spectacular, and wholly for the people, and as part of this scheme Her Majesty attended a short service held on the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Abbey choir was included in the fine choral body organized by Sir George Martin, an inspiring and notable performance of a Te Deum composed by him for the occasion being given. About a fortnight before the Jubilee I had the pleasure of receiving a letter from the Marquess of Salisbury saying that he had recommended me for the honour of Knighthood, and adding: "It affords me satisfaction to be authorised to inform you that Her Majesty has approved the honour in recognition of your long services, and of the high position which you occupy in the profession with which your name is so honourably connected."

I need hardly say I was much gratified, and returned a suitable reply. But it was for the time being a secret, and was not made known until the list appeared on the morning of the Jubilee. On meeting

the choir at St. Paul's I was congratulated by many, while all seemed pleased that Martin and I should have been selected for this great honour.

I went to Osborne to receive the accolade, travelling from Victoria by a special train in the company of eleven others who also were to be knighted. It proved a pleasant journey. After luncheon we were marshalled in a corridor, to be in turn ushered into the Royal Presence. As I came out of the room I observed Prof. William Crookes with his watch in his hand. He too was about to be knighted, and as he put up his watch he casually remarked that he had been seeing "how long it took to knight a man." The passion for acquiring scientific knowledge did not desert him even at that moment.

My companion in the carriage in which we drove to Osborne was Dr. Gowers, a celebrated nerve-specialist, after that day to be known as Sir William Gowers. His conversation was very interesting, and a remark of his clings to my memory, viz.: "For fifty years I have worked in the mines of medicine, now this comes just in time to lubricate the machinery." We there and then struck up a great friendship. Later he came frequently to the Abbey organ-loft, and being well acquainted with Mr. Rudyard Kipling, was kind enough to speak to him concerning my wish to set some of his poems. Some years afterwards I found in Sir William a very kind and candid adviser. My nerves were rather bad, and feeling myself generally over-strained after the Coronation (in 1902), I consulted him professionally. He was very downright in his summing up, so much so that his manner would have frightened some people. After examining me, he said: "Your heart is all right and your brain is all right, and you are not going to have paralysis, which I suppose you have feared. *But you must go to Harrogate for*

three weeks!" This took my breath away. Never before had I been compelled to absent myself from my Abbey duties on account of illness for more than a day or two. "That's impossible," I at once ejaculated. "I might manage a fortnight, but——." "*Three weeks*," he retorted, "if not, you'll possibly have to carry your arm in a sling for months!" So I went.

For a few years after the ceremony of the Jubilee knighthood at Osborne, those of us who had met there on the same day dined together once a year. Alas! as time sped, the knights at that table grew fewer, and, their parts played in the great symphony of life, one by one that little company extinguished each his candle and stole away into the unknown region. To-day but one or two remain—to think upon days that are accomplished and faces that have vanished.

Dean Hole wrote me a most kind letter upon my knighthood, wishing that my dear "father had lived to see it." I gave a lecture in aid of the restoration of the West Front of Rochester Cathedral, and the Dean very humorously moved a vote of thanks to me for, as he said, "contributing to the restoration of My West Front" —striking himself on the chest as he said the words!

Among other gratifying incidents of my knighthood were the many letters of congratulation that flowed in upon me from numerous friends, a few of which I venture to append. One, from the Bishop of Winchester,* is dated at Farnham Castle, Surrey:—

"*June 22nd*, 1897.

"My Dear Sir Frederick,—Warmest congratulations on an honour which will give genuine pleasure to your many friends old and young, and not least to

"Yours very truly,

Randall Winton."

* Now Archbishop of Canterbury.

My dear friend Sir George Grove wrote to me as follows:—

"Lower Sydenham, S.E.,
"*June 27th*, 1897.

"DEAR SIR FREDERICK, and my very good old friend and helper,—I can only give you three lines, but they must be of hearty congratulation to Lady Bridge and yourself on the honour which has been conferred on you and which I hope you may enjoy for many years to come.

"Always, My Dear Sir Frederick,
"Your affectionate friend,
"G. GROVE."

Sir John Stainer sent the following characteristic note:—

"South Parks Road,
"Oxford,
"*July 22nd*, 1897.

"DEAR BRIDGE,—I beg your acceptance of a Magdalen Coll. 'tun'* as a token of my pleasure on your knighthood, and my gratitude for your kindness to my sons.

"Yours truly,
"J. STAINER."

The publishing house of Novello, through the head of the firm, the late Mr. Alfred H. Littleton, marked the Diamond Jubilee year in engaging fashion—at the same time conferring an additional honour on Sir George Martin and myself—in giving practical shape to the scheme referred to in the following circular letter:—

June 30th, 1897.

"MY DEAR SIR,—A suggestion has been made by one of the most prominent of our Cathedral organists that this year of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee would

* A silver flagon to contain Magdalen ale.

offer an opportunity for the organists of our various Cathedrals to meet together in a friendly way for the purpose of mutual intercourse and of becoming personally acquainted with each other.

"The distinguished honour which Her Majesty the Queen has recently conferred upon Cathedral organists in the Knighthood of Sir Frederick Bridge and Sir George Martin is an additional reason for such a meeting as has been suggested.

"I therefore venture to hope that your engagements will permit you to accept the enclosed invitation to meet Sir Frederick Bridge and Sir George Martin, and your other fellow Cathedral organists, who I hope will honour me with their company on the occasion.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ALFRED H. LITTLETON."

The outcome was a delightful réunion that proved interesting and was probably unique. The function took place on July 16th, when Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Littleton entertained to dinner at their house in Devonshire Place all the chief musicians of the principal Cathedrals in the United Kingdom. Some very diverting speeches were made, among the speakers being Dr. E. J. Hopkins, then in his eightieth year.

For performance by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall, in the Diamond Jubilee year, 1897, I wrote "The Flag of England" Choral Ballad, words by Rudyard Kipling, Her Majesty the Queen graciously accepting the dedication. This composition has a curious history. I first heard the poem quoted, or a portion of it, in a sermon in the Abbey by Canon Farrar. Going to him to ask whose it was, I learned that the author was Rudyard Kipling. Canon Farrar gave me a copy of the poem, remarking at the same time how finely it would go to music.

I thereupon wrote to Mr. Rudyard Kipling with a view to securing his permission to set the poem to music. He replied very cordially to my letter, placing his poem entirely at my disposal, saying:— "You are at entire liberty to use as much or as little of it as you may think necessary or musically practicable: and if I can make any of the words more open I shall be happy to do so." I had ventured upon some suggestions to him with regard to an Epilogue, which I had thought might appropriately end the work from the musician's point of view. But to this he demurred, for the reason that "any addition would be a somewhat violent wrench to the verses." Needless to say, I did not press the point any further.

Upon getting to work on the poem I was mortified to find that after completing about two-thirds of it my inspiration failed, so that I really could not just then invent a satisfactory conclusion; whereupon it was put away for a while in my study drawer. When the time for the Jubilee drew near, Mr. Alfred H. Littleton called on me one day, and said, "We want you to set a poem to music which will come in handy for the Jubilee"; whereat he produced the words of "The Banner of St. George." Instantly my mind went to my unfinished work. I answered, "Wait a moment, let me read you a poem which is also suitable to the event, and that I have already started upon." His interest was at once kindled in "The Flag of England," and putting the other poem in his pocket he asked me if at once I could go on with mine. I did so, and, as already stated, we performed it at the Albert Hall. It proved to be the most successful of any of my Choral Ballads.

In this year we had the funeral service of Princess Mary Duchess of Teck. The following year, 1898, Mr. Gladstone died, and was buried in

the Abbey, a great and distinguished congregation attending. It is recorded of the veteran statesman that in his eighty-fifth year, in the course of an address to twenty thousand people gathered under the walls of Hawarden Castle, he uttered these words: "Music is of enormous advantage both to those who hear and those who perform it. It is a great blessing to the people, and I think that there are few satisfactions in my mind greater than to witness the progress it has made in the course of the last fifty years." Of Mr. Gladstone's personal attainments in music, it is said that he used to play the violoncello and possessed a charming tenor voice. Judging only from his speaking voice, one can easily believe this to be true. It is interesting to recall that in the midst of the long and patiently borne sufferings of his last illness, he found a solace in consoling music. His special interest in Church music is well known. For the funeral service the choir of the Abbey was augmented by those of the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Temple Church, and St. Margaret's, Westminster. The music performed on this occasion comprised among other numbers a Funeral-Equale for four trombones, by Beethoven, Schubert's March in B minor, the Dead March in "Saul," Beethoven's March in A flat minor, Service music by Croft and by Purcell, and hymns.

The Right Hon. Herbert Gladstone (now Lord Gladstone) sent me the following letter shortly after the funeral, which I am gratified in being able to append:—

"Hawarden,

May 30th, 1898.

"Dear Sir Frederick Bridge,—Accept our gratitude for the most beautiful music you gave us last Saturday at the Abbey. Nothing could have been more solemn and sustaining, and we shall carry the

recollection of it all our lives. We could wish to thank all who contributed to it, but that is beyond our power, though perhaps in some quarters you may be able and kind enough to make it known what we feel.

"Very sincerely yours,

"HERBERT J. GLADSTONE."

In 1899 there was celebrated in the Abbey a thanksgiving service for Queen Victoria's eightieth birthday. Later in the same year came the funeral service for the Duke of Westminster. His Grace used to delight to call me "Westminster Bridge." This well-known sobriquet was bestowed upon me by old Sir John Goss, who, when I was appointed to the Abbey, wrote to me at Manchester to congratulate me, adding that he was going to a dinner that night, and should propose the toast of "Westminster Bridge."

Following quickly upon the memorable service for Mr. Gladstone, came the death of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. It was indeed appropriate that this great artist and craftsman should receive a fitting tribute in the glorious West Minster that conserves in its fabric so much of the soul of art, wrought by master craftsmen through the centuries.

I venture to give some extracts from a letter that I received shortly afterwards from Lady Burne-Jones:—

July 22nd, 1918.

"DEAR SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE,—I cannot rest without writing to you to thank you with all my heart for the beauty of the music you made at the Memorial service in Westminster Abbey. . . .

"We never forget the most kind offer you made on the one visit you paid to us—to give us the benefit of your judgment about our organ—that you would some evening let us come and sit quietly in the Abbey and hear you playing there; and it was always a pleasant

contemplation that it would take place—someday. But we never claimed the fulfilment of the promise, and now *you* have kept your share of it, and I thank you for myself and for my children.

"Nothing else in the world could have done for us just what that service did—and we shall never, never forget it.

"GEORGIANA BURNE-JONES."

In 1900 we had a memorial service to John Ruskin; also the funeral of Mrs. Gladstone, who was interred in the Abbey by the side of her husband.

In January, 1901, the Rev. H. E. Ryle, D.D., was consecrated Bishop of Exeter, and in February we had a special memorial service on the occasion of the funeral of Queen Victoria. For this service the anthem I wrote for Browning's funeral ("He giveth his beloved sleep," a setting of words by Mrs. Browning) was again performed, and I also arranged an elegy from the celebrated "Manzoni Requiem" for brass and organ.

At Christmas, 1901, I received the following gracious letter from H.R.H. The Duchess of Albany, along with the gift therein referred to, to speak of which recalls many incidents that filled those "pleasant evenings" that, viewed by recent events, now seem so far away:—

"Villa Ingenheim,
"Wildpark,
"(Potsdam) Germany.
"*December 14th*, 1901.

"DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—The Duchess of Albany is sending you by this post a little pin, which she hopes you will wear sometimes in remembrance of the very pleasant evenings you have been the means of giving her in the Abbey.

"With all good wishes of the Season,
"Very truly yours,
"R. H. COLLINS."

Henry Purcell, 1658-1695.

CHAPTER XIV.

Coronation of Their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra—Earl Marshal's Letter—The Bishop of Winchester and the Music—Canon Armitage Robinson and his Valuable Work—A learned Gillie—Musicians who contributed to the Service—The Problem of the "Vivats"—A Veteran Singer from Wells.

THE year 1902 presents a varied chronicle. We saw some changes in the Abbey Chapter, Bishop Welldon being installed as Canon, while later in the year Canon Armitage Robinson became Dean in place of Dr. Bradley, who for the long period of twenty-one years had held sway, and now retired. But the event of outstanding interest was the Coronation of Their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

This was a matter of absorbing interest to me. I very naturally desired that the direction of the music at this great ceremony should be placed in my hands, hoping that the experience I had had in arranging the Royal Jubilee Service in 1887, and the success which attended those efforts, would be remembered in my favour. It was not at all a foregone conclusion that I should be selected as "chief musician." For the purposes of a Coronation the Abbey is for the time being taken over and administered by a Coronation committee, of which the Earl-Marshal is hereditary head; and this committee can recommend *whom they please* to direct the music. So far as I can learn, no organist of the Abbey since Purcell's time had directed the music of a Coronation until it fell to my lot to do so. The Coronation music of William IV. and Queen Victoria was all in the hands of Sir George Smart, the organist of the Chapel Royal,

St. James's. He of course was the great man of that time, conducting many of the festivals, &c.; yet, as will be seen later, he was not director by virtue of his office as organist of the Chapel Royal, but was nominated by the King.

My anxiety was set at rest by a kind letter from the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Randall Davidson, telling me that, as would shortly be communicated to me officially by the Coronation committee, it had been decided that I should be asked to accept the responsibility for the musical arrangements in connection with the Coronation; also that, arising therefrom, I should further be requested to take counsel with Sir Walter Parratt, the Master of the King's Musick, in order, said the Bishop, "to let him share the responsibility which must ultimately and formally be yours." His Lordship added, "I am very glad the responsibility is placed in your hands. I found no difficulty in carrying my resolution to that effect, and the King wholly approves, and your friendship with Parratt ensures all going smoothly and well in your co-operation."

I need not say I was only too glad to have Sir Walter's help, and no one ever had a kinder, more considerate, and wiser colleague than I found in him.

In a few days I received the Resolution of the Coronation committee, together with the following letter from the Earl-Marshal, His Grace The Duke of Norfolk:—

"Earl-Marshal's Office,
"Norfolk House,
"St. James's Square, S.W.,
"*December 18th*, 1901.

"Sir,—I forward herewith a Copy of a Resolution recently passed by the Executive Committee for the purposes of the ensuing Coronation of their Majesties,

and desire to request that in accordance therewith you will be good enough to undertake the management of the Music in Westminster Abbey on that occasion.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"NORFOLK,
"Earl-Marshal."

The Bishop of Winchester was good enough to inform me upon certain points which I should bear in mind when selecting the music. One was *brevity*. Further, no anthem was to be sung except "when something was going on," so as to avoid prolonging the service. And the Te Deum, Creed, &c., were to be simple, short, and dignified.

These suggestions were very useful to me, and particularly the direction that no long anthems were wanted. I need not say that later on I got an immense number of irresponsible suggestions from all manner of sources concerning what ought to be done, also a good many poems and anthems which their respective authors would have wished me to include. But the Bishop's direction saved me much trouble.

Yet I may add that I was myself guilty of trying to obtain a fanfare for trumpets, which had been recommended to me as having been played in Germany, at, I think, one of Joachim's concerts.

Application was made through our Ambassador at Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, to procure for me permission to use this fanfare at the Coronation; but the reply was that the Emperor's permission was necessary for the transmission of the music. The Emperor was away in Alsace; meanwhile the Ambassador wrote that he imagined that "His Imperial Majesty would be pleased to do anything that would add to the grandeur of the Coronation

solemnity." I failed, however, to obtain this fanfare, and I need hardly say now that my want of success was very fortunate.

It was no small embarrassment that there had been no Coronation for upwards of sixty years, and it was impossible to find anyone who had attended the Coronation of Queen Victoria who was competent to give useful information concerning the music employed on that occasion. Curiously enough there were two members of the choir who had actually sung at the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and one of them also had sung at the Coronation of William IV., but they were very young choristers then, and could really tell me nothing of value.

Among many important discussions were those which I had with Canon Armitage Robinson, who was very learned in Coronation service lore, and took an immense deal of trouble about the matter. I had to suggest where the band and choir could be placed to the greatest advantage, having regard to all the restrictions imposed, and this proved a very difficult problem, every inch of room being wanted by the authorities for the congregation. The experience that I had gained at the Jubilee in 1887, however, stood me in good stead, while the Office of Works showed every desire to help to their utmost. In choosing the music I had to follow exactly the form of service prepared by the Archbishop of Canterbury; but the words of the "Homage" anthem were not in the official programme, and these I myself selected. In connection with this anthem I may perhaps put on record a little anecdote touching Archbishop Temple. I forwarded to the Archbishop's chaplain the words which I thought appropriate for the anthem, asking if His Grace would approve them so that I could set to work on the composition. Some

delay took place, and I began to get rather anxious, so I wrote again, asking if possible for an early reply from His Grace. A day or two afterwards Canon Armitage Robinson told me he had been at Lambeth Palace the night before, and the Archbishop had referred to my anxiety in the following terms:— "Bridge is anxious about his music; tell him that's his job, not mine." I took this for assent, and began at once to set the words to music.

I had the opportunity of getting away for about a fortnight for a little fishing on the River Awe in Scotland, and it was by the side of this fine river that I did most of the work upon my anthem while my wife fished. Here I may digress for a moment to mention an interesting incident that came under my notice at this time, showing the industry and pluck of a Scotsman. We were staying at an hotel, and the landlord found for us a gillie to carry our rods, bags, luncheon, &c., down to the river and generally to attend to our wants after the manner of gillies. Our acquisition proved to be a quiet young man with something in his manner and address that quickly arrested my attention. Thus it fell out that while my wife was fishing and I was busy composing, I looked up occasionally, and noticed our gillie engrossed in a book, which afterwards I discovered was a treatise in Greek. My wife and I were a bit surprised, and wondered who it was we had taken into our employ. Later in the day the gillie called my wife's attention to a certain flower as belonging to a species that was very rare. We made up our minds that here indeed was "a chiel' takin' notes," and on getting back to the hotel we privately asked the landlord who the gillie was. It appeared he was not a regular gillie, but the son of the schoolmaster in the village, and was in fact at the time an undergraduate in one of the Scotch Universities.

Being home for a short vacation, he had gladly taken this opportunity of earning a little money to pay his expenses at college. I felt rather shy at his pulling off my waders and brogues the next day, but he made no trouble of it, and continued to wait on us during the whole of our stay.

This is by no means a solitary case of the kind; and it brings to my mind that a friend, an undergraduate of Oxford, while shooting in Scotland, had an even more striking experience than mine, for he discovered among the beaters a scholar of his own college.

To return to the Coronation. In selecting the music for the service I finally determined upon a scheme which would embrace a period of five centuries of English Church music, from 16th century Marbeck and Tallis to composers of the present day; the 17th century being represented by the honoured names of Orlando Gibbons and Henry Purcell; the 18th by Handel, with his masterly Coronation anthem, "*Z*adok the Priest;" and the 19th century by Samuel Sebastian Wesley, Arthur Sullivan, John Stainer, and Charles Villiers Stanford. In addition to these names special anthems were composed by Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Walter Parratt, and by myself.

Among the difficult problems that faced me was how to include the time-honoured privilege and duty of the Westminster boys to acclaim the King and Queen with their "Vivats." The entrance of their Majesties was to be made to the singing in procession of the Psalm, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the house of the Lord," yet it seemed that traditionally also they were simultaneously to be greeted with stentorian shouts from the Westminster scholars of "Vivat Regina Alexandra!" and "Vivat Rex Edwardus!"

I could see no better way than to arrange that these shouts should come in at the moment that their Majesties passed under the Screen into the Choir. Sir Hubert Parry most cleverly fitted in the "Vivats" to a sort of folk-song with an orchestral symphony between the first and second parts of the anthem, before the verse beginning "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem." It was a real stroke of genius, though I may perhaps claim a little credit for having suggested this arrangement. But I had a bad quarter of an hour as the time drew near to begin the choir rehearsals. The Captain of Westminster School called on me, and very politely but very seriously said that he was deputed by the School to represent that they did not approve of the arrangement, and thought it did not give due prominence to the ancient right of the School! I asked what he proposed. He had nothing to suggest, but apparently thought that the Westminster boys might shout their fealty during the service as and when they thought fit.

I said that such a procedure would produce, to say the least, a harsh dissonance, as well as cause a terrible interruption in the music, while being also somewhat irreverent; and I pointed out that with the large choir of nearly five-hundred voices and a full orchestra the cries of some forty boys from the Triforium would not be very effective or at all impressive. Further I called his attention to the fact that by my arrangement the scholars were allotted a special effect in the anthem, for which they ought to be grateful, and indeed ought loyally to strive to make as striking as possible. Finally I persuaded him to agree to prevail upon the boys to wait until they had tried their "Vivats" in rehearsal in the manner suggested. The rehearsal took place in the Church House, the Westminster scholars being stationed in the gallery

above the choir. I am glad to say the effect was so good that their objection vanished, but the incident gave me some anxious moments for a few days. It is not pleasant to fight the captain of a public school if the school is persuaded that you are interfering with one of its ancient rights.

It is curious that in the official book of the Coronation sent to me by the Bishop of Winchester there was no mention of the "Vivats," or of the place where these shouts should occur. The headmaster of Westminster kindly sent me the following interesting note on the matter, showing what was done at the Coronation of George IV. :—

"19, Dean's Yard,
"*April 8th*, 1902.

"DEAR SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE,—I have some extracts from letters written by R. N. Gresley, a King's Scholar, written just before and just after the Coronation of George IV.

"Writing on June 18th, 1821, just before the Coronation, he says, 'This time, as the anthem will not be over when he [the King] comes in, immediately that it is, we are to sing out as loud as we can "Vivat Georgius Rex," raising our voices at the end in a curious way.' Writing on June 20th, just after the Coronation, he says, 'When the anthem was over, Goodenough cleared his voice with a *hem*, and sang out melodiously. We then shouted, "Vivat Georgius Rex" six times, and we shouted and clapped gloriously at the Recognition and at other times during the ceremony.'

"At that time the organ was at the West end of the Nave, and the boys were in the front row of the organ-loft.

"With kind regards,
"Very truly yours,
"J. Gow."

On that occasion, however, as Dr. Gow remarks, a special organ was erected at the West end, while the Westminster boys were in the same gallery, and it would seem that the "Vivats" came after the King and Queen had taken their seats. I venture to think that my plan was by far the more reverent and effective.

It is interesting to record that I took my revenge in pleasant fashion for the momentary opposition of the School. When the time came for the distribution of the Coronation medals to the choir and band, the Westminster boys were also put down as recipients. I was sent for and interrogated by Sir Frederick Ponsonby as to their claim to this distinction. "These medals," said Sir Frederick, "are for the choir and band; what have the Westminster scholars to do with that?" I produced for him a copy of the anthem in which the "Vivats" occurred, wherein the music contained the direction, "King's Scholars of Westminster School." That settled the question. Sir Frederick at once acquiesced, the boys got their medals, while the Captain graciously admitted to me that I had done the School a service.

In organizing the large choir, I was anxious to make it very representative, not only of professional but also of amateur musicians. The complete choirs of the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, St. George's, Windsor, and the Abbey choir formed the backbone of the choral side, the members constituting this body being paid a moderate fee. I was also able to extend this privilege to the complete choir of Rochester Cathedral, where I was educated. Along with the foregoing, the Organists and Precentors of the various Cathedral and Collegiate Churches throughout the country were invited, a few representatives from each choir also taking part. To these were added members of important Church and Chapel choirs, of choral

societies, and of the old Madrigal Society, also many well-known amateurs from all over the kingdom, Ireland not being excluded.

One veteran from Wells had sung at the Coronation of William IV., being then a choir-boy at Windsor. Canon Armitage Robinson specially asked me to include him, and I was glad to admit this vocalist without trying his voice! The band included the King's Private Band (of which Sir Walter Parratt is conductor), also a good many of the best instrumentalists from the chief orchestras. All the details of the choir were most admirably administered by the choir secretary, Mr. Henry King, the affairs of the band being in the very capable hands of Dr. John E. Borland. This gentleman was invaluable, and in the midst of a host of important duties found time to improvise special signals to the band and choir in order to insure complete harmony between the musical programme and the progress of the ceremony. This proved to be a piece of foresight most fortunately conceived, as will be seen later.

It was very necessary carefully to consider the means available for controlling the very large choir, because the members were placed in specially erected galleries North and South of the choir screen, many choristers being in fact seated behind the organ. At former Coronations, when, it will be remembered, the choir was assembled in a gallery at the West end of the Nave, the voices would have a better chance. The best arrangement that I could make for the instrumentalists was to assemble them on a platform erected on the choir screen. As thus arranged, the effect of the combined choral and instrumental forces was really quite satisfactory.

CHAPTER XV.

Coronation (*contd.*)—Composers and their Contributions—Sir Francis Bertie and Dr. Saint-Saëns—Rehearsals in the Abbey for the Processions—Postponement of the Coronation—King Edward and the Music at the Postponed Ceremony—The "Vivats" at the Coronation—The Procession of the Regalia—Trinity College of Music and Foundation of King Edward Chair.

RECURRING to the Homage anthem which I had undertaken to set, I found when fairly embarked upon it that it presented still another difficulty. Of former Coronations it was recorded that the "Homage" ceremony had taken a long time, so on this occasion it was arranged that only representatives of the various Orders should do Homage, and I was particularly enjoined not to make the anthem too long. Accordingly I arranged for a "cut" in the anthem should it be necessary, and this was carefully arranged for in the system of signals already referred to. (In the event, however, as will be seen, no cut was necessary.)

Applications to take part in the choir or to have compositions performed were very numerous. As already stated, the ideal that I set before me was to hold an even balance between the just claims of representative musicians, professional and amateur, throughout the country to take part in the historic occasion. But some people were not above going behind my back, and endeavouring to bring pressure to bear. One great lady wrote to ask that a singer she was interested in should be included, and because I did not immediately say "Yes," actually applied to the highest circles! This indeed brought forth a letter commending the applicant to my notice, but it

concluded, "You are in no sense to take this as a Command, but to do as you like in the matter." I need not say how much I appreciated this consideration.

A number of composers sent in Marches and all kinds of music, every item of which was handed to me, one or two foreign musicians also sending works. Among the most notable of these was Dr. Saint-Saëns, of whose well-known "Coronation March," and his desire to have it performed at King Edward's Coronation, I first heard from Sir Francis Bertie. The Ambassador wrote to me as follows from the British Embassy at Paris :—

"*May* 16th, 1902.

"Dear Sir Frederick Bridge,—Lord Lansdowne desires me to inform you that the French Ambassador told him on the 14th instant that Monsieur Saint-Saëns, the French composer, who has had the honour of playing on several occasions before the Queen, has composed a March in honour of the King's Coronation, and that he is very anxious that it should be played during the Coronation festivities.

"Lord Lansdowne told Monsieur Cambon that he felt sure that the King would appreciate the compliment, and that he would endeavour to ascertain whether anything could be done to meet Monsieur Saint-Saëns's wishes.

"It has been suggested to Lord Lansdowne that Monsieur Saint-Saëns should be placed in communication with you, and his Lordship has suggested to the Ambassador that Monsieur Saint-Saëns should apply to you, and wishes me to ask you to receive him.

"If Lord Lansdowne is mistaken in thinking that Monsieur Saint-Saëns should be referred to you, perhaps you will be kind enough to let me know to whom he should apply.—Yours truly,

"Francis Bertie."

I at once replied that I should be honoured by being made the recipient of a work by Dr. Saint-Saëns, that he had specially composed for such an occasion. It was indeed a happy collocation of events that it should have been possible to include in the musical scheme a representative work by the doyen of French musicians. In finding a place in my programme for this March, I could not of course have foreseen the significance that its inclusion might have in the larger question of the *rapprochement* which so happily and benefically developed with the great French nation after King Edward's memorable visit to France in 1903.

Sir Francis Bertie evidently lost no time in handing my reply to Dr. Saint-Saëns, for on the 27th of May I received the following autograph letter from the French composer himself:—

"*27th May*, 1902.

"My Dear Sir,—Very much obliged to you for your kindness towards my 'Coronation March.'

"Yours very truly,

"And gratefully,

"C. Saint-Saëns."

Dr. Saint-Saëns came over and himself rehearsed the performance of his March. Unfortunately, however, he could not come on the postponed date (August 9th, 1902) of the Coronation, and it fell to me to conduct his work.

Of people who wanted to be present and thought I could "put them into a corner of the organ-loft," their name was legion. One lady outdid all by writing that "her dear mother had never seen a Coronation, and she would like to give her that treat before she died!"

It was not only at the Coronation service that such applications for admission to the Abbey were made. On all occasions of important special services—

notwithstanding notices in the Press that no applications for tickets should be made to the Abbey officials —every post would bring me many letters. For the Coronation many begged for tickets for their families; the greater number sought that "quiet corner in the organ-loft," the existence of which they were apparently persuaded only they had thought of! My door-bell became a veritable nuisance, and I remember that once I had become so desperate that I wrote a large placard and displayed it on my door, to the effect that "Sir Frederick Bridge has no Tickets, no Time, and no Temper!" It was soon surrounded by an amused crowd, but they ceased to ring my bell!

I have mentioned the rehearsals in Church House. These afforded occasions for many to hear the Coronation music who could not attend the Abbey, and by charging for admission we raised a large sum, which was distributed among various charities.

Before the choir met to go through the music there were many rehearsals in the Abbey of various processions, particularly the great procession from the West door, which included the King and Queen. I was very anxious to know exactly how long it would take for their Majesties to reach the Choir, as the music would have to be in absolute accord with the progress of the retinue in order that the "Vivats" should come in at the proper moment. It proved a difficult detail to decide. The various officials were not always keenly alert in their obedience to the Earl-Marshal and his assistants—sometimes they went too fast, sometimes too slow, and there were some amusing episodes. One of these, I remember, was when I could not quite make out the order of the Procession, and called to the Earl-Marshal from my perch up above, "Which is the King, your Grace?" "The man with the black cap," said he. This was dear old Sir Spencer Ponsonby Fane,

with whom I had so much to do in the organization of the Jubilee Service in 1887. He quite enjoyed taking part, and represented the King on several occasions in the procession, his long train being carried by the pages in regal state. Occasionally he would wear a little skull cap, as stated above.

A really funny incident which occurred during the Coronation rehearsals must not be omitted. Two ladies were standing in the Cloisters talking, when a sound from the Abbey arrested their attention. "Listen," said one, "that's Sir Walter Parratt at the organ." "Oh, no," said her friend, "that's not Sir Walter—he can't play like that!—It's Sir Frederick Bridge." Unfortunately it was not the sound of the organ, but the noise made by a vacuum cleaner!

The great national sorrow and apprehension at the postponement of the Coronation, caused by King Edward's illness, is well known. None of the company assembled in the Abbey when the announcement was made will ever forget the shock! Choir and band were all in their places on the day before that fixed for the ceremony. I was rehearsing some of the orchestral pieces, when a message reached me from Lord Esher, asking me to come and speak to him. I relinquished the conductorship to Sir Walter Parratt, and went down — I must confess rather reluctantly—for I had no premonition of what was coming. To my intense dismay Lord Esher said, "I am very sorry, you must send your forces away; there will be no Coronation to-morrow." And he proceeded to tell me why. For the moment I was stunned and overcome, but returning to my place I stopped the proceedings, and made the sad announcement. It was received with an impressive silence, and then, in obedience to someone's well-timed suggestion, which found a response in all present, we sang the Litany

and a hymn. Then, after some intercessory prayers for the King's recovery, we all separated. I remember saying to the choir and band, as they dispersed, "I hope we shall soon meet here again"—an optimistic sentiment that, much as it was borne out by the event, I fear at the moment found small response in my own breast, for truly it seemed to me just then that all the labour, all the care, all the anxiety, all the devotion had been in vain. It speaks well for the patriotic zeal of the musical forces that although many members came from distant parts of the country, yet, when the Coronation did take place, only about a dozen were found to be absent.

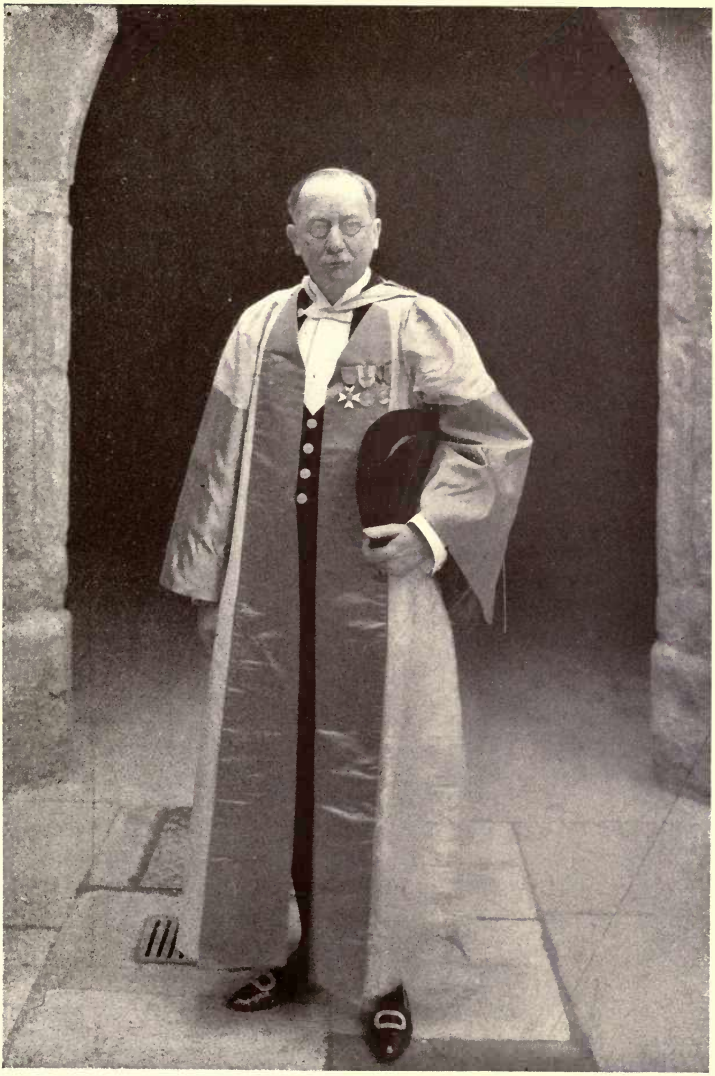
As soon as it was happily found possible to fix the new date for the ceremony the Bishop of Winchester again impressed upon me the necessity for as much brevity as I could consistently introduce into the music. And here I may perhaps relate a gracious act on the part of King Edward, and refer to a very kind action of Lord Esher. I told the latter that I was going still further to curtail my anthem, and he said, "The King does not want the music cut if it can be avoided." "Well," I answered, "I dare not do otherwise now, unless I am directed to have it all sung." In a day or two Lord Esher sent me the following note:—

"Delahay Street,
"Westminster,
"*August 8th*, 1902.

"My Dear Sir Frederick,—The King was *most explicit* in declaring his Command that there should be no curtailment of the musical part of the service. So please do not cut out anything from the anthem.

"Yours sincerely,
"Esher."

It was arranged that the Litany should be sung before the actual service (*see* page 194), and I provided



SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE IN HIS DOCTOR'S ROBES.

(From a photograph by Sir Benjamin Stone.)

a "cut" in the "Homage" anthem should it be required, also promising the Bishop of Winchester to let him know exactly how long the various musical items would take to perform. I am glad to be able to record that he told me after the event that I had proved absolutely correct in these details.

At the postponed Coronation all went well, the Litany being sung early in the proceedings on the steps of Henry VII.'s Chapel by the Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Bath and Wells. I had the honour of rehearsing these two distinguished pupils, and they each accepted a Book of the Music from me as a reward for their keen attention to their studies!

The Processional anthem "I was glad" made a splendid effect, the Westminster boys' "Vivats" coming in with superb effect. And they had an extra chance also, for in consequence of His Majesty the King not entering the Choir until some time after Her Majesty the Queen, the "Vivats" had to be repeated. It was here that the value of Dr. Borland's system of signals, already referred to, was fully revealed, and my precaution in adopting them amply vindicated. The signals to the choir and band worked admirably, and I must add that Dr. Alcock (now organist of Salisbury Cathedral) at the organ extemporised so effectively that the whole affair, which might have proved an awkward moment if not a catastrophe, passed off as if it had been rehearsed as a part of the programme. Sir Walter Parratt sat on the conductor's platform with me, taking his share in conducting the orchestral music and directing the performance of his own anthem.

Concerning my Homage anthem no cut was necessary. The aged Archbishop Temple was a little slower over the "Homage" than we had anticipated, the music in its entirety being required to accompany this picturesque function.

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A striking feature of the ceremony was the Procession of the Regalia, which formed an early and interesting item in the day's proceedings. The Abbey clergy charged to bear the regal symbols from the Jerusalem Chamber into the Church were accompanied in procession by the choir. Traversing the Cloisters, singing the hymn "Rejoice to day with one accord," to the grand old tune "Ein' feste Burg," a pause was made for a short service in Edward the Confessor's Chapel, and another pause near the Chapel of Henry VII., while Tallis's Litany was sung as above described; then, supported by two trumpets and three trombones, the procession was resumed, to the strains of "O God, our help in ages past." At the last verse, as the singers —comprising the choirs of the Abbey and the Chapel Royal—neared the great West door, the hymn was taken up by the Coronation choir and the vast congregation, producing an unrehearsed climax of overwhelming majesty that will never be forgotten by those present.

I left for my usual holiday in Scotland as soon as the Coronation was over, and a few days later received the gratifying intelligence that King Edward had been pleased to confer upon me the Fourth Class of the Royal Victorian Order.

The prolonged anxiety I had almost uninterruptedly sustained in connection with directing the Coronation proceedings from early in the year till the consummation in August, had some effect on my usual good health. I developed a bad attack of neuritis in my left arm which caused me much pain, making it necessary for me to seek medical advice. I did not quite get over it for some months, when it yielded to treatment, and I am thankful to say it has never returned.

And so ends the account of my participation in this great event. I am proud that it should have fallen to me to fill the office of chief musician, and am indeed

grateful to all who assisted in making the event so impressive a musical ceremony and so worthy the occasion. Specially must I mention the late Sir George Martin, of St. Paul's, and my brother, Professor J. C. Bridge, Mus. Doc., of Chester Cathedral. They were most efficient sub-conductors, conveying my beat to members of the choir, many of whom, as I have said, being placed behind the organ, were unable to see and to follow the conductor-in-chief.

The whole Book of the Service was published by Messrs. Novello, with a beautiful cover designed by Mr. John Clayton, the celebrated stained-glass expert. It was a great help to have all the music and the service assembled in one book, which thus preserves a valuable record for all future chief-musicians on similar occasions.

In the Coronation year (1902) Trinity College of Music devoted £5,000 to the endowment of a Chair of Music in the University of London. It was given "in honour of the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII.," and the King graciously allowed the Chair to be called the "King Edward VII. Professorship of Music," the University doing me the honour of electing me the first King Edward Professor. I have been re-elected at various times, the last occasion having been during the present year (1918).

CHAPTER XVI.

Interesting Details of the Musical Arrangements at Previous Coronations—Meagre Choral Force at Coronation of William IV. — Letters of Sir George Smart — Braham and Balfe — Old Members of the Coronation Choir at Windsor—Goss as a Lay-Vicar—18th Century Coronation Music.

It may afford interest to give some particulars of the musical arrangements at the two Coronations preceding that of King Edward. I am enabled to do so from the fact that, by the kindness of Miss Smart, I became possessed of some valuable papers of her father's, Sir George Smart, Director of the Music on those occasions.

The choral force at the Coronation of William IV. was very meagre, consisting only of the choirs of the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, Windsor,* and Westminster, with the addition of twenty-one choral singers. There were only eight boys and six Lay-Vicars from St. Paul's, and eight boys, three Lay-Vicars, and the organist from Windsor. The Priests and Minor Canons of the Chapel Royal and of Westminster Abbey were also in the choir gallery, I suppose helping in the choruses. Among those present in the choir gallery (as one of the Priests of the Chapel Royal and Minor Canon of St. Paul's) was the Rev. R. H. Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," whom later we find attending at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. His amusing poem entitled "Mr. Barney Maguire's

* It is curious that in suggesting the choirs of St. Paul's and Windsor, Sir George Smart adds, "not employed at the last Coronation."

Account of the Coronation" is well known. One verse particularly alludes to Sir George Smart and his band:—

> Then the Queen, Heaven bless her! och, they did dress her
> In her purple garments and goulden crown:
> Like Venus or Hebe, or the Queen of Sheby
> With eight young ladies houlding up her gown.
> Sure 'twas grand to see her, also for to he-ar
> The big drum bating, and the trumpets blow,
> And Sir George Smart! oh! he played a consairto
> With four-and-twenty fiddlers all on a row!

The effect of the small body of singers referred to must have been very poor, and indeed this is admitted by Sir George in a letter that he addressed to the Lord Chamberlain's Office, dated April 26th, 1838, which contained an estimate for the Coronation of Queen Victoria. In it he states that the Bishop of London had written to the effect that "At the last Coronation the choir was by no means sufficiently powerful, it ought certainly to be increased at the approaching solemnity." The Bishop also said that he could "see no other mode of doing this effectively than by engaging the services of some of our best English singers and of a certain number of chorus singers in addition to the members of the four choirs." In this opinion Sir George concurred, and asked to be allowed to engage at least fifty more singers. In the end the vocal and instrumental body was increased to about four hundred performers, but at a considerable expense. Thus we find Braham was paid a fee of twenty guineas (only to sing in the chorus!), and Henry Phillips, a popular bass, fifteen guineas. An engagement was offered to Balfe (the celebrated operatic composer), the fee to be ten guineas, but, says Sir George, "he returned no answer to the application."

In another letter to the Lord Chamberlain's office in July, 1838, enclosing his account for the expenses of the Coronation of Queen Victoria, Sir George explains that at the Coronation of William IV., in 1831, "he had the honour to hold both the offices of *Director* of the Music, by command of his late Majesty, and *Organist* (as filling that situation in the Chapel Royal) by the appointment of the Bishop of London." Sir George goes on to say that "the two offices are distinct, though capable of being filled by one individual." In old days the conductor generally sat at the organ or harpsichord, and so conducted and played at the same time, but this method of conducting has long since fallen into disuse.

These statements seem to dispose of the legend that the organist of the Chapel Royal is by virtue of his office Director of the Music at Coronations. It appears, however, that Sir George Smart thought he was entitled to be *Organist* (not Director), and was appointed to this post by the Bishop of London. A curious claim he made was allowed by the authorities at both Coronations, viz., a fee of £300 "in lieu of the Organ," the Coronation instrument having apparently been recognised as the organist's perquisite. At any rate this claim was also allowed at the Coronation of George IV. The organ referred to in Smart's claim was not the Abbey organ, but one that was specially erected for the occasion at the West end of the Nave. It was an expensive item, involving the cost of taking down the Abbey organ and erecting the new one. This extravagance was avoided at the Coronation of Queen Victoria, and part of the Abbey organ was utilised, at a cost of £50. I need say that no great expenditure on the organ was incurred at the Coronation of King Edward VII., and Dr. Alcock, the organist, certainly did not get £300 in lieu of the instrument upon which he performed.

Among the ladies who were engaged and paid to assist (thirty-three in number) we find the names of Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Madame Anne Bishop (wife of Sir Henry Bishop), Mrs. M. Hawes, and Miss Rainforth,* all distinguished singers. Among the choral singers (who were not paid) are the names of W. Horsley, G. Hogarth, Moscheles, J. Parry, sen., J. Parry, jun., and T. Oliphant. Dr. Camidge, of York Minster, Mr. Arnott, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and Mr. Jones, of Canterbury Cathedral (the Mr. Jones who was umpire when I competed for Faversham Church in 1865) were also present. Altogether the choir was much more representative than in 1831, and no doubt the effect of the music was greatly improved by the very large addition to the number of singers. †

An extraordinary point in connection with the choir at the Coronation of William IV. must be mentioned. It was a time when pluralities existed in all ranks of the Church, this evil being rampant in the three important choirs of the Chapel Royal, St. Paul's, and Westminster Abbey. Instead of these being separate bodies of highly-trained singers, as a matter of fact there was only one complete choir, viz., that of the Chapel Royal. Many of the Gentlemen of the Chapel were also Lay-Vicars of St. Paul's or Westminster, and in some cases belonged to all three choirs!

* It is interesting to see among the members of the choir at the Coronation of Queen Victoria the names of Miss Rainforth and Mr. J. Bennett. Both were well-known vocalists, and curiously enough I met them whilst holding my appointment at Windsor. Mr. Bennett came to some of the concerts I conducted, and entertained me to luncheon more than once. Miss Rainforth lived in the neighbourhood; I think I came to know her at the Oliphants'. The prominent and interesting positions they had held were unknown to me, nor did they ever discuss the Coronation with me. Had I known their history, and could I have foreseen that I should come to direct the music of the Coronation ceremony, I should certainly have made some inquiries.

† I may add that at the Coronations at which I have been Director of the Music, the band and chorus on both occasions numbered over five hundred. Taking into account the enormous number of people who attended, this was by no means too great a musical force.

In the list of those who attended for the Chapel Royal fifteen names are given, but two of these were represented by deputies, one of whom was the well-known German organist and composer, the Chevalier Neukomm. The whole of the Lay-Vicars of Westminster Abbey were represented by deputies, and the same is to be said of St. Paul's. Windsor set a good example, as no deputy appears in their list, but it was only a small body of four boys and four Lay-Vicars, the latter including the organist.

Matters were no better at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. Of the Abbey staff only one Lay-Vicar attended "personally," the others being all represented by deputies. James Turle, the organist, appears among the Lay-Vicars, and he is mentioned as attending personally, while his son, Robert Turle, is in the list as representing his father in his other office of Master of the Choristers. All the St. Paul's men sent deputies, John Goss, the organist, alone attending (as a Lay-Vicar) personally.

From this it will easily be seen that the "four choirs" which were supposed to form the real backbone of the choral force on the two great occasions of the Coronations of William IV. and Queen Victoria, were somewhat phantom-like in character, and the deputies were probably in many cases not very valuable substitutes.

The venal system that permitted men to hold simultaneously three similar places in three different choirs was no doubt the main cause of the very unsatisfactory state of the choral services in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey up till late in the 19th century. All this is now happily changed for the better.

No particulars are preserved in Sir George Smart's papers of the music performed at the Coronations which he directed. We know that Attwood wrote an

anthem, "I was glad," for the Coronation of George IV., and also one for the Coronation of William IV. But he did not live to contribute anything to the music for the Coronation of Queen Victoria. The length of the music at some of the former Coronations was extraordinary. Among the papers from which I have been quoting is a complete list of the anthems sung at the Coronation of King George II. and Queen Caroline. There were no less than six long compositions—besides various Psalms to be chanted—and the Veni Creator. The Litany and the Creed were read, but the Sanctus and Gloria in Excelsis were sung. It must have been a ceremony of prodigious length.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Bi-Centenary of the Death of Samuel Pepys—Foundation of the Pepys Club—Funeral Service for the Duke of Cambridge—Memorial Service for the Marquess of Salisbury—Editorship of the Methodist Hymn-Book—Handel and Water—Speech at the Sheffield Conference—Some Native Humour.

In 1903, being asked to give a course of lectures at the Royal Institution, I thought it would be advantageous to direct attention to the musical references in Pepys' "Diary," this subject being particularly appropriate as the year was the bi-centenary of the death of Samuel Pepys. These lectures attracted some attention, and were the means of enabling me to form a friendship with Dr. Wheatley, the editor of the large edition of the "Diary."

It is interesting to trace the connection of Pepys with Westminster Abbey. He was acquainted with Purcell's father, but as Henry Purcell was only eleven years of age when the Diary closed, his name does not appear. The fact that a copy of Purcell's Sonatas, published by subscription in 1683, is in the Pepys Library at Cambridge, shows that Pepys appreciated the genius who was then the organist of the Abbey. He mentions meeting Dr. Gibbons, who was organist in 1660, and going with him to "see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abby, the Bishop of Rochester's." He also visited the Cathedral of Rochester. In April, 1661, he says:—"Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedrall, which is now fitting for use [*i.e.*, after the interregnum] and the organ then a-tuning."

Pepys actually once "went in among the quire of the Abby and there sang with them their service." He was not very complimentary concerning the Abbey on another occasion, for he says he heard the service read "very ridiculously"; but this may refer to the clergy and not to the choir. He was more explicit about St. Paul's: "Both before and after sermon I was most impatiently troubled at the Quire, the worst that ever I heard."

He was one of the "Bannerolles" at the funeral of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, who was interred in the North Aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel in 1632, after having been blown up with his ship at the great battle against the Dutch Fleet in Solebay (off Southwold).

I was able to correct a little error of Dr. Wheatley's in connection with Pepys' song, "Beauty retire." Of this song there are two settings in the Pepys Library. (I quote from my book, "Samuel Pepys, Lover of Musique"):—"They are not altogether unlike each other, the key being the same, and the rhythm very similar. But one (printed in Dr. Wheatley's edition, and assigned by him to Pepys) occurs in a collection by an Italian, Signor Morelli. This is described by Pepys as being a collection of 'Songs and other Compositions, Light, Grave, and Sacred, for a single voice, adjusted to the particular compass of mine, with a Th. Bass on ye Guitar by Cesare Morelli.' It is possible that this was an amplification of the original setting, made by Morelli, who lived with Pepys and assisted him in his music some years after the period of the Diary, as he states later.

"But whether this version be Morelli's or not, it is certain that to the other we must look for Pepys' composition. The proof of this lies in the fact that the portrait of Pepys by Hayles in the National Portrait Gallery shows the first few bars of 'Beauty retire.'

He is holding the composition in his hand, and the music can be plainly read. Now this setting is not the one we have ascribed to Morelli, but the other. It is true that in the picture the key is different. This may, however, be the original key, and would be suitable to a woman's voice, for instance Knipp's, while the setting in the MS. would be as Mr. Pepys himself sang it. There can be little doubt that Pepys' version came first, and that the other is much later, for Cesare Morelli belongs altogether to the later part of the diarist's musical life, and is never even mentioned in the Diary itself."

I take a little credit for finding out which was the authentic version of the song. Observing that in the Diary, on April 11th, 1666, Pepys says:—"To Hales's, where there was nothing to be done more to my picture, but the musique, which now pleases me mightily, *it being painted true*" (the italics are mine), it struck me that the last few words pointed to the fact—somewhat unusual in pictorial art—that the music was a reproduction of "true" music, and not a few dots and dashes. I went to the National Portrait Gallery, taking with me a large magnifying glass, with which I closely inspected the scroll that Pepys holds in his hand, and was gratified to find that represented thereon, and "painted true," were the first four bars of "Beauty retire." This is the song given in my little book, and not the version of Dr. Wheatley.

An attendant at the Gallery regarded my movements with very great suspicion, but I quickly dispelled his fears by explaining my object.

With Dr. Wheatley I went down to Cambridge to spend a few hours in the Pepys Library at Magdalene, while there being fortunate enough to find among the MSS. a very interesting setting of the celebrated soliloquy in "Hamlet." Who composed the music is,

unfortunately, not known, but it is a fine and very remarkable work, and as it was certainly written within fifty or sixty years of Shakespeare's time is of supreme interest. The music may be by Matthew Locke (who was a friend of Pepys), or it may be by Purcell, who lived and died during Pepys' time. I have often had it performed at my lectures, and many lovers of Shakespeare agree that it brings out the splendid words in a manner that is extremely striking and impressive.

At Dr. Wheatley's suggestion and with the help of a few other Pepys lovers and myself the "Samuel Pepys Club" was formed. It has had a singular success, the papers read at its meetings having contributed much to establish the fame of Pepys upon a right basis. It has fallen to me, as a rule, to contribute the musical items, while I have been fortunate in unearthing some real musical treasures from the Pepys Library and elsewhere.

In 1914 the Club presented me with a beautiful copy of the rosewater dish* given by Pepys to the Clothworkers' Company. On the death of Dr. Wheatley the members further honoured me by electing me their President.

The rosewater dish bears the following inscription :—

Presented to
Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., Mus. D.,
by Members of the
Samuel Pepys Club
as a mark of their high esteem and appreciation
of his unwearied labours for the success
of the Club and his brilliant presentment
of ever fresh and varied music redolent
of the
Pepys Period.

* "Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers."—
"Taming of the Shrew," Induct., Sc. 1.

Recurring to my chronicle of events at the Abbey, in March this year (1903) we had the funeral of Dean Bradley (*see* page 177), who succeeded Dean Stanley, and had ruled over the Abbey for some twenty-one years. My relations with Dean Bradley were invariably most cordial, and on the rare occasions when a special difficulty arose, he was always kind and ready to devise means to make matters go smoothly.

In 1904 the funeral service for H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was held, attended by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. We had Sullivan's setting of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and I remember seeing the King singing in the manly, hearty fashion that was so characteristic of him, as he stood forth prominently in his place near the bier. My mind went back to my boyhood days; again I heard the stirring tale of that grim fight on Guy Fawkes' day, sixty-five years ago, when

> . . . all day long the noise of battle roll'd
> Among the mountains by the winter sea,

and every man in the thin British ranks bore himself as a paladin, not least him who—now brought into the Abbey on his way to his last resting place—had so gallantly maintained himself amid the carnage near the two-gun battery. The Dean afterwards told me that His Majesty had expressed his great satisfaction with the conduct of the service, and the manner in which it was rendered.

In August there was a Memorial Service for the Marquess of Salisbury,* the great statesman whose sometimes caustic speech and bitter sarcasm veiled a fine chivalry—as who does not know who saw him as a pall-bearer at the burial of his formidable political

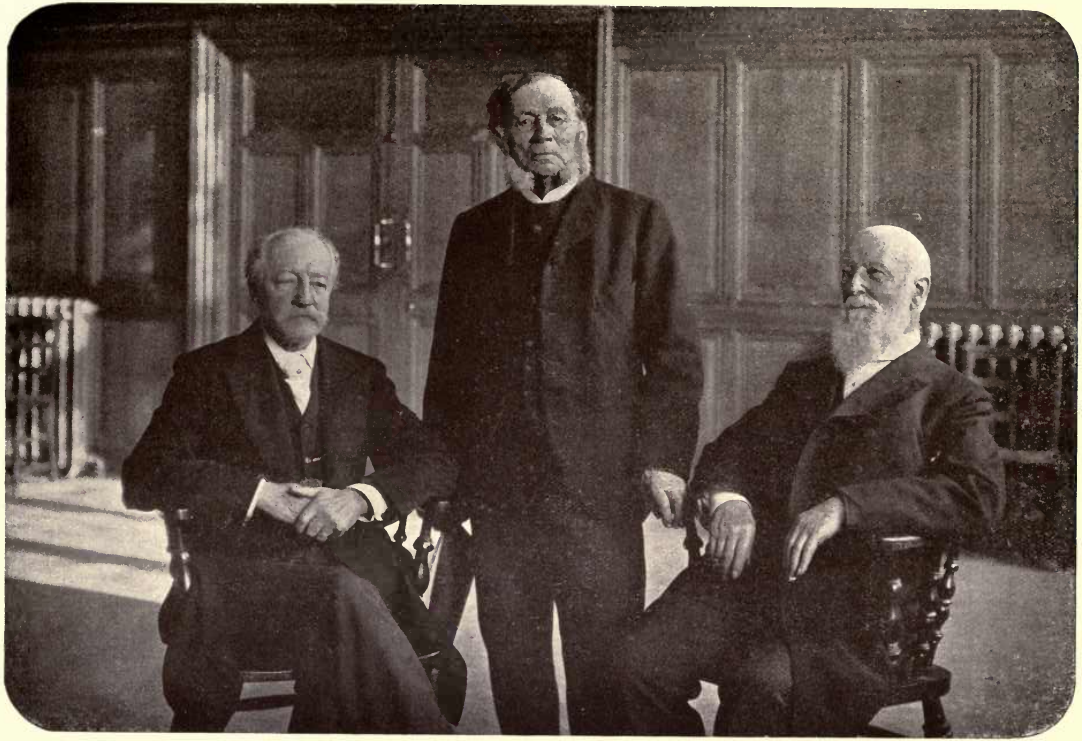
* This service happening to fall during my absence in Scotland, it was directed by Dr. W. G. Alcock, organist and composer to the Chapel Royal and official assistant-organist at the Abbey.

adversary, Gladstone? It was on Lord Salisbury's recommendation that Queen Victoria conferred upon me the honour of knighthood. Although not buried at Westminster, a fittingly imposing memorial to him is preserved there in the splendid monument by Sir Goscombe John. This is also one of the few monuments erected in the Abbey of late years that is not an eyesore.

In 1904 I was asked to undertake the editorship of the "Methodist Hymn-Book," the "lineal descendant," to quote from the Preface, "of the volume so long known as 'Wesley's Hymns,' . . . after a lapse of a hundred and twenty-five years." It was rather surprising that, strict Churchman as I might well have been deemed to be, I should be approached by the Wesleyan body with a view to enlisting my services as musical editor of their tune-book, seeing that there were so many good musicians within the Wesleyan Communion. But I felt a lively interest in the work, arduous though it promised to be, and entertain some pardonable gratification that the Committee of Revision should have sought me to collaborate with them. Several reasons also operated in prompting me to accept this office, *e.g.*, because I have a sound respect for John Wesley for his inspiring work that rattled the dry bones of the moribund Church of his day, and also for Charles Wesley, his brother, whose magnificent hymns are a priceless heritage throughout Christendom. Perhaps also I was a little "extra pleased" on account of having been left out of the Musical Committee which had been nominated to revise our own book of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." I confess to having felt this exclusion, as I had contributed a very popular tune to the original edition ("The Sower went forth sowing"). So I embarked upon the task, and a very pleasant one it proved to be. There was a large Committee of

ministers and musical laymen. I had no voice in selecting the hymns, but the tunes—although as a rule selected by the Committee—were submitted for my approval. Of course there were many old Methodist tunes that were dear to the Wesleyans, and which, although not of a very high class, had of necessity to be included. This on one occasion led to an amusing episode. A tune adapted from Handel was submitted to me. It was a bad adaptation, and really, as I said, "Handel and water." I wrote on the MS., "I can't admit this. If it is ever sung in the Wesleyan Church House [then being erected near the Abbey] it will make Handel turn in his grave"! The Committee returned the MS., and said they "hoped Sir Frederick would reconsider his verdict," as the tune was "very dear" to some of their "friends in the North." (This was said more than once, and later I began to feel a strong aversion for those "friends in the North"!) The Committee added to their communication: "If it is ever sung in the Wesleyan Church House it shall be sung *pianissimo*, so as not to disturb Handel in the Abbey." There was nothing for it but to give way, which I did, after stipulating that I should bale out some of the water. Curiously enough, after the book appeared a little note reached me at my Scotch home from a fisherman who lived on the Aberdeenshire coast. He complained that this tune and a few others were quite spoiled! I replied that he was perhaps a better fisherman than musician, and added, "I will make a bargain with you. If you will let some of those salmon pass your nets and come into my river I will, when a new edition appears, see what can be done to set things right!"

The book when at length it appeared was well received. I was invited to go to Sheffield and speak about it, and of my part in it, at the great Wesleyan



THREE VETERANS WHO SANG IN THE CORONATION CHOIR OF KING EDWARD VII.

JOHN FOSTER *(Westminster Abbey).* THOMAS WICKS *(Wells Cathedral).* CHARLES HERRING *(Westminster Abbey).*

Conference there. About three thousand ministers were present, and I was very anxious to recommend the book and to justify my editorship. I began by saying that no doubt many of them wondered why I was selected for the task, and not a prominent Wesleyan, but ventured to plead that perhaps I had an accumulated experience that after all was not a bad qualification. And then I told them of a fact about John Wesley which probably few knew. This I learned from a remarkable book which I had lately read with extreme delight, "The Psalms in Human Life," by R. E. Prothero (now Lord Ernle, and a prominent member of the Government as Minister for Agriculture). In this book he tells us that John Wesley was greatly influenced by hearing the anthem "Out of the deep," sung at St. Paul's Cathedral on the day of his "conversion." I asked my hearers, "Who composed this anthem which had such an influence upon Wesley?"—and answered, "It could have been no other than the setting which we all know, by Henry Purcell, who was the greatest organist of Westminster Abbey. As one Abbey organist had helped Wesley, so I hoped another Abbey organist might help the Wesleyans." I went on to point out that one of the monuments best seen from the Abbey organ-loft was that erected to John and Charles Wesley, adding that I often thought to myself, when engaged on this book, "You must mind what you are about —John and Charles have their eyes upon you!" But I think that probably my best point was the declaration that as my own people would not accept my help in the revision of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," I felt free to do what I could for the Wesleyans, following the example of St. Paul, who, when the Jews would not hear him, turned to the Gentiles. I concluded by speaking of the help afforded by my

cook, who was a Wesleyan, and to whom I often appealed to ascertain from her special knowledge if a particular tune was popular. "Oh, yes," she once said, in reply to one of my queries, in the hearing of a member of the Committee, "we sing that in our chapel very often," and she piped a few bars of it up the lift, at the bottom of which she was standing. This brought down the house, and my cook was presented by the Committee with a special copy in recognition of her valuable services to the book and to me.

I have very often been invited to lecture on this Hymn-Book and its tunes in various chapels all over the country, on these occasions always trying to imbue my audience with a love for its best tunes, and being gratified at finding that as a rule they regarded the collection as a valuable possession. It has been interesting to go to some of these places and to find, perhaps, that the conductor was just a working man —often a collier—and how much trouble and care he had taken in the preparation of the music to illustrate the lecture. The Wesleyans use their chapels as lecture-halls, and humour not being forbidden, I have generally been asked to tell the story of the assistance I derived from my cook! Sometimes there would a good story from the collier-conductor. One, I remember, on a special occasion—not a lecture—was told after I had played an organ solo. It was delivered heartily, in native Doric, which I do not entirely reproduce, and ran: "We all hope when Sir Frederick retires that he'll come and live down here. This is a nice place, no one ever dies here! Why, our local doctor at the council the other day said the death-rate was only 9 pint 9. One of our councillors got up and said, 'I dunno' what "9 *pint* 9" means.' 'Sit thee doon,' said another, 'and I'll tell thee. "9 pint 9" means nine of 'em are dead and nine on the *pint* o' dying.'"!

Another story coming from a similar quarter may also be told. An addition to the churchyard was to be made, and in the Parish Council a speaker proposed that they should get the Bishop of Lichfield to come and consecrate it. This did not please all the members, one of whom remarked, "I dunna' agree to that. We've got plenty of good workmen as 'ud *concrete* that there churchyard just as well as the Bishop of Lichfield."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Memorial Service to Christian IX. of Denmark—Thanksgiving Service for Safe Return of Prince and Princess of Wales from India — Orlando Gibbons Commemoration — Lecture Tour in Canada—Dr. Vogt and the Mendelssohn Choir—Meeting with Sir Robert Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

In 1906 a memorial service for Christian IX., King of Denmark, was held in the Abbey. In connection with this event my mind went back to the joyous day in my youth, when we had a holiday, and journeyed over to Gravesend from Rochester to greet the Princess Alexandra (the Queen Mother) when she landed in England before her marriage with the Prince of Wales (*see* page 16). In the unfolding of the years it had fallen to the boy who cheered the beautiful princess so long ago, to direct the solemn service in memory of her father. Christian IX., it may be remarked, descended from George II. of England.

Later in the same year a service of thanksgiving was held for the safe return of the Prince and Princess of Wales after their long absence in India. This service was attended in State by the King and Royal Family.

On June 5, 1907, the anniversary of his death, we commemorated one of the greatest of English musicians, Orlando Gibbons. After Purcell, Gibbons holds undisputed pride of place as the next most distinguished of Abbey organists, yet, curiously enough, he had no monument in the Abbey. The chief reason for this neglect was that he died at Canterbury, whither he had gone, in 1625, to attend the wedding of Charles I. (*see* page 38). Gibbons was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, where a fine memorial was erected to him. But I thought he really belonged to us at the

Abbey, and that we ought to have our own memorial to him there. This commemoration provided the opportunity. Organized by Mr. Henry King,* a choir of three hundred voices was assembled, comprising the members of the Abbey choir and representatives from St. Paul's Cathedral, Canterbury Cathedral, Christ Church, Oxford, the Chapel Royal, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and several well-known churches.

In addition to the organ, a stringed orchestra of twenty-nine performers provided the accompaniments, among the violinists being a cathedral organist—Mr. Hubert Hunt, of Bristol.

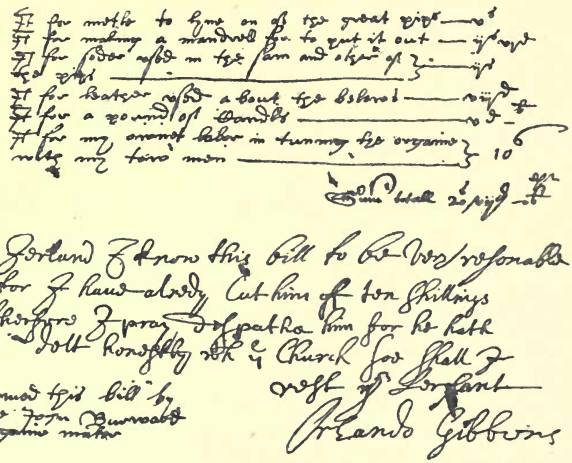
The service, in the form of Evensong, was held in the Nave, and we performed some of Gibbons' best anthems. For one of the special Psalms (the 84th) I adapted a double-chant from Gibbons' well-known madrigal, "The Silver Swan." The Worshipful Company of Musicians attended in large numbers in their furred gowns, the graduates among them wearing the hoods of their several degrees. Thus a touch of colour was imparted to the mass of the large congregation assembled.

Gibbons was born at Cambridge in 1583, and entered the choir of King's College in 1596, where his elder brother was organist and master of the choristers. He was appointed organist of the Chapel Royal in London in 1604, and became organist of the Abbey in 1623.

By the generosity of a past-Master of the Musicians' Company, the late C. T. D. Crews, a splendid replica of the Canterbury bust, in black marble, was erected close to the grave of Henry Purcell. Mr. Crews also defrayed the expenses incurred in holding the commemoration.

* Mr. Henry King also organized the choirs and discharged the duties of choir secretary on the occasion of the Jubilee celebration and the Coronations of King Edward and King George V.

An interesting discovery in the Muniment Room brought to light a letter (the only one in existence, it is believed) from Orlando Gibbons to the Treasurer of the Abbey, of which the following is a (reduced) facsimile* :—



The above fragment was discovered by Miss Joan Thynne (now Countess Cawdor) when helping me to search the records for Purcell lore.

An interesting account of Gibbons playing the organ and directing the choir in Westminster Abbey is given in the "Life of Archbishop Williams," sometime Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

* The items set out in the first part of the facsimile are presumably in the handwriting of John Burrard, whose signature is subscribed against Gibbons' endorsement. The latter runs :—

"Mr. Ireland: I know this bill to be very resonable for I haue alredy cut him off ten shillings therfore I pray despathe him, for he hath delt honestly wth ye church soe shall I rest yr servant,

ORLANDO GIBBONS."

The bill (dated 1625) is for repairs to the Dallam organ—described by Dart as "a stately organ gilt"—that was probably played upon by Gibbons, Purcell, and Croft.

By command of the King, a supper was given in the Jerusalem Chamber, to the French Ambassadors who came over to arrange the marriage of the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles I.) to the French Princess Henrietta Maria. But before the supper (as Bishop Hacket, of Lichfield) describes :—

"The Embassadors, with the Nobles and Gentlemen in their Company, were brought in at the North-gate of the Abby, which was stuck with Flambeaux everywhere, both within and without the Quire, that strangers might cast their Eyes upon the stateliness of the Church. At the Door of the Quire the Lord Keeper besought their Lordships to go in, and to take their seats there for a while, promising in the Word of a Bishop that nothing of ill Rellish should be offered before them ; which they accepted ; and at their Entrance the Organ was touch'd by the best Finger of that Age, Mr. Orlando Gibbons. While a verse was plaid, the Lord Keeper presented the Embassadors and the rest of the Noblest Quality of their Nation with our Liturgy, as it spake to them in their own Language ; and in the Delivery of it used those few Words, but pithy, That their Lordships at Leisure might Read in that Book in what Form of Holiness our Prince worshipp'd God ; wherein he durst say nothing savour'd of any Corruption of Doctrine, much less of Heresie ; which he hoped would be so reported to the Lady Princess Henrietta. The Lord Embassadors and their Great Train took up all the Stalls, where they continued about half an hour, while the Quiremen, vested in their Rich Copes, with their Choristers, sang three several Anthems with most exquisite Voices before them."

In April, 1908, there was held the funeral service for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Truly a chivalrous soul was mourned in the passing of "C. B.," as he was affectionately known to political friends and opponents.

Shortly after directing this event I left England (on the 28th of the same month) *en route* for Canada, having been invited to go to the Dominion to give a series of lectures on English Cathedral Music. The tour and all the arrangements connected therewith had been organized by my friend Dr. Charles Harriss, of Ottawa, a musician of ample means and high ideals. It was a delightful experience, and I enjoyed every moment of my time.

The outward journey was made very pleasant by the companionship of Mr. Dalton Baker, an excellent baritone who has often sung for me at the Albert Hall. We were a cheerful party on board, and certainly free from any worry about submarines, although there was a danger awaiting us that proved to be somewhat disquieting when it came: I refer to the fogs off the Banks of Newfoundland. It was very interesting to me to observe the watchful care of the navigating staff as we drew near to this area. An officer told me late one night that he did not like the look of things, and sure enough the next morning we came on deck to find the ship wrapped in an impenetrable fog that seemed almost to have the consistency of blotting-paper. No motion of the ship was perceptible, and no vision possible for many yards in any direction. Only a faint tremor from the engines and the position of the bridge telegraphs showed that we were moving slowly ahead. The siren was sounding continually, sending out its strident note of warning as a part, it seemed to me, in an orchestra of sirens performing far away. I suppose the intervals were translated into signals by the anxious men on the high navigating bridge, but to me

they were meaningless. The crackling of the wireless meanwhile went on continuously, and could be heard between the blasts of the siren. The moments seemed charged with uncertainty. We drew into expectant groups, and smoked disconsolately. Sudden interest was aroused when a large ship stole past us noiselessly and very closely, an apparition that was viewed with some alarm. The elusive picture of her upper-works, as though delicately pencilled on the opal background of the fog, escaped us then—to be remembered afterwards. Someone said that the people on the bridge had been aware of her proximity for a long time, through the wireless.

We continued to move ahead in this manner till evening, when we anchored, somewhere off New York harbour. In the morning the lifting fog disclosed seven or eight huge ships or liners quite near to us. All of this company of ships had groped their way in as we had done. To me it was indeed wonderful that there had been no catastrophe.

I made my way from New York to Montreal by rail. Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, was on the train, and kindly invited me to his saloon, evincing much interest in my mission.

A little difficulty awaited me at the beginning of my work at Montreal. I understood I was to deliver my opening address in the Cathedral; but it appeared there had been some opposition, the Bishop, who I think was also the Dean, not agreeing to the Cathedral being used for that purpose. It was a trifling bit of obstruction that unfortunately is sometimes met with in Church matters. However, I was invited to the Presbyterian Church of St. Paul, and must say that it was in many of the Presbyterian Churches throughout Canada that I had the best success. I felt much at home in the Scotch atmosphere, meeting many

Scotsmen who had friends and relatives in that part of Scotland where I spend my holidays. A bright example in the case of the English Church was at Toronto. There the Rector of St. James's Cathedral, a man of liberal views, welcomed me, placing his Church at my service, while the choir, under the direction of Dr. Ham—an admirable choirmaster and good all-round musician—rendered a selection of Cathedral music, from Dering to Wesley, in first-rate style. The "atmosphere" imparted to the music was somewhat different from that which I had come to associate with my Presbyterian lectures, inasmuch as the choir, as in an English Cathedral, was composed of men and boys, whereas in the Presbyterian churches the trebles were women. But except in large places like Toronto, it appears almost impossible in Canada to get together a choir of boys. Dr. Ham, however, showed that it could be done, and I think the organists of many of the Churches of the Established Church in Canada could be laudably ambitious in this direction.

I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Vogt, the conductor of the famous Mendelssohn Choir, and principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The germ of the Mendelssohn Choir was found in some public recitals organized by Dr. Vogt in 1894, when, as organist and choirmaster of James Street Baptist Church, Toronto, he launched a scheme that quickly found a place in the forefront of choral singing. The name by which his singers elected to be known did not indicate a special devotion to the works of Mendelssohn, sweet singer though he was. Their répertoire has always been eclectic. The Choir has given many distinguished interpretations of the works of Elgar and Hubert Parry, while it has been well said that a striking feature of their singing is its mighty volume.

Dr. Vogt was an enthusiastic advocate of *a cappella* music and congregational singing. And he may be said to have anticipated by some years a movement that, since the issue of the Archbishops' Report (referred to *in extenso* in a later chapter), has found many adherents in this country, viz., the instructing and rehearsing of the congregation by holding week-night practices of Church music, and by lectures on hymn-singing and kindred subjects. His degree of Mus. Doc. was conferred upon him in 1907 by the University of Toronto, in recognition of his services to music in Canada.

Early in 1917 it was announced that Dr. Vogt had resigned the conductorship of the choir whose technique he had wrought to such fine perfection. The post was offered to, and accepted by, Mr. H. A. Fricker, so long associated with music at Leeds and with Yorkshire choralists. Mr. Fricker may well have said of submarines—which were at that time a fearful menace—what Admiral Farragut, on an historic occasion, said of torpedoes; at all events, full of enthusiasm, he took up his duties at Toronto in 1917, and, as results have shown, with conspicuous success. I am proud to say that in Mr. Fricker's early days, when he resided at Canterbury, he came to me for some organ lessons at the Abbey.

The University of Toronto were good enough to confer upon me the degree of Mus. Doc. *honoris causa*, a distinction which I value very highly.

It would be tedious now to review the whole of my journey, abounding though it did in interest at the time. I went as far as Vancouver, the solemn vastness of the prairies and the stupendous majesty of the Rocky Mountains affording a superb pageant of scenery from day to day. I recur in a later chapter to my doings in Canada, and consider at greater leisure—as

one who in the press of the day reserves a question for his hour of armchair ease—some of the impressions that I brought back with me, adding also a few references to friends whom I met in that land of manly men and nature's wealth. Yet it may be said here that I could not help feeling then what a glorious possession this Dominion was, and what a bulwark the Old Country had in it—surely a prescient thought in the light of events whose memory still is green.

On my return journey I found time to stop at Niagara, and finished up at Ottawa, spending a very pleasant time with my friend Dr. Harriss. I had the honour of lunching at Government House with Earl Grey (who came to one of my lectures), and with Sir Robert (then Mr.) Borden, also of meeting Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The Canadian-Pacific steamer from Quebec afforded a delightful trip down the St. Lawrence before ever the Atlantic was encountered. As on the outward passage, it was with almost boyish glee that I found the ocean voyage to possess few sorrows for me, there being no alimentary rebellion. The unsteady platform of the deck of a liner proved far less disturbing than that awesome thing with which we have been made familiar under its suggestive name of "escalator." But for the war, I really think I should have been tempted to go again to Canada. And now? Who knows!

During my absence an absurd story got into the Press about an imaginary adventure with a bear, while crossing the Rockies. This exciting incident was invented by an old friend of mine, the late Dr. T. Lea Southgate, and really it took in a great number of people. The story was widely copied in the country papers, and I was often congratulated in Scotland by keepers and others on my great presence of mind and narrow escape "from that there bear"!

CHAPTER XIX.

Memorial Window to Sir Benjamin Baker—Death of King Edward —National Memorial Service—Lying in State in Westminster Hall—S. S. Wesley Centenary—Dean Armitage Robinson leaves the Abbey: his Help in Editing some Motets of Dering—Only Survivor of Abbey Community of 1875.

In 1909 a window in the Nave was dedicated to the memory of the great engineer, Sir Benjamin Baker. Associated with Sir John Fowler, he had much to do with the construction of the Forth Bridge, whose mighty spans will ever serve to prompt me concerning the Slatin incident. As consulting engineer to the Egyptian Government, Sir Benjamin projected the vast irrigation scheme the realisation of which demanded the stupendous works known as the Assouan Dam. The fruits of the great engineer's prescience are now being seen. A reference to Assouan is worked into the design of the memorial window.

I suggested that an appropriate anthem for the dedication would be Wesley's "The Wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert." The Dean admitted that it was appropriate, but for a time hesitated to authorise it, thinking, I suppose, that it was rather *too* appropriate. At any rate that was the impression the Precentor gave me. I pressed for it, however, as it seemed the very thing, and at last the Dean agreed. I was rather pleased when attending the meeting in the Jerusalem Chamber, after

the ceremony, at hearing Lord Cromer congratulate the Dean on "the admirable choice of the anthem." The exact words that he used I cannot remember, but I gathered that he thought nothing more appropriate could have been selected and sung in honour of the man who had helped to make the "desert blossom as the rose."

When, eight years later (in February, 1917) we had the memorial service for the Earl of Cromer, we again sang the same anthem, for he too had borne his part in the great work of the reclamation of the desert.

In 1910 came the sad calamity of the death of King Edward VII., a National memorial service being held in the Abbey on May 20th. It was attended by an enormous congregation, and was indeed a very solemn and impressive occasion. I selected the music to be performed, and think it will be conceded that it furnished a programme of deep significance. We played five funeral marches, viz., Schubert's "Marche Solennelle," Purcell's March composed for the funeral of Queen Mary in 1694, and Marches by Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Mendelssohn, the last named the E minor, from "Songs without Words." The Tchaikovsky number, in C minor, was accompanied by organ only; but in the other items the organ was supplemented by brass and drums. The service commenced with the penitential verses of Psalm 51, as set by Sir John Stainer. These were sung in procession, by priest and choir alternately. An instrumental interlude followed, viz., Beethoven's "Trois equales" for four trombones, which, played in the Triforium, had a magnificent effect. Handel's fine anthem, "The ways of Zion do mourn," and Goss's "The souls of the righteous," which I had specially arranged for this service, were sung. The hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," sung very slowly by choir and congregation (except verses five and

six, which were sung very softly by choir alone), provided an inspiring moment. Gibbons' Amen—the same that had been rendered at King Edward's Coronation—completed the service, and I played the Dead March in "Saul," accompanied by brass and drums. Chopin's "Marche Funèbre," played by Dr. Alcock, also accompanied by brass and drums, formed an exalted close.

I had the honour of directing the music at the lying in state of King Edward in Westminster Hall, taking the Abbey Choir and having a military band to supply the accompaniments. The deep solemnity, the simple majesty of the scene form an arresting picture that I can readily summon again; and standing there, as I stood eight years ago, comes anew the refrain of the lamentation of the Preacher, in mournful cadence, "because man goeth to his long home." Sir Arthur Bigge, by command of King George, sent me the following letter in appreciation of the music performed on that memorable occasion:—

"Marlborough House,
"Pall Mall, S.W.,
"*June 2nd*, 1910.

"DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—The King commands me to express to you his entire satisfaction with the arrangements made by you for the musical portion of the service in Westminster Hall on May 17th. His Majesty thought that the choir sang beautifully, and that the combination with the band in the last hymn was most striking and impressive.

"His Majesty sincerely thanks you and all who worked with you in achieving what was in every way worthy of the great and solemn occasion.

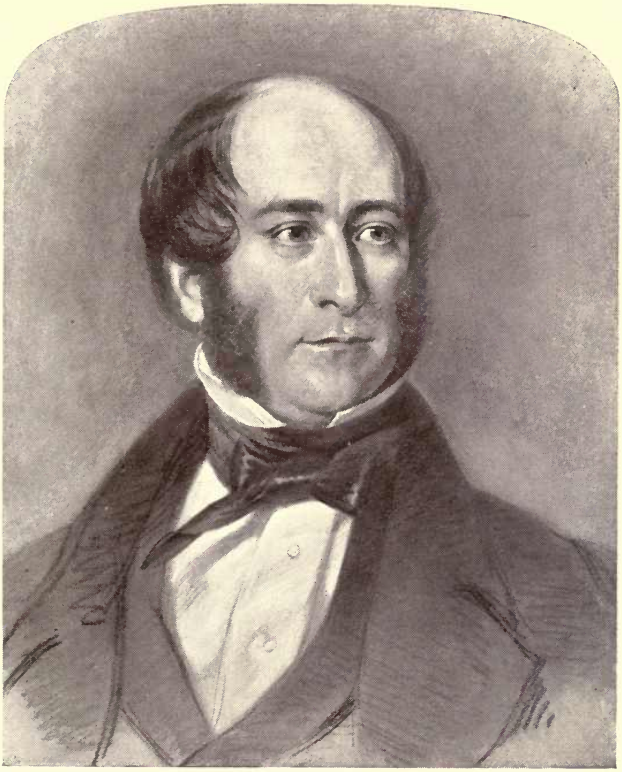
"Yours very truly,
"ARTHUR BIGGE."

Later in the year we celebrated the centenary of Samuel Sebastian Wesley, one of our most distinguished English Cathedral musicians, who has raised the anthem to the highest art-form it has yet attained. The suggestion that we should commemorate this great man who had done so much to enrich the Church with beautiful music was received with much satisfaction by all classes of people—clerics and laymen, professional musicians and amateurs. We assembled a very fine choir of some three or four hundred voices, in which were included many representatives from Cathedrals and Churches all over the country. The selection of music comprised some of Wesley's finest works, and in one instance a splendid anthem which was probably unknown to many of those present, viz., that which he wrote on the death of the Prince Consort, "All go to one place." I remember this anthem coming down to Rochester at the time when I was assistant-organist, but I do not think it was ever performed there. I had introduced it to the Abbey for the funeral of George Edmund Street (*see* page 121), and it was, I know, a great surprise to not a few who took part in the centenary. Two of Dr. Wesley's sons attended, one of whom, the Rev. Charles Wesley, presented me with a beautiful pair of silver decanter-stands which Dr. Wesley always had on his table on great occasions.

The Rev. C. Wesley wrote to me from his Rectory of Grosmont, Hereford, in connection with this commemoration. I give some extracts from his letter:—

"*July* 13*th*, 1910.

"My Dear Sir Frederick,—When I was in town I kept thinking that as you think so favourably of my father, you might like to have something of his as a memento . . . I have a pair of silver decanter-stands. Father bought them at a sale, and they were



F. P. Werlin

always used on state occasions. Then I have a silver-mounted flask father used to take out fishing till it took to leaking at the mouth . . . I have thought that the two decanter-stands would be most useful to you. If you think so, I will send them at once . . .

"Faithfully yours,

"C. WESLEY."

As a fisherman and musician I could almost have coveted that silver-mounted flask of so great a fisherman and musician as S. S. Wesley, for all that it leaked at the mouth. The Rev. Mr. Wesley's letter catalogued a number of things of his father's that he treasured, but which would not have been withheld from me had I elected to choose any one of them as a memento—so convinced was he that I would cherish their possession even as he did. Thus there were "a music wagon that stood on his piano in his study," "some fishing rods," "a Worcester tobacco jar, representing a coil of rope and a tar sitting upon it with a pipe in one hand and a big mug from which he is taking a pull in the other." Then comes an interesting fragment of history; he goes on:—"This was given to my father by Mrs. Edward Stewart. You may have known her, as she and her sister, Lady Bantry, were well-known in town. Herself the grandest looking woman I ever saw, she was the mother of the beautiful Mrs. Berens, one of whose daughters became Countess Cairns, and her son was the General Herbert Stewart killed in the Soudan. She was a Herbert of Muckross Abbey, and her husband's sister was Duchess of Marlborough."

It was interesting to me to have this little bit of genealogical tree, as the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were frequent visitors to me in the organ-loft when the Duke was erecting a new organ at Blenheim. I had the honour of being a guest at Blenheim when this organ was opened (*see* page 257).

Referring to the old Worcester tobacco jar, with its note of breezy conviviality, one wonders what consolations the wayward genius whose it was—it has been said of him, "he would ever dash his head against a wall where others would walk out by the door"—extracted now and then from its fragrant contents.

A week later I received another letter from Wesley's son, from which I quote. It is also dated at Grosmont Rectory:—

"*July 20th*, 1910.

"My Dear Bridge,—I am sending by this post, registered, the two decanter stands. . . . If the receipt of these things gives you half as much pleasure as it gives me to be able to send them, you will be greatly pleased . . . I should very much like Canon Duckworth to know how pleased I was at the way in which he spoke of father's personality. . . . I have often thought how kind you used to be to me twenty-six years ago when I was three months in town, and used to come to the Westminster organ-loft on Sunday afternoons.

"Faithfully yours,
"C. Wesley."

The late Dr. Charles Maclean, writing in the July-August, 1910, issue of the monthly journal of the International Musical Society, upon the Wesley Commemoration, let fall some characteristically pungent and succinct remarks. He said:—

> "As composer, and in the domain of Church music, S. S. Wesley eclipsed his father and towered above all his contemporaries. He did this because alone of all of them he could write a tune . . . His fame rests chiefly on his two dozen anthems. Each of the large anthems is a symphony of

several vocal numbers, and each number will be found to be based on a single melodious theme. . . . He inherited his father's aptitude for counterpoint, which in turn was founded largely on the Bach model."

And he went on:—

"If in forty years of anthem writing he never surpassed his early 'Wilderness' in romantic beauty, and subtle polish, his eight-part 'O Lord, Thou art my God,' for his doctor's degree seven years later, is one of the noblest monuments of solid and powerful English music."

Dr. Maclean made some graceful references to our service at the Abbey, and to me. I venture to give an extract:—

"Sir Frederick Bridge, whose energy is inexhaustible in illustrating the great features of his country's music, and to whom every anniversary is a festal day, marked St. Peter's Day . . . with functions at the Abbey commemorative of S. S. Wesley's birth-centenary. Along with the religious service for the day, eight of the great anthems were sung in the Nave by a choir of two hundred and fifty, with organ accompaniment (Alcock), but conducted from a rostrum (Bridge), and so rendered with vigour and expression. The effect was supremely impressive. . . . . Later an organ-recital of eight of the S. S. Wesley organ-works by eight different organists, the most effective being Choral Song and Fugue (Kendrick Pyne) and National Anthem with Fugue (Bridge) . . ."

I feel very proud at having been able to pay this tribute to Wesley. His career was not a happy one. I fear his temperament was hardly suited to the

post of Cathedral organist. He lived at a time when the authorities of our Cathedrals took little real interest in the music performed there, and in a great measure somewhat starved the choirs. Wesley, by his writings, shows how deeply grieved he was at the poor level of Cathedral services in his day, and how he chafed at the many obstacles in the way of improvement. But he was not the man to get things put right. He had a quick temper and a sharp tongue. Some of the stories told about him are very amusing, among them one in connection with his fine anthem, "Ascribe unto the Lord." There is a movement for men's voices in unison to the words, "their idols are silver and gold," including also the words, "eyes have they and see not, noses have they and smell not." When his choir was singing this phrase Wesley said to a pupil, "No, they use theirs to *sing through* "!

It is sad to think that he probably never heard his finest anthems adequately rendered, as to-day they are I rejoice to say in many Cathedrals and churches. I had hoped that besides the service we should have been able to place a memorial to Wesley in the Abbey. Dean Robinson was quite in favour of the idea, and actually agreed to a spot which I had indicated, just below the monument to John and Charles Wesley in the south aisle of the Choir. But I am sorry to say that the cost—which would include not merely the monument but also the large fee payable, I believe, to the fabric fund of the Abbey, and therefore most probably a necessary charge—made it impossible to carry out this part of the scheme. Perhaps one day the absence of any memorial to one of the greatest benefactors to Cathedral music may be remedied. I have seen a good many memorials erected in the Abbey to men who deserve the distinction far less than Samuel Sebastian Wesley. He certainly ought to find a place among

the musicians who are held in honour by the visible sign of a memorial in Westminster Abbey. In my own time a monument has been erected to Balfe—a clever composer—but of operas, and not of anthems!

In 1911, to our great regret, Dean Armitage Robinson elected to go to Wells instead of remaining at the Abbey. He was a great loss, and to me his departure was indeed a personal loss. His interest in the music was always so warm and sympathetic, and always would he bring a ready enthusiasm to aid me in some arduous researches which I made in the Library. Particularly was he useful and encouraging in the discovery and subsequent publication of the splendid Motets of Richard Dering. These were first issued in 1617 and 1618, and copies of the original editions are in the Library. So far as I could learn none had ever been reprinted (they number forty in all) until my edition appeared. They are set to Latin words, and Dean Armitage Robinson afforded much help in the translations, in some cases, where the words were unsuitable for the English Church, ingeniously finding appropriate alternatives. With his assistance I have restored to life and use some ten or twelve of these splendid Motets, works which I make bold to say cannot be equalled by any selection from the compositions of any contemporary of Dering's. This composer, it may be added, was organist to Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. He died in 1630.

Dean Armitage Robinson was succeeded by our present Dean, at whose Consecration as Bishop of Exeter in 1901 I had presided at the organ.

The death of the Sub-Dean, the Rev. Canon Duckworth, in September, 1911, removed the last of the administrative body who served the Abbey when I was appointed in 1875. Canon Duckworth lived in the

Cloisters in the house adjoining mine, and for many years I enjoyed his friendship. He was musical, and in early days did much to encourage me when sometimes I badly needed a sympathetic and helping hand.

It will be remembered that he took the principal part in the negotiations for my election as organist; and during his lifetime, I always felt that in him I had a real friend and strong helper. His death left me the only survivor of the Abbey community as constituted in 1875.

CHAPTER XX.

Coronation of King George and Queen Mary—Another Homage Anthem—A Shrewd Suggestion from Sir Walter Parratt—Sir Henry Irving as a Musical Critic—Edward Lloyd's Solo—Awarded the C.V.O.—Dinner given by the Coronation Choir—Presentation—Coronation Baton: Two Inscriptions.

THE year 1911 saw the Coronation of their Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary. For the second time I was appointed Director of the Music, being also again requested to take counsel with my friend Sir Walter Parratt. It will be understood that the organization of this great ceremony was made much easier by the experience gained at the previous Coronation, as I had carefully preserved all the records, including the plans for seating the choir and band. I remember when desired to attend at the Office of Works to discuss these matters with Sir Schomberg Macdonnell, the then Chief Commissioner of Works, how pleased he was, and what a sigh of relief he gave, when, as a concrete answer to his question, "What can you tell me about the seats for choir and band?" I was able at once to produce exact plans for accommodating the whole force. "Thank God," he said, "somebody has got something that is ready, and will help me."

We proceeded on the same lines as at the previous Coronation. There was no difficulty about the Westminster boys and their "Vivats," Parry's splendid anthem was again included, and I contributed a new anthem for the "Homage." I was fortunate

in my selection of the words, and may be forgiven for explaining how it came about. My mind had been dwelling upon this subject during my previous holiday, and while at our Scotch home I one day went to lunch at the Manse, and in the Minister's study found his Bible lying open. Glancing over it, my eyes lighted upon Psalm 33, verse 12, at the words, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." Now the Prayer Book version of the Psalm has the word "people," but "nation" seemed to me so much stronger that I immediately decided, if possible, to adopt this version. The Archbishop of Canterbury offered no opposition, while Dean Armitage Robinson approved very much of my suggestion, and I was authorised to proceed, which I did by selecting for my purpose verses 12-16, and 18-22.

This lengthy text seemed rather to alarm the committee, and Sir Almeric Fitzroy asked me to wait upon him at the Privy Council Office. I noticed that he had before him the Coronation book of King Edward, and with it the book for the forthcoming ceremony. Both were open, showing my anthems side by side. Sir Almeric began by saying that their Lordships felt some anxiety concerning the length of my new anthem, as in print it looked so much longer than that which I had selected for King Edward's Coronation. I explained that the time required in performance was a quantity having no reference to the length of the text, the determining factors being the treatment of the words, the number of repetitions, the tempi, &c. In the end I was able fully to assure him that, having kept the matter of length constantly before me, I was confident my anthem would exactly fill the interval allotted to it. Sir Almeric, in thanking me, said that he thought this assurance would entirely satisfy their Lordships.

In recounting the incident to Sir Walter Parratt, he shrewdly remarked that I should have reminded Sir Almeric that the text of a good many long choruses had consisted of a single word—"Amen," or "Hallelujah"! I wish I had thought of that.

Sir Hubert Parry, besides his anthem "I was glad," contributed a fine Te Deum; Sir Edward Elgar an Offertorium and grand Orchestral March; Sir Charles Stanford a Gloria in Excelsis; and Dr. Alcock a Sanctus. Besides these compositions I was glad to be able to include orchestral music by Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Frederic Cowen, Dr. Walford Davies, Mr. Edward German, and Mr. Frederic Cliffe.

In connection with his anthem, Sir Hubert Parry afterwards told me a good story of its effect upon Sir Henry Irving. Sir Hubert and Sir Henry sat together in the Nave at the Coronation. They watched the great Procession—for which I had provided suitable Marches—and Sir Henry was very full of conversation, till the time for the Procession of the King and Queen, whose progress from the West Door took place to the accompanying anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me, we will go into the House of the Lord," which happened to be Parry's own composition. At the conclusion of this anthem Sir Henry said, "Well, I don't think much of the music so far"! Having only the service paper before him, and not the score, he certainly did not know that the anthem was Parry's—and, said Sir Hubert, "I did not enlighten him."

One point about the choir and my anthem I must not overlook. I had written a short tenor solo in it, and remembering that Edward Lloyd had been a boy in the Abbey choir, I determined to try and get him to sing it. Mr. Lloyd had retired from all professional engagements, but I knew he still retained his powers, so I went down to Worthing and was successful in getting

him to undertake it. In one way it will help to preserve the memory of his beautiful voice, for the anthem has been reproduced on the gramophone with extraordinary success, Mr. Lloyd's fine interpretation being a remarkable feature of the record.

To conclude the account of the second Coronation Service in which I have had the great honour to direct the music I hope I may be forgiven for adding the following letters and incidents.

The first letter is from Bishop Ryle, our respected Dean, who has never failed to say a kind word to me on any occasion when I have done my best for the Abbey. It was written and sent to me on the very evening of Coronation Day, and was a particularly kind act as the Dean was very much fatigued, having been in ill-health for some time previous to the eventful day :—

" The Deanery,
" Westminster, S.W.,
" 9.30 p.m., *June 22nd*, 1911.

" My Dear Sir Frederick,—Excuse a pencil note. But I could not sleep to-night without sending a line to thank and congratulate you for the splendid service you and your great choir rendered with such wonderful success. I hope you will be feeling happy about it. You deserve to do so. Personally let me thank you for all that you have done for to-day's great function.

" Yours very gratefully,
" Herbert E. Ryle.

" The King has sent a beautiful telegram about the satisfaction he and the Queen derived from your reverent and devotional treatment of the Coronation solemnity."

From Sir Hubert Parry I received the following very flattering and highly characteristic letter :—

" Royal College of Music,
" *June 26th*, 1911.

" My Dear Bridge,—How are you feeling about now ? I'm very sorry I didn't see you this morning to pile congratulations on you for getting through that fearfully tangled and complicated and responsible business with such complete success. As far as I could hear in my remote corner you seemed ready for every emergency and kept it all going all the long while without a sign of faltering or a gap, and you kept them all in such good humour and got ever so much more work out of them in consequence. I am infinitely obliged to you for taking so much trouble over the Anthem and the Te Deum, and I'm sorry I made the latter so hard. I couldn't hear much of it at the ceremony, but it seemed to be going all right. I should have written sooner but I dragged my anchor in Stokes Bay on Saturday and the sloop went ashore and remained broadside to the waves for seven hours and we had an awful job getting her back to Littlehampton next day, after pumping all night !

" Yours ever,
" C. Hubert H. Parry."

His Majesty the King marked his recognition of the occasion by conferring upon me the Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order, which I received at Buckingham Palace a few days after the Coronation. I thus had the honour of receiving a decoration from a third sovereign, Her Majesty Queen Victoria having bestowed upon me the Jubilee Medal in 1887, and conferred the honour of Knighthood in 1897, while King Edward had added the M.V.O. in 1902.

A very gratifying compliment was shortly afterwards paid to me by the Coronation Choir, who organized a dinner, the Chair at which was taken by His Grace The Duke of Devonshire. During the evening the Chairman read the following letter from Lord Knollys:—

> "His Majesty wishes it to be made known to the Westminster Abbey Choir, as well as to Sir Frederick Bridge, that he was very much pleased with the musical arrangements in the Abbey on the occasion of his Coronation, and that he thought the music was beautiful and extremely well rendered."

I was also presented with a beautiful silver salver subscribed by the members of the great Choir as a memento of the historic occasion of the Coronation in which they had taken part with me.

In connection with these events I received the next day the following delightful letters from the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Hubert Parry. His Grace wrote :—

"Devonshire House,
"Piccadilly, W.
"*July 24th*, 1911.

"DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—Please accept my very best thanks for the copy of the music for the Coronation. Subject to having a speech on my mind I enjoyed the dinner very much. I had the most pleasant companions at dinner, and in the high level of the speeches I trust my own deficiencies were not as obvious to my audience as they were to myself.

"With many thanks,
"Yours truly,
"DEVONSHIRE."

The "companions" to whom pleasant reference is thus made were Sir Hubert Parry and myself. Sir Hubert's letter of congratulation upon my decoration, and felicitating me upon the dinner, recalls all its writer's great kindness and characteristic *bonhomie*. Writing from the Royal College of Music, he said :—

"*July 24th*, 1911.

"My Dear Bridge,—I am delighted to hear this good news. I did so hope it would come off! And it 's right well deserved. I congratulate you heartily. and every one concerned.

"I hope you liked your dinner. It seemed to go off very genially, and the general goodwill was hearty. Good luck to you!—Yours ever,

"C. Hubert Parry."

Sir Homewood Crawford was kind enough to have the baton with which I conducted the Coronation service mounted in gold, and further embellished with the following inscription :—

> Baton used at the Coronation of Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary, in Westminster Abbey, by Sir Frederick Bridge, Mus. Doc., M.V.O., when conducting the Orchestra and Choir on Thursday, the 22nd June, 1911. The gift of his grateful friend, Sir Homewood Crawford, E.O.B.*

I used the same baton at the re-inauguration of the Chapel of the Bath, in 1913, when Sir Homewood added the further inscription :—

> Also used by Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., Mus. Doc., at the Service attended by His Majesty King George V., in Westminster Abbey, on the re-inauguration of King Henry VII.'s Chapel, as the Chapel of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, on Tuesday, July 22nd, 1913.

* E.O.B. = "Emergency Organ-Blower" (*see* page 151).

CHAPTER XXI.

Funeral Service of Lord Lister—Memorial Window to Lord Kelvin—First Service for the Knights of the Bath for a Hundred Years: Letter from Bishop Ryle—Memorial Service for the Duke of Argyll—Speech by Mr. Rudyard Kipling—Welsh National Service—Letter from Mr. Lloyd George.

In 1912 the most memorable events in the Abbey were the funeral service of Lord Lister and a memorial service for the Hon. Whitelaw Reid. In 1913 a memorial window to Lord Kelvin was unveiled. It is perhaps a small point to record that this window contains, besides the principal figures, Henry V. and Abbot William of Colchester, a representation of the celebrated Lord Mayor Dick Whittington and his cat. The object of the inclusion of Whittington and his cat is to emphasise the fact that while Henry V. was fighting in France and winning the battle of Agincourt, the Lord Mayor was collecting money for the Abbey.

In this year also a special service for the Knights of the Bath was held in the Abbey. For many years after my appointment Henry the VII.'s Chapel—the Chapel of the great and dignified Order of the Bath—was a somewhat desolate-looking place. True, it was used for occasional services and for weddings, but the only connection it seemed to have with the Order of the Bath was the presence of many very old and ragged banners over the stalls of knights long since departed. But at last the Chapel was renovated, the old banners removed, and those of knights of modern times were placed above the stalls, and then, for the

first time for a hundred years, a service for the Order of the Bath was held. His Majesty the King attended, and a great number of the Members of the Order. From the old records it appeared that there was an anthem, "Behold how good and joyful a thing it is," that was always sung at the Bath services. The only setting worth doing (by Battishill) was almost certainly the one previously used, but it contained a long and tiresome trio for men. It would have been absurd to include this movement, and yet we were anxious to retain the anthem if possible. Under these circumstances I resolved to adapt the trio, taking its chief phrases (which were extremely melodious) and working them into an unaccompanied chorus. This anthem was sung while the knights proceeded to the Chapel for a short ceremony and returned to the stalls in the Choir. The result was good, and I feel the composer would forgive me, particularly as the emendations have preserved the anthem for use on future occasions. I may quote from a letter the Dean afterwards wrote to me, which serves to show that the music was acceptable:—

"The Deanery,
"Westminster, S.W.
"*July 22nd*, 1913.

"Dear Sir Frederick,—It all went splendidly! the King sent for me in the robing-room and expressed his great gratification. He said, 'Will you specially tell Bridge that I liked the music very much, it could not have been better.' The Queen also joined in, and said how very much she had enjoyed the music. These expressions are some small recompense for all the time and trouble you have bestowed in making the Bath service one of the great successes of your career.

"Moreover it was all well timed. May I hope you were as much pleased as I have been at the happy termination of our efforts to produce a service worthy of the Abbey.

"Take a good and cheerful holiday!

"Yours very sincerely,

"HERBERT E. RYLE."

I suppose there must be in me a strain of mediævalism, for, as already confessed in an earlier page, the spirit of the art and customs of the spacious days of knight-errantry hold for me a singular charm. A quaint survival at the Abbey, in which, as officiating organist, I have assisted with much interest, has been the Royal Maundy distribution, that formerly took place in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. When that Chapel was given up the service was transferred to the Abbey, where in Passion Week this ancient custom—reminiscent of a ceremony long since obsolete, when the Sovereign would wash the feet of as many poor indigents as he was years old—is an impressive event. The Maundy-money is well known, and is distributed to specially chosen recipients from London parishes. As musician on these occasions I have received the sum of four shillings, in the curious 1*d*., 2*d*., 3*d*., and 4*d*. silver pieces. In recent years the musician's recompense has been reduced to two shillings and sixpence! Begun as a pious act by Edward III., in 1363, Maundy has survived until to-day. The last monarch to wash the beggars' feet was James II.

In 1914 came the death of the Duke of Argyll, and one more solemn service was added to the long tale so full of lingering memories. A great and notable gathering assembled to pay a last tribute to the dead Duke, the service being rendered

SILVER ROSE-WATER DISH, PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR BY THE SAMUEL PEPYS CLUB.

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF MENDELSSOHN.

AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR (AGED 9).

with fine feeling and devotion. Shortly afterwards Dr. Boyd Carpenter very thoughtfully sent me the following letter and enclosure :—

"6, Little Cloisters,
"Westminster, S.W.,
"*May 8th*, 1914.

"My Dear Sir Frederick,—I send you copy of a letter I have just received. It will please you, I know. Will you let the Choir know ?

"Sincerely yours,
"W. Boyd Carpenter."

[Enclosure.]

"Buckingham Palace,
"*May 8th*, 1914.

"My Dear Bishop,—The King desires me to thank you and all concerned for the manner in which to-day's solemn ceremony was carried out. The service was full of dignity and reverence : the music beautiful, and His Majesty feels certain that in every way effect was given to Princess Louise's wishes.*

"Yours very sincerely,
"Stamfordham."

Before going on to speak of some Abbey Services in connection with the War, I must say a word about the movement to establish what came to be known as "Recruiting Bands."

I felt the old martial ardour stirring within me when, early in 1915, I had the honour of being associated with a committee who were working to establish these patriotically tuneful organizations. A meeting was called at the Mansion House, presided over by the Lord Mayor, Sir Charles Johnston,

* Princess Louise was too unwell to be able to attend this service. She came, however, to hear a private performance of the music, a short time afterwards.

supported by Sheriff H. de Lafontaine,* Mr. Douglas Sladen, Sir Homewood Crawford, and others. A distinguished company attended. Mr. Rudyard Kipling was the lion of the occasion, and made a rousing speech, in which he amply vindicated his right to speak and appeal for the men in the ranks, and his supreme power of focussing in a phrase inarticulate popular thought. A portion of his pleading struck right home into a larger question than was outlined at the moment :—"The soldier does not live by bread alone. From time immemorial he has been accompanied by elaborate ceremonial and observance, in which music plays no small part. It is not seemly, and it is not expedient, that any portion of that ritual should be slurred or omitted now." And he told some inspiring stories of the part that music had played in "restoring shaken men to their pride, and humour, and self-control." Musicians may well be proud to be charged with so great a national asset as lies even within the repertory of the fife and drum.

Lord Denman, wearing the uniform of the Territorial Cavalry, spoke; also Miss Lena Ashwell, whose work at the Front during the War period is so well known. In making some remarks, I pleaded for good rousing, noisy marches, and no classical stuff. As an old volunteer bandsman, I knew my text, unblushingly proclaiming my affection for "Ninety-five" and "Rory O'More."

My old friend Dr. T. Lea Southgate was to have been present and taken part. But he wrote asking me to make his apologies to the Lord Mayor for his

* This is not the only service done to music by ex-Sheriff de Lafontaine. By his munificence in printing a valuable "transcript of records relating to music and musicians," under the general title of "The King's Musick," covering a period from 1460 to 1700, he has made a splendid contribution to musical history. The text of the volume comprises a collection of documents preserved in the Record Office, from which may be gleaned many interesting details concerning the lives of musicians attached to the English Court.

non-attendance. He said that he had seen Lieut. Albert Williams, and discussed with him the subject of recruiting bands. Lieut. Williams's advice was, "Don't attempt to have a large and expensive band, it means so much work and many troubles"; adding that for "popular tunes such as the people know and appreciate much better than what is termed 'good music,'" a combination like that of the "fifers and drummers of the Grenadier Guards band would answer every purpose," and further that "if any bugles are included, they present a change of tone and give a little more colour to the simple music."

The influential list of subscribers for the proposed bands was headed by the Lord Chancellor, the Poet Laureate, and Sir Edward Poynter, late president of the Royal Academy.

Since the outbreak of war in 1914, the special services at the Abbey have been generally in connection with one of the many war funds. We had an Anzac Commemoration on April 23rd, 1916, at which the King and Queen were present. In 1917 there was a memorial service to H.R.H. The Duchess of Connaught; and a special Canadian service, also attended by the King and Queen. I shall recur to this service, when reviewing some further aspects of my Canadian journey of 1908. Just now I pass on to a most impressive service that was held on June 22nd (Coronation Day), 1918, nearly a year after the voice of Canada was heard in the Abbey. It grew out of a proposal made to me by Mr. A. Davies*—the secretary of an organization established for the amelioration of Welsh Prisoners of War—that I should give an organ recital, the proceeds of which would imburse the fund. When Mr. Davies's committee found that I was ready to assist them in every possible way, they thought of a

* Mr. Davies is now M.P. for Lincoln.

Special Welsh service, and the outcome was another great expression of nationhood within the Empire—vieing with the Colonial celebrations—uplifted in the historic Church of the British race. On this occasion, however, it proceeded from a people whose history was old ere the Abbey site was hallowed by consecration, and who, as is so well known, have always shown a great national love for music. But if their story is old, their traditions are inspiring and their vigour unsapped—as witness many a deed in the great War achieved by these tenacious warriors.

I readily consented to ask the Dean to receive the committee. He at once agreed to the service being held, and suggested the afternoon of Coronation Day. This happy idea was readily accepted, and we began to prepare for the event. But the Westminster Abbey afternoon service, with the Psalms, Canticles, and Coronation anthem, "Zadok the Priest," had to be performed, and this allowed only a short interval for hymns, of which the committee greatly desired us to sing a selection in Welsh. I was invited to attend with the committee at 10, Downing Street, to meet the Prime Minister and discuss the matter. Mr. Lloyd George was most enthusiastic, and I could but admire the way in which he joined in the favourite Welsh hymns with certain Welsh singers who were at the meeting. I thought, and said, what a rest it must have been from the black care of war work. But the problem of how to include those hymns faced us, until I heard that the band of the Welsh Guards was to play in the Nave before service. "Why not let the people sing hymns with the band to accompany?" I asked; and added, "You can then have hymn-singing for an hour before the regular service begins." The Prime Minister said, "Sir Frederick, that is a stroke of genius!"—and so it was arranged.

The occasion was made truly representative, the great heart of the Welsh nation responding to the cry of its sons in distress. A vast congregation attended, while there was a fine choir of mixed voices drawn from the various Welsh churches and chapels in the Metropolis and district, augmented by a contingent of singers from the Welsh Guards—that magnificent body of men that, young in war, is already old in fame. The service was mainly in Welsh, and proved a revelation in congregational singing. The varied selection of hymns sung in the Nave included "Aberystwyth," "Llanfair," "Dwyfor," "Ebenezer"—tunes dear to Welsh choralists—and the great "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau" ("Land of my Fathers"), the solo part in which was magnificently sung by Mr. Ben Davies, from a station in the organ-loft. All the hymns were accompanied by the band of the Welsh Guards and by the organ. Written and composed specially for the service was "The Pæan of Wales," a hymn-setting that I made of some stirring and uplifting verses by Bishop Boyd Carpenter. This number was sung in English. The hymn during the collection was sung in Welsh, and to enable my boys to take part, it was written out phonetically, and so taught to them. Mr. Lloyd George said I should have "a good Welsh accent before the service was over."

The hymns were a very inspiring and moving part of the programme, and worthy of the occasion. The rest of the service adhered to the usual afternoon form, the anthem (selected by the committee) being a short composition of mine to words by Shakespeare (Richard III., Act 5, Sc. 3):—

> Remember this—
> God, and our good cause, fight upon our side;
> The prayers of Holy Saints, and wrongèd souls,
> Like high rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.

As these words are put into the mouth of a Welshman (Richmond, afterwards Henry VII.) they proved very appropriate.

Her Majesty Queen Alexandra and H.R.H. Princess Victoria, who were present, graciously congratulated me on the music, as well as my little Motet, as they left the Abbey.

A unique feature of the event was the attendance of two Premiers of the British Empire—Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. H. M. Hughes—who collected alms during the proceedings.

The Prime Minister also was kind enough to write me the following letter:—

"10, Downing Street,
"Whitehall,
"*June 27th*, 1918.

"DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—While the memory of the historic Welsh service in Westminster Abbey in aid of the Welsh Prisoners of War Fund is still fresh in my mind, I wish to thank you for your great and valued help in making this unique occasion such a complete success. It was a triumph of organization and co-operation, and I should like to say how greatly interested I was in the musical side of the programme, which under your skilled direction made such a memorable feature. Your setting of Bishop Boyd Carpenter's hymn was beautiful. The choir under your leadership did extremely well. As Patron of the Fund, I feel it my duty to send you this word of formal and grateful acknowledgment.

"Yours very faithfully,
"D. LLOYD GEORGE."

This certainly was one of the most successful of the War services held in the Abbey, and I shall always

remember it with pride. The Dean wrote to me saying I might consider it one of the great successes of my career.

It is curious to reflect that I began my efforts to obtain a Cathedral appointment as a candidate for a Welsh Cathedral—Llandaff, in 1867—and at the close of my labours as a Cathedral and Abbey organist I should be directing a great national Welsh gathering among my last special services in the Abbey.

The service lists at the Abbey in the Church's year would make a large book, and in addition there are the great number of special services for all sorts of occasions (*see* page 333). It is not to be wondered, in arranging such a mass of detail, that now and then an embarrassing contretemps should occur; but it is surprising how few really serious mistakes have been made so far as the administration and direction of the choir are concerned. I can remember only two incidents of this nature, and these had nothing to do with choir discipline. One arose through the default of a strange clergyman, who, having been announced to preach a sermon in the Nave, failed to put in an appearance. There was a great deal of commotion, as no member of the clerical body at the Abbey seemed willing to undertake the duty at a minute's notice. The Precentor, however, came to the rescue by giving out the Old Hundredth, which we sang in place of the sermon, and so the service ended. Another awkward moment was when the Precentor inadvertently selected an anthem for the morning service which included a verse of the Evening Hymn! He did not notice this until the anthem had started, and then made great efforts to attract the attention of the organist, who on that occasion was one of my assistants. Absorbed in the accompaniment, he failed to notice the Precentor, and the unsuitability of the anthem entirely escaped

him. So inevitably, as it turned out, the choir were singing, at 10.30 a.m., the verse "Glory to Thee, my God, this night"!

An irreverent interruption was caused on one occasion when a demonstration of working men marched from Trafalgar Square into the South Transept. But after all they were not very unruly, and listened with interest and some appreciation to Wesley's "Wilderness." The Suffragettes were a little more unreasonable at times, and frequently I had powerfully to intervene with the organ to cover up their remarks.

One of the earlier air raids of the War occurred during service; the proceedings, however, were not interrupted and there was no excitement. As soon as the anthem was over I went out into the Cloisters to see some of the terrible machines disappearing over the river to the South-East. Most of the raids occurred at night, when those who lived in the Cloisters took refuge in the old Norman Undercroft.

It is pleasant to turn from such recollections to recall a few distinguished and interesting visitors who at times have called upon me at Westminster.

The organ-loft, in which is centred the control of that marvellous mechanism whose voice can raise a multitude to ecstasy, is a lodestone attracting all sorts of curious and thoughtful people. And not these alone; many distinguished visitors also have sat with me there. Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria have honoured me by their presence; also His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, and his brother, Prince Albert. The Princes were both young boys, accompanied by their tutor, and seemed most interested in all that was taking place. After the service, when I took them to see the monuments, the Prince of Wales revealed some

judgment of the sculptor's art. The tomb of Sir Cloudesley Shovell bears a fine representation of the scene of the Shipwreck at the Scilly Isles, where the Admiral lost his life. They looked at this with interest. But above is a terrible figure of the Admiral, in a recumbent position, with a full-bottomed wig of the time of Charles II. and very little clothing. Nothing more unlike a great sailor could be imagined. The Prince of Wales looked at it for a moment, and then turned away, saying, "What an ugly monument." The ill-conceived figure of the half-naked Admiral quite outweighed the carved picture of the wreck.

An interesting visitor to the organ-loft put in an appearance during the War, while I was playing the voluntary after service. An officer came up the stairs, and stood by me. As I finished, he asked me to play Bach's G minor Fugue, saying he was devoted to music, and to this great specimen of organ music in particular. I excused myself on the plea that I was tired, and should have to practise it a little beforehand. He could not conceal his disappointment, and answered that he was off to the Front the following day, and would have liked to hear his favourite work for the instrument. At this, I said, "Well, if you come back, and are able to tell me that you've killed ten Germans, I'll play you the Fugue any day." Some months later, while I was away in Scotland, the same officer re-appeared in the organ-loft, considerably to the surprise of my assistant, and inquired for me, explaining that he had come to ask me to redeem my promise. "But," said my assistant, "have you, on your part, killed those Germans?" The reply was quiet, but forceful: "I don't know about that, but I'm going to Buckingham Palace to-morrow to receive the V.C."! He heard that Fugue.

The Abbey and its music had for some years an enthusiastic visitor and admirer in a Lancashire collier, whose exemplar surely was 17th-century Thomas Britton, the musical small-coal man of Clerkenwell, of whom John Hughes wrote :—

> Tho' mean thy rank, yet in thy humble cell,
> Did gentle Peace and Arts unpurchas'd dwell,

verses that might not inaptly fit my collier. I made his acquaintance through the Purcell Festival, when he wrote saying how glad he was to hear that we were going to erect a monument to Purcell, and enclosing a subscription of 10*s.* 6*d.* I showed the letter to the Dean, who sent the miner two tickets. He attended the Festival, and afterwards became a frequent visitor to the Abbey. He always made it a point to attend the great football matches at the Crystal Palace when a northern team was taking part ; going to see the football, but also never failing to come to the Abbey. And not only at the Abbey did I see him, but frequently at my lectures at Manchester and in the neighbourhood. He would occupy a front seat, and was a most attentive listener. On a more notable occasion, viz., a rehearsal in Church House of the music for King Edward's Coronation, sure enough there was my collier sitting in the gallery, for which he had paid half-a-guinea. I would often take him with me into the music room at the Abbey to the choristers' rehearsals, and he seldom left them without a really generous "tip." Having been a chorister myself, I had known the lure of this form of *Coda*, and the blissful orgies latent in half-a-crown. So I was not disposed always to be repressive. On one occasion, in taking leave, he said to them, "I shall think of you to-morrow when I am hundreds of yards underground." I was really sorry to hear of his death, two or three years ago.

CHAPTER XXII.

Royal College of Organists—Dr. Turpin—National Training School—Sullivan as a Teacher of Counterpoint—Dr. Prout as Orchestral Critic—Royal College of Music—Professorial Appointment suggested by the Prince of Wales—Death of Sullivan—Joachim and the Examination Paper—Trinity College—Tour with Dr. McNaught.

My readers have now accompanied me along the broad path of my pilgrimage, in which a loose chronology has permitted me to move freely between salient points. I now propose, as a pilgrim may, to return to some of these, devoting to them some chapters under their aspects of Activities and Incidents. The latter are of passing moment, and largely retrospective. The former become prospective, carrying my pilgrim way beyond these pages, for in their midst I still bear staff and scrip—while the journey and its toil are pleasant.

Prominent among my activities has been my participation in the work of those institutions charged with the conservation of the art of music. One of the first of the corporate examining bodies with which I became associated before coming to Westminster was the College of Organists. Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, saw the modest beginnings, upwards of half-a-century ago, of the institution that has conferred untold benefits upon numbers of executive musicians. When R. D. Limpus, in 1864, projected the scheme that was destined so soon to take its place in the forefront of musico-examining bodies, he could not have foreseen the rapid appreciation of its diplomas in the ranks of the profession. The

College has occupied various sites since its foundation, and is now housed in the commodious premises at Kensington, vacated in 1894 by the Royal College of Music.

The examinations of the College are held half-yearly, candidates for the Fellowship being required first to have secured the diploma of Associate, or to be musical graduates of a University.

In the early days of the College a Conversazione—in connection with its examinations—was held in Freemasons' Hall. Some excellent music was given, and among other items I heard for the first time Bach's Fugue in D minor for violin solo, admirably played by Louis F. Ries. The Organ prize compositions were afterwards played by James Higgs at St. Michael's, Cornhill. By attending the meetings of the College I made the acquaintance of many of the leading organists of the day, many of whom combined to give me a cordial welcome when I was appointed to the Abbey. I am glad still to be able to take part in the activities of an institution of which I am, I believe, at this moment its oldest member—if not in age, in date of election, having passed the examination for Fellowship in 1867, being elected President in 1901. The College was incorporated in 1893, with a Royal Charter.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are Patrons, a fact which should have some interest in connection with the Report of the Archbishops' Committee, considered in a later chapter. The Bishop of London is also a patron.

One of my friends connected with the College of Organists was Dr. Turpin. He accepted the secretaryship on the death of Limpus—who, as I have said, had practically founded the College—and carried on the work with success. He was a modest, simple-minded man, without any side or pretentiousness, and had

the gift of being an entertaining and lucid speaker. Both at the College, and at Trinity College of Music, of which he was for a long time Warden, he did great work. It gave him a good deal of amusement when I set to music Sam Weller's "wild and beautiful legend" in "Pickwick," "Bold Turpin vunce on Hounslow Heath"—with its episcopal refrain:—

> "And the Bishop says, 'Sure as eggs is eggs,'
> This here 's the bold Turpin!"

for a College of Organists' dinner, dedicating it "to my friend Dr. Turpin." I have already referred to this song as having been written on the banks of the Spean.

Dr. Turpin had much to do with getting the buildings formerly the home of the National Training School of Music, and later of the Royal College of Music, transferred to the Royal College of Organists. In this he was greatly aided by the efforts of an old pupil of mine, Dr. Sawyer, who succeeded Turpin as secretary of the College. Alas! he held office only for a few months. He died whilst I was absent in Canada.

My connection with Owens College, Manchester, was necessarily severed when I came to Westminster. After a short time, however, I was able to resume my educational activities by being appointed to the teaching staff of the Crystal Palace School of Music, and the National Training School of Music at South Kensington.

The latter institution was founded in 1873. Originally projected in 1854, it was not until twenty years afterwards that the idea put forth by the Prince Consort took definite shape, when, at a meeting at Clarence House, presided over by Prince Alfred, a Resolution was passed that it was desirable to erect a School of Music at a cost of £25,000. It was recommended that the building be erected

at Kensington, in connection with the Society of Arts. Built by Sir Charles J. Freake, at his own cost, the School was opened at Easter, 1876, and continued to flourish until Easter, 1882, when its activities ceased under the above name. In May, 1883, as the outcome of a meeting held at St. James's Palace in February of the previous year, it was reconstituted, thenceforward to be known as the Royal College of Music, being granted a Charter of Incorporation in 1893.

My work at the National Training School was teaching the organ, one of the students being Mr. W. G. Alcock (now Mus. Doc., M.V.O.), for many years my very clever assistant and loyal colleague at the Abbey, now (since 1916) organist of Salisbury Cathedral. Sir John Stainer took the harmony classes, and Sir Arthur Sullivan taught counterpoint. Sullivan was director of the School for several years, being followed in this office by his friend Stainer. For a time I undertook the orchestral rehearsals, which proved very enjoyable. I have already spoken of Mr. Visetti as being the only surviving professor, along with me, of the staff of the old school still among the professorial staff of the Royal College. Mr. Visetti has brought his study of all that pertains to voice to a high pitch of perfection. His discernment of the potential singer is very keen, and more than once an unfavourable opinion of mine, expressed to an inquiring student, has been reversed by him with the best possible results.

Sullivan, as I have said, took part in the teaching. He had a delightful method of imparting instruction, and it was impressive to observe his painstaking use of the blackboard while giving a lesson in counterpoint.

One of the staff at the National Training School was Ebenezer Prout. I first came to know him at

Windsor, when he brought down a choir of which he was conductor. They were a very efficient choral body, and sang a fine selection in St. Mark's School. Then I lost sight of him for some time. My exercise for the Mus. Doc. degree at Oxford was a short Oratorio (afterwards published), and Prout happened to review this work in one of the musical papers, his critical remarks being extremely kind and candid. We corresponded after this, and when I came to London were not long in renewing our acquaintance.

He was a man possessing an extraordinarily wide knowledge of music, and always ready to hold out a helping hand to students. I was indebted to him for valuable advice in the scoring of my first work for Westminster Abbey, a setting of the Canticles for the Caxton Celebration. As fellow-teachers at the National Training School we saw a great deal of each other. He was a very amusing, cheerful man, with a dry strain of humour, which recalls a delightful passage of arms that we had in connection with a Musical Society of which I was conductor, the Highbury Philharmonic. Prout was conductor of the Hackney Choral Association, and there was a little rivalry between us that gave a fillip to our rehearsals. But Prout's was a professional band, while mine, unfortunately, was an amateur organization. Now there is nothing more terrible than a real amateur band. It demands from the conductor all his patience, good temper, and skill to make things go, and then he will not achieve results other than the "restless panting of their being." How different when he has at his disposal a complete orchestra of professional men! Accidents were always happening at our concerts, and generally with the band. On one occasion our leading 'cellist broke his A string whilst tuning up, and had not

got another with him: the timpanist dropped his drumstick at the reverberant moment when an important roll on the side-drum was the only thing supposed to be going on—always there was something like this to be encountered.

Prout came to our concert one night, and a few such incidents occurred, quite casually, like items in the programme. They amused him very much; more so than the performance, and he went home and wrote me a poetical effusion about them. I retaliated by sending him some stanzas portraying the feelings of my orchestra at seeing Prout sitting below, and their sentiments towards himself. One of the verses I recollect well:

> Poor Oboe and Clarinet
> Shake like ten thousand reeds,
> Whilst 'Cello breaks his string—the A,
> And misses all the leads.

To return to the National Training School: The engagements of the professorial staff terminated with the transition period of the School, in April, 1882, but in March, 1883, I was very pleased at receiving a letter from Sir George Grove, the new director, in which he said:—"I have now the pleasure to convey to you the hope of the Prince of Wales [King Edward VII.] that you will take the post of Professor of Counterpoint in the Royal College of Music, with a seat at the Board." In expressing my thanks to His Royal Highness and to Sir George, along with my willingness to undertake the duties and obligations attaching to the proffered position, I ventured to add that it was a post that I should be proud to hold.

The sphere of usefulness of the College is enhanced by the administration of a Patron's Fund (King George is patron of the institution) of £27,000,

generously placed at the disposal of the Board by Sir Ernest Palmer, for the encouragement of composition by the younger British composers.

Sullivan relinquished the direction of the National Training School in 1881, but I by no means lost sight of him. He lived in Victoria Street, close by me, at Westminster, and would frequently come down to the Abbey when we did one of his anthems. Having been educated as a chorister, with much the same training as myself, he had an intimate knowledge of the requirements of Church music, and although he had chosen a path outside the ecclesiastical world, he retained his skill in organ-playing. On one occasion, when hearing him play at a wedding, I was delighted with his powers of extemporisation, which were called forth by the late arrival of the bride.

Elsewhere I have referred to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough visiting me in the organ-loft at the Abbey. This they did very frequently at the time when the Duke was erecting his new organ at Blenheim Palace, and I found His Grace to be exceedingly acute in some of the questions that he put concerning stops and mechanism. An outcome of these visits was that Sullivan and myself were guests of the Duke at Blenheim for the opening of the organ there, when Sullivan supplied accompaniments for some of the vocalists, and also extemporised very ingeniously. We were a very merry party in the historic palace. Sullivan was a delightful companion—especially when I could get him out for a walk; but I think that as a rule he preferred whist to Bridge.

Sullivan, it is well known, had a pretty turn of wit. At the Old Madrigal Society one night he scored off me in his droll manner when he was President—with of course the privilege of speaking. I blew the note

as usual on the pitch-pipe for the madrigal to begin, and then said, as a cue to the members—"A minor." Sullivan promptly asked me how I blew a pitch-pipe in the minor key!

Living as he did close by me at Westminster, the news of his lamented death reached me very quickly. Thus it was that, within an hour of his passing, I stood contemplating in deepest sorrow the poor fragile frame that so lately had been the repository of so brilliant a genius. I was honoured in being asked to be a pall-bearer at his impressive funeral at St. Paul's, accompanying Sir John Stainer. On our way Sir John said to me, "This is really a great tribute to music, his being buried at St. Paul's." Alas! Stainer was destined all too soon to follow his life-long friend to the silent land. Interred in Holywell Cemetery, Oxford, his memorial is set up in St. Paul's, close to that of Arthur Sullivan.

The examinations at the Royal College afforded me many opportunities for meeting Joachim, whom also I met at a University examination at Cambridge. He always struck me as a pleasant and amiable man, of assured dignity, and possessing absolutely no "side." Once he afforded me considerable amusement at a certain examination when there was a question on the paper that neither of us could readily have answered. Said Joachim to me, "I don't know much about this, I must look it up when I get home"! I thought this a delightful admission from a musician of his distinction.

Trinity College is another important centre of musical instruction with which I early became connected. It was founded shortly after the Royal College of Organists, and affords an example of what may be accomplished by wisely conceived administration. For many years I held the office of Honorary Organist,

but did not take any active part amongst the professorial staff. Later I accepted the position of Chairman of the Board, and rejoice to see the expanding usefulness and continued advance of the College. Its extensive buildings in Mandeville Place are admirably arranged for the purposes of a teaching institution, while its very complete syllabus and excellent staff of professors, along with a liberal time-table designed to meet the needs of day and evening students, make it a desirable centre for the acquisition of a complete musical training. The number of students now attending the College is well over four hundred.

The most remarkable success of Trinity College was gained by its being the first to see the necessity for establishing local examinations in music. This was in 1877. Since that time many other examining bodies have followed this splendid lead, the most important being the Associated Board. The zeal and enterprise that so quickly covered the ground in the United Kingdom enabled Trinity College to organize and establish a wonderful network of examinations—whose standard has been consistently maintained—throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada, South America, &c. By thus testing the educational work in music that is being carried on in the cultured communities throughout such a vast area, and referring it continually to the high standard demanded by its diplomas, Trinity College applies an impetus to artistic progress whose potentialities cannot be measured. That its examinations have a sterling currency in the educational world is evidenced by the fact that last year upwards of thirty-five thousand candidates presented themselves for the College diplomas and certificates.

During the war period the examiners of the College, undeterred by the nefarious submarine peril, traversed

thousands of miles of ocean, and succeeded always in carrying out their important duties. It is an honour and privilege which I greatly esteem to be associated with the direction of this admirable institution.

I have never done much work as a travelling examiner, such employment being for me very fatiguing. On one occasion when Sir John Stainer was incapacitated through illness, I accompanied the late Dr. McNaught for a week on one of those whirlwind examination tours in which his soul delighted. The genial Doctor was Sir John Stainer's assistant, but I believe Sir John's physical make-up could not support the fierce bouts of "inspecting" that seemed to be the breath of life to McNaught. My week with him is a nightmare, in which processions of candidates come and go endlessly; in which we seem always to be boarding trains by the smallest margin of safety; in which night brings no rest, for we have to sit far into the small hours making up returns and preparing for the morrow; and generally the whole thing proceeds at breathless speed, and the problem emerges in all its stupendous proportions. I remember telling my companion that it really had been the hardest week's work I had ever done, and I would not undertake his job for £5,000 a year.

McNaught was entirely unruffled, and always seemed to have absolute mastery of the situation, working with extraordinary devotion and celerity, yet never revealing the slightest impatience. He even found time to fit in some journalistic work, and to conduct a publication of which he was editor. This he achieved from the end of a wire, and by ways and means of speeding letters through the post in the shortest possible time unknown to ordinary mortals.

I sometimes wonder if any of the youthful aspirants who then passed before me ever attained to a musical

degree. If so, the tremendous fight in which at about this time I found myself involved—against some proposed alterations in the Statutes relating to musical degrees in the University of Oxford—may have been for their benefit. In 1898 it had been proposed that the Hebdomadal Council should rule that no candidate might proceed to a degree in music unless he had first taken the degree of Bachelor of Arts. This would have entailed compulsory residence at the University for a period of three years, and would have meant that the musical profession was practically barred from taking the Oxford degree. It was urged by those in favour of the proposed change—and I confess the reason seemed valid—that the status of the musician would thereby be raised, so that he would rank with graduates in other faculties. But under the scheme, as I pointed out, there would be no graduates to enjoy the advantages of this enhanced and assured status, for its effect would be to drive away from the University the talented young musician without means. Further, as I proceeded to show, the University having made no provision for the technical training of its students, it was not apparent that any practical benefit could ensue from compulsory residence.

My fundamental objection, conceived in the interests of the musical profession as a whole, lay in the fact that the proposal was inconsiderate and constituted a real hardship. Prosecuting my opposition with all the ardour I could muster—my old friend Dr. Southgate who dearly loved a fight, lending me strenuous and valuable assistance—I proceeded to Oxford, and waited upon many heads of Colleges and members of the Hebdomadal Council—with whom the decision ultimately rested. I even ventured to point to my own experience as an argument in favour of retaining the old and proved system that had survived the test of

four hundred years, for it seemed to me that my career had brought no discredit on the University or its degree.

Sir John Stainer and Prof. Prout were also opposed to any change in the Statutes. At a meeting of the Union of Graduates in Music, held at the College of Organists in October, 1898, when I brought the matter forward as one affecting the ancient privileges of musicians, my old friend Prout spoke strongly in favour of my motion. He said:—

> "I may say that I am personally very cordially in favour of Sir Frederick Bridge's protest. . . . I have listened with a great deal of interest to Mr. [now Sir Henry] Hadow, but neither he nor anyone else has touched upon what I consider one of the most important points in this matter. . . . He says this change will raise the value of the degree. Granted that it will, he has overlooked or, at any rate, he has not met the objection, that it will exclude the very class by whom the degree is most wanted, I mean the great body of professional musicians."

Prout did not take the view that lack of means would be the sole deterrent. The gravamen of his opposition lay in the fact that whereas in the case of law, or medicine, &c., a man did not begin seriously to work at his profession until he was through his college course, in music the great majority began their professional career actually during boyhood. He went on to say:—

> "If this proposal is carried, it will practically shut out the musical profession as a whole . . . for they had not got the time to give two or three years to college when they ought to be earning their living and beginning to work at their profession."

And he added: "For these reasons I think the change is *decidedly harmful*."

The outcome of the efforts that I initiated was very satisfactory, for the Hebdomadal Council rejected the proposal.

Some years later the matter was again brought forward, but with many important differences, one of which was that candidates could observe the Statute concerning "residence" by attending for a prescribed period certain recognised colleges—in London and elsewhere. I did not feel inclined to oppose this, especially as, following the first Oxford proposal in 1898, the University of Durham had instituted musical examinations without residence, thus affording an opportunity for young musicians to take a degree. The original scheme would, however, have constituted a drastic change without any compensating advantages, and I am glad at having had so much to do with keeping it off the Statute book of Oxford.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gresham Professor—Fraternal Visit of London University to the University of Paris—Imperial College of Science: Laying Foundation Stone by H.M. The King—Royal Choral Society —Conductorship, and a Letter from Sir George Grove—Prout as a "Toucher-up"—Joseph Bennett and Mozart—Royal Philharmonic Concerts.

A SHORT time after the episode related in the last chapter, I was elected to fill the vacancy in the Gresham Professorship of Music. The circumstances are already described at page 147. A résumé of the origin of this Professorship, and a brief glance at my predecessors in the office, may here be opportune.

Sprung from the Greshams, of Gresham—a town in the hundred of North Erpingham, in Norfolk—Thomas Gresham, English merchant and ambassador, was first among the merchant princes of the 16th century. Also he was a scholar, trained under the auspices of the learned Dr. Caius, founder and sometime master of Caius College, Cambridge. We read of him that at the age of thirty "the polish of his manners had attained its perfection, and so noted was he for that trait—invaluable if we seek to get on in this world—that when the Court wished to make an impression on foreigners Thomas Gresham was ordered to receive and entertain them."

His first public honour was to be made "King's merchant" to the young King Edward VI.; and "My merchant" Queen Elizabeth called him, when she, the illustrious guest who should declare the grand edifice open, inaugurated Gresham's munificent gift to the City, the Royal Exchange.

Knighted by Elizabeth in 1559, he built a fine mansion in Bishopsgate, and probably settled down to the maturing of those plans by which, making the nation his heir, he created and bequeathed a trust vested in the Corporation of London and the Mercers' Company for the purpose of founding a College for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Provision was made for the accommodation of seven professors, suitably endowed with stipends, one of these being the Chair of Music.

The first of my predecessors in the Gresham professorship, and probably the most eminent, was Dr. John Bull. He was appointed in 1596 on the recommendation of Queen Elizabeth, and resigned on the occasion of his marriage. The explanation is found in the fact that under the foundation the Gresham professors enjoyed apartments in the College, an arrangement that continued till the reign of George III., when by special Act of Parliament it was set aside, and an augmented stipend took the place of this provision.

Surveying the list of occupants of the chair, it is curious to note their varying qualifications for the office. Thus we find that Thomas Clayton, who succeeded Bull in 1607, was a doctor of medicine. The Church supplied the next professor, in the person of the Rev. John Taverner, who entered upon his duties in 1610, to be followed, in 1638, by Richard Knight, who is described as a physician, whose successor, Sir William Petty (the progenitor of the noble family of Lansdowne), appointed in 1650, was also a doctor of medicine.

Petty was a remarkable man. Exhibiting extraordinary precocity from childhood—it was said of him that at twelve years old he could have worked at the trade of watchmaker, joiner, or smith—at an early age

he went to sea. We read that such was his proficiency in navigation that he excited the envy of his fellow seamen, and they put him ashore on the French coast, inhumanly deserting him with a broken leg. But his extremity proved a blessing in disguise, for he was able to establish himself in France, and, while earning a livelihood by teaching English and navigation, he rapidly acquired a brilliant knowledge of French and was able to enter as a student at the University of Caen. Later we hear of him being back at sea, this time in the Navy; then learning attracted him again, and he went to Utrecht and Amsterdam, thence to the University of Leyden, whence he migrated to Paris, where he formed an intimacy with Mersenne. Returning to England in 1646, he devoted himself to business and invention, striving to effect improvements in textile machinery. Also he found time to write a Treatise on Education, and to obtain the degree of Ph.D. at Oxford. He was one of the original members of the club which, under the patronage of Charles II., blossomed forth as the Royal Society. Pepys was a great admirer of Petty, as witness his remark, "But above all I do value Sir William Petty." In twice declining the honour of a peerage, Petty gave as his reason that he would "sooner be a farthing of intrinsic value than a brass half-crown, how gaudily soever it might be stamped and gilded." He was once challenged to fight a duel, but his opponent, Sir A. Brodrick, was made to see the absurdity of this mode of settling a difference when Petty, on account of his defective vision, stipulated for "axes, and a dark cellar."

Medicine may have been deemed a qualification for the office, for ten years later still another doctor and knight of the pestle followed in Sir Thomas Baynes, but we learn that he was removed from his professorship

by vote of the committee. The Church supplied the next two occupants in the persons of the Rev. John Newey and the Rev. Dr. R. Shippen, in 1696 and 1705 respectively, the latter being also Principal of Brasenose, Oxford. Then there was a reversion to medicine when, in 1710, Dr. Edward Shippen was appointed. Next the law was drawn upon, John Gordon, barrister, being elected in 1723; and in 1739 two names appear, Thomas Browne, Fellow of Trinity, and Charles Gardner, Browne apparently being disqualified by an equality of votes. Thomas Griffin, in 1762, an organ-builder, was followed by Theodore Aylward in 1791. Aylward was organist of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. An important name is that of R. J. S. Stevens, the prolific writer of glees and part-songs, who was elected in 1801. It was Stevens who, in 1832, when S. S. Wesley submitted his anthem, "The Wilderness," for the £5 Gresham Prize, in rejecting it said it was "all very well, but not Church music."

Stevens' choice of Shakespearean words for his glees was largely the outcome of his friendship with Mr. Birch, a pastrycook and confectioner of Cornhill. Birch was, I suppose, a good confectioner. He was also a great admirer of Shakespeare, and seems to have imbued Stevens with a like enthusiasm. Some interesting circumstances centre around Birch. The house that he lived in still stands, being the well-known and well-patronised establishment of Messrs. Ring & Brymer, who supply many of the City banquets. Birch entered municipal life, ultimately becoming Lord Mayor of London. There is a probability that a connection could be traced between his having held this dignity and Stevens' obtaining the Professorship, for, as Chairman of Gresham College, Birch would probably be able to wield some influence.

Edward Taylor, the first of the Victorian professors, was appointed in 1837, and in this choice it may be said that his electors compensated in a great measure for the errors of their predecessors. By profession he was a civil engineer, but this he abandoned in order to devote himself to music, the success he obtained as lecturer, adapter, translator, and musical critic justifying the step thus taken. From the outset he took a serious view of his responsibilities as Gresham Lecturer, and aimed at a general diffusion of knowledge which would interest and instruct the public. Prof. Taylor composed an Ode for the opening of the new College buildings in 1843. He was the first president of the Purcell Club, and the founder of the Musical Antiquarian Society.

Spohr visited Taylor, who had translated the "Crucifixion." He wished to hear an English glee, so Taylor invited to his house several of the Lay-Vicars and choristers of the Abbey, who sang a selection of glees for Spohr's entertainment, he in turn delighting the company with a performance on the violin.

My immediate predecessor, Henry Wylde, Mus. Doc., succeeded Prof. Taylor in 1863, and held the professorship for twenty-seven years. Two years before his appointment Wylde had been associated with the foundation of one of the principal teaching institutions in the Metropolis, the London Academy of Music, and for many years he conducted the annual concerts of the New Philharmonic Society. An enterprise launched at his own expense was the erection of St. George's Hall, which was opened in 1867. He was one of the jurors in the musical section at the Exhibition of 1851.

In the year 1905 I was elected a member of the Athenæum under Rule 2, which waives the necessity for a candidate's name being submitted to the ballot.

Mr. Otto Goldschmidt came down to me at the Cloisters, conveying the agreeable intelligence; he said that when he was elected under the same Rule, his wife remarked that she thought it was the greatest honour that could possibly have been done to him.

At page 195 reference is made to my appointment to the King Edward Chair of Music in the University of London. In May, 1907, the University paid a fraternal visit to the University of Paris, when, as a member of the Senate, I had the honour and pleasure of being one of the delegates. The occasion was made most delightful by our friends of the Université, who lavished upon us all their country's exquisite genius for gracious hospitality. We were a large party, including many ladies. The official proceedings began with a reception in the great hall of the Sorbonne, that ancient College dating from the days of Louis IX. (St. Louis), which later—in the 17th century—came to flourish so as even to challenge the supremacy of the Université itself. We were met by a body of representative professors, wearing the robes of their degrees, and welcomed on behalf of the French Government by M. Briand, and by M. Liard, who, as Vice-Rector, spoke in the name of the Université. Sir Edward Busk, Vice-Chancellor of the University of London, Sir William Collins, and others, made suitable replies. Other speakers followed, and the company adjourned to the Hôtel de Ville, to be entertained at *déjeuner* by the Municipalité of Paris. Numerous toasts and speeches —notably by M. Pichon and Sir Francis Bertie— attended this function, which was further enlivened by selections played by the band of the Municipal Guard.

We next visited Versailles, our hosts providing a special train from the Gare des Invalides. In the Trianon we heard a concert of ancient music, agreeably rendered in appropriate surroundings on a choice set

of old stringed and keyboard instruments. Returning to Paris we attended, along with a number of representatives of the University of Paris, a reception given by Sir Francis Bertie at the British Embassy. The following day there was a special train to Chantilly, and other functions agreeably arranged by our hosts, prominent among which were visits to the Université and other representative educational centres of Paris. The next day opened with a visit to the tomb of Louis Pasteur, and to the Institute founded by the great chemist and physicist, from the laboratories of which have flowed so many beneficent gifts to mankind. Prof. J. R. Bradford, in depositing a wreath on the tomb of Pasteur on behalf of the University of London, felicitously referred to the great honour of being the bearer of the homage and admiration felt by his University for Pasteur, and also to the cordial relations of Pasteur and our own Lister. In the afternoon of the same day, along with our French colleagues we were received by the President of the Republic and Madame Fallières at the Elysée. M. Fallières, in addressing those assembled, spoke happily of the great satisfaction that he had in being associated with such a gathering of representatives of two distinguished Universities such as those of Paris and London, and made graceful reference to the "courteous reception that His Majesty King Edward had extended to the Universities of France." We were entertained at a grand banquet at the Sorbonne in the evening, which was attended also by the British Ambassador and M. Briand. I had the pleasure of sitting beside Dr. Saint-Saëns, who, in spite of his years, bore himself with sparkling vivacity, and was one of the lions of the occasion. There were numerous toasts and speeches. The banquet fittingly concluded with a concert given in the Great Hall of the College, when,

under the direction of M. Gabriel Pierné, the fine Colonne Orchestra was heard in a well-chosen selection, and artists from the Opéra-Comique sang. A feature of the programme was some dances, charmingly presented by a troupe under the direction of M. Paul Vidal, comprising among other items a Gavotte of Lulli, a Rigaudon of Dardanus, and a Menuet of Handel. Dr. Saint-Saëns won much applause by his performance of his Fantasia for Pianoforte, "Africa," accompanied by the orchestra, and concluded the programme by conducting a brilliant interpretation of Berlioz's "Marche Hongroise." The medal of the University of Paris was conferred upon Dr. Saint-Saëns amid the prolonged applause of the audience.

We of the University of London dispersed with the feeling that our visit had indeed proved a great success. Ever in my mind are the pregnant words of M. Fallières, spoken at the Elysée, when he said that he was persuaded that such *rapprochements* between the representatives of learning of the two nations would further the happiness and peace of the world and enhance the prosperity and glory of the peoples. The world has seen vast and momentous changes—the passing of great empires, the spectacle of a stupendous drama whose end is not yet—since that speech was uttered at Paris twelve years ago. But its essential truth is unchanged, and is susceptible of a wider application.

A ceremonial attended with much éclat was that of the laying of the first stone of the new buildings of the Imperial College of Science and Technology, at South Kensington, by King Edward, who was accompanied by Queen Alexandra. This brilliant function took place in July, 1909. The proposed institution was close to my own University of London, and when my friend Dr. Henry T. Bovey, the Rector

of the new College, came and asked me to provide appropriate music to grace and assist the ceremony, I greatly appreciated being selected for this honour. Dr. Bovey was one of the many friends whom I had met in Canada, where at his charming residence he had entertained me with engaging kindness. His attainments had procured his nomination to the important post of Rector of this institution devoted to the most advanced training and research in science, especially in its relation to industry.

By permission of the Dean, the full choir of the Abbey was able to attend. I arranged a representative programme of glees, madrigals, and other part-music, which found much acceptance in performance. At the moment when His Majesty tapped and levelled the stone, and declared it to be "well and truly laid," I conducted the choir in a setting of Joseph Addison's magnificent hymn, "The spacious firmament on high," which I had specially composed for the occasion.

The College has well established its usefulness, and in the early days of the War period I believe rendered valuable aid to the country in assisting in research work that was inseparable from the establishment of those key-industries so essential to our national prosperity.

I preserve with considerable pleasure my recollection of the part allotted to me in the proceedings. Functions of this kind, and civic ceremonies, hold an attraction for me, hence, when Sir George Truscott—who was also Master of the Musicians' Company—became Lord Mayor of London, I welcomed the unusual experience of riding with other members of the Ancient Company in the historic pageant. Our raiment was meet for the occasion, comprising gowns and cocked hats, and we thought we looked very imposing. But at intervals, and during the

inevitable stoppages, we had to sustain the customary Cockaigners' chaff as best we might. A picture that I readily recall is of a portly dame somewhere in the East City, bearing scaly evidences of her occupation, smirking close to our carriage and saying with the most engaging familiarity, "I'm sorry me an' me 'usbun' can't dine with yer to-night 'cos we've got another hingagement." The bystanders were hugely delighted, while we pretended to take no notice—which no human being has ever yet succeeded in doing. Perhaps we only contrived to look annoyed.

It is a far cry from the Lord Mayor's procession to the Albert Hall; but so also is it from the Gresham Lectures to the University of London. From East to West—the course of the sun—is a transit with which I am familiar, and do not find at all difficult.

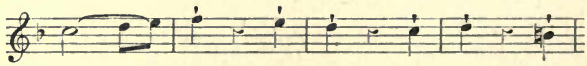
The Royal Choral Society had its inception in 1872, by the amalgamation of a choral body founded and conducted in 1871 by Charles Gounod, with Barnby's Choir. From this emerged the famous organization conducted for twenty-four years by Joseph Barnby. First under the name of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, and later, in 1888 (by command of Queen Victoria), of the Royal Choral Society, it maintained a high degree of choral technique and enjoyed a wide distinction for its consistently distinguished performances of classic choral works. The fine traditions that Barnby inspired have persisted after his death. Subtle nuances of interpretation and ethereal delicacy of vocal effects that are features of much modern choral writing are, however, impracticable in the vast auditorium of the Albert Hall, and with the huge forces employed. Hence in a measure the general adherence of the Society to those works in which the choral picture may be painted in bold, rich, moving

outline and mass. Since accepting the office of conductor in 1896 I venture to say that the programmes have been as varied as is possible having in view all the factors that have to be considered, and I think the progress of the Society would show that its patrons have been well satisfied with the standard of achievement maintained.

It is well known that for many years, as conductor of the Royal Choral Society, I have discarded altogether Mozart's additional accompaniments to "Messiah." I had always looked askance at these embellishments, and my objection to them was crystallized by the following letter from Sir George (then Mr.) Grove:—

"Lower Sydenham, S.E.,
"*September 19th*, 1896.

"DEAR BRIDGE,—I don't know if you have yet made out your Albert Hall programme, but wouldn't it be a very interesting thing to do the 'Messiah' with the original accompaniments? Mozart's additions, though lovely enough, are additions; and not always in keeping with the original score. Suppose that Wagner had been able to force on us his proposed additions to the score of the Scherzo of No. 9:—



wouldn't it be a very nice thing to hear it as B. wrote it?

"The proportion of wind to string in the orchestra was different in Handel's time from what it is now; but I believe that is no secret. Do think about it.

"I hope you are both quite well and have had plenty of fishing and 'other delights.'

"Yours always,
"G. GROVE."

To my mind, the gain in dispensing with these accompaniments is immense. The beautiful effects of the high trumpet parts in "Glory to God," omitted by Mozart; the charming scoring of the "Pastoral Symphony," with the divided strings, and without the wretched alteration of the first bar which is found in Mozart; the glorious high trumpet parts in the "Hallelujah Chorus," "Worthy is the Lamb," and "Amen Chorus," always compensate me for the loss of several really beautiful orchestral touches by Mozart.

That this reversion to Handelian purity has not detracted from the work as one to attract the public is proved by the fact that the receipts have regularly gone up during the last six or seven years. Some years ago it was considered very satisfactory to get a house of £500 or £600. This year (1918) "Messiah" attracted to one performance little short of £1,000.

My old friend Prout had no misgivings concerning "improvements," his energies and attainments finding an outlet in providing embellishments for several of Handel's oratorios—notably "Samson," for the Leeds festival of 1880—even Bach has not escaped, as witness the Professor's words adapted to the "48."

Prout's zeal for musico-editorial touching-up brought forth an amusing cartoon by Charles Lyall, in which Prout, with a huge brush,* is depicted "a-touching-up the old un'," the "old un'" being a suggestion of the Handel monument in the Abbey. Another old friend of mine, Joseph Bennett, is shown, clothed in the majesty of the law, and adjuring the "toucher-up" to move on.

Bennett, writing in the *Musical Herald* of February, 1899, in referring to one of my Gresham lectures in

* Dipped in "Franz's patent" (Franz's "touchings-up" of Bach and Handel are well known).

which it was proposed to deal with the subject of additional accompaniments, said that probably I would "show that Mozart was guilty of other things than so treating the unisons of 'The people that walked in darkness' as entirely to counteract the composer's purpose. Handel set forth the idea of groping

POLICEMAN J. B.—"Hullo! What are yer up to?"
E. P.—"A-touching-up the old un.'"
POLICEMAN J. B.—"Yer mus'n't touch the moniments. Move on!"

about in the dark; Mozart lit up the scene with a radiance of harmony which, though exceedingly beautiful, is entirely out of place and subversive."

Whatever may be said for the heresy which finds adherents, that Handel diverted or dammed-up the

springs of purely English music, it must I think be recognised that the mighty Saxon had the mental acuity to perceive, and the genius to stimulate, the latent potentialities of our countrymen for choral performance. His oratorios must have been inbreathed with the very breath of life to have gained their overshadowing ascendency which even now is hardly challenged, while the majesty of some of his conceptions, and the sure instinct of the nation in turning to them for solace or jubilation in the great hours of its history, presage a life for the master's works that shall survive the lure of "additional accompaniments" or the meretricious glamour of "readings."

Arising out of these Handelian references, it is interesting to recall that Handel was at one time closely identified with Vauxhall Gardens, the famous and fashionable resort—though not in its later days—that existed till 1859. A rare print in my possession gives a view of the Gardens which is interesting as showing Roubiliac's fine monument to Handel erected there. This valuable artistic and historical relic was acquired by the Sacred Harmonic Society, and afterwards was purchased by the late Mr. Henry Littleton. It is now in the entrance hall of Messrs. Novello's premises in Wardour Street. The sculptor has represented the Master playing upon a lyre. Dignified in conception and admirable in execution, this statue has always seemed to me to be superior to the Abbey monument. Roubiliac's other statues, in the Abbey and elsewhere—the Duke of Argyll, Sir Isaac Newton, &c. —are well known.

Probably the most striking portrait of Handel is, I venture to suggest, a small bust by the celebrated Staffordshire potter, Ralph Wood. A contemporary of Handel, he may have modelled the bust from life.

I am the fortunate possessor of one of Wood's busts, presented to me by my father-in-law, Mr. Reginald N. Wood, of Bignall End, Staffs, who is a direct descendant of Ralph Wood.

In my early years in London I was a regular attendant at the concerts of the (now Royal) Philharmonic Society. Cusins was then the conductor, and I always thought that he did his work well. Among my very clear recollections are some hot disputes over the merits of the "Meistersinger" Overture when it was first played. I became a Director of the Society in 1882 (in the same year that I was elected a member). At that time it was not very flourishing financially, being really rather difficult to carry on. I worked hard in helping to maintain the status and influence of the old Society. Particularly active co-workers in those years were Charles Gardner, C. E. Stephens, Francesco Berger, and W. H. Cummings. It is good to see how this historic institution and link with the past has survived, especially the precarious War period so recently passed. I hope that it will flourish with increased vigour for many decades to come.

Sir Julius Benedict was a fellow-director with me when I was elected. He was extremely pleasant and amiable, being particularly good to me when, quite inadvertently, I permitted myself to be responsible for a breach of a nice point of procedure that was protected by rule. My friend Maas was singing at one of the Society's concerts, and elected to perform a scena from my cantata "Boadicea." No objection was raised, nor was anything said to me till after the concert, when, at a Directors' meeting, the matter was brought up—somewhat needlessly, I thought—by one present, as a breach of order. It then appeared that there was a rule—I suppose a very good one—that

the Directors should not have their own works performed. I had neither known nor suspected the existence of this rule. Sir Julius came to the rescue, and, suave, reasonable and conciliatory, brushed the matter aside.

Maas in borrowed clothes. By Charles Lyall.

Maas's concert experiences were rich in adventures. The outcome of my friend's generously conceived inadvertence was a storm in a teacup which beat around me. He could describe with great humour and

delightful mimetic embroideries my consternation in the matter, with which really I had nothing to do; but also he could describe an incident that took place on one of his many provincial engagements that told against himself. Upon arriving at the scene of a concert he found that he had lost the bag containing his evening clothes, and there was nothing for it but to borrow a dress suit and etceteras from the landlord and waiters. Thus, from divers sources, he assembled a coat of generous length in the tails, and a pair of trousers that, when he donned them, proved to be what is commonly called "baggy." Now Maas was rather particular concerning his clothes, and, nature having decreed for him a sturdy habit, he had decreed for himself always to be well tailored. How ruefully he surveyed those trousers, creased like concertina bellows! The great difficulty, however, was the waistcoat. None could be found to fit him—at all events, no waistcoat for evening wear—till at last the landlord remembered a wonderful garment (he was a stout man, the landlord) garnished with an aggressive array of huge red-coral buttons, and in this thing Maas had to appear. Charles Lyall, who was a friend of Maas', made a sketch that delightfully seized the points of this remarkable rig out.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Renewed Acquaintance with Maas—An Operatic Effect that Miscarried—A Light Opera that was Lost to the World—Co-Director in an Opera Company—Ganz as Entrepreneur—Fortuitous Intervention of a Sidesman—A Ludicrous Faust.

My renewed acquaintance with Maas began some little time before the incident at the Philharmonic concert previously referred to. For several years our paths had taken different directions, and I had not heard from him, till one day he suddenly accosted me at the organ-loft door at Westminster. It need not be said that our meeting was very cordial—and then we fell to mutual admiration: I at his having become first tenor in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, he at my being chief-musician of the Abbey. Momentarily the years had slipped away, and we were boys again.

It is recorded of Whistler—that magician in tonal harmonies whose appeal is through the eye—that he would at times pause before his own imaginative works, and ejaculate "amazing." With less justification for such whimsical self-criticism, I could at times find it in me similarly to appraise some of my own undertakings and achievements. For my meeting with Maas was indirectly to react upon my life in a rather remarkable fashion.

For a few months I saw much of him. He came to the Abbey at his own suggestion, and with the complete approval of the Dean (he was *persona gratâ* with the choir) took part in the memorial service to General Gordon, when (as already recorded) he sang with movingly beautiful effect, "Be thou faithful unto Death."

I often went to see him at the Opera. He was not a great actor, his *forte* laying in his vocalisation and interpretative powers. These, when employed with Maas' resourcefulness, gave me more artistic pleasure than many of the foreign operatic stars, who, I am persuaded, were (perhaps still are) often better actors than singers.

Maas was particularly effective in Wagner's "Rienzi," which was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1879. He had an amusing story to tell, and he told it well, of his failure to make just the effect that he had desired as the hero in this opera. There is a scene in which Rienzi, clad in full armour and mounted on his charger, sings exultantly :—

> Romans, arise, ye bold and dauntless nation . . .
> Brandish your swords, their impious blood be shed!

while the assembled warriors beat a martial rhythm in ringing clangour with sword on shield. Such is the scene, and it was Maas' ambition to make it as effective as possible by procuring a "fine tall animal" to bestride in the panoply described, and so ensure a noble spectacle.

He betook himself to Astley's Circus, and interviewed the manager, who was sympathetic, saying he thought something could be arranged. Maas was careful to explain that it was very important that the horse should be quiet, and would not bolt—either into the orchestra or into the wings—at the sound of the clashing swords. He left, with the understanding that he was to return in a few days.

Making his way back, after the desired interval, Maas was surprised as he entered the Circus to hear an extraordinary series of noises—shouting, as though some one was trying to sing, and a harsh clatter of blows—proceeding from the stable. There

he found a horse tied up, and on either side of the animal an ostler each singing at the top of his voice—not exactly operatic songs!—and belabouring at the same time, with a stout stick, a suspended iron bucket. Maas with some difficulty stopped the din, and then inquired, "What on earth are you doing?" To which they replied, "That's all right, Sir, we're giving him a rehearsal"; and one of the men continued, "He don't mind it a bit! And what's more, he's that clever; if you just give the rein a twitch, like so [illustrating the twitch], he will lie down and get up again—quiet as a lamb!" And sure enough, before Maas's wondering eyes, the beast salaamed with equine solemnity.

This was too much for Maas. The idea of giving the rein even an involuntary twitch, while reaching a high note, and introducing into the midst of his song the undulating motion that he had just seen, caused him there and then to abandon the idea of the circus steed. He had to content himself with the staid old hack which had long sustained such rôles in the Company.

Maas was a man of many enthusiasms, and these were of an infectious kind. He was able to impart some of his zeal to me, being very anxious that I should try my hand at writing a light opera. Mr. Carl Rosa was quite willing to give me a chance. I too was willing, but just then had no libretto, and at the moment had in hand work for various Festivals. For the time being I put the idea aside; yet it was always latent, for some years afterwards—Maas and Carl Rosa had then passed away—I became for a short period a Director of the Carl Rosa Company. This undertaking was assumed at the special request of a friend (one of my great friends in Manchester), Mr. Freemantle, the well-known critic of the *Manchester Guardian*, who was

himself a Director of the Company. But I think his persuasion was successful only because it fanned the embers kindled long before.

However that may be, there I was, a co-Director in a well-known and popular Opera Company. "Amazing!" On the Board, at the same time, was Wilhelm Ganz, with whom I became very intimate. In matters connected with opera-singers and opera generally, Ganz's special knowledge and experience were unassailable. I formed a high opinion of his judgment, and always thought it to be good and honest. It is true that he tried to persuade me to embark on an operatic career, and actually furnished a libretto. I even wrote several numbers; but after a time found it impossible to combine this pursuit with my many other avocations. It became necessary to relinquish the work, and shortly afterwards also my Directorship. So my operatic masterpiece was lost to the world.

If Ganz's special knowledge would have seemed to err in my own case, I am not disposed on that account to vary the opinion of his judgment which I have expressed. Whatever his sagacity, however, in his own special line, his enthusiasm occasionally carried him out of his depth, when he found himself directing operatic forces in a terrain which he had not surveyed. He was much employed in furnishing operatic artists for society functions, and on one occasion undertook the direction of a company of opera-singers (Italian tenors and the like) for an important wedding in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Ganz's troupe were much impressed, after their manner, with the renown that would attach to the ceremony from their presence, and proposed to give a sort of sacred concert in the church before the service. Archdeacon Farrar (the rector) had apparently not been notified concerning these extraordinary proceedings. A young sidesman,

however, got wind of them, and went to see what was afoot. He was a friend of mine, and told me all about it. When he arrived the arrangements were well advanced for conducting the rehearsal. The singers were there, and the instrumentalists, very prominent among whom was a harpist; and of course they proposed to employ the organ. Determined upon making a gorgeous effect, they were taking up commanding positions in the chancel, and my friend the sidesman was horrified to find the principal tenor standing at the North side of the altar, where he pompously announced, "Me will sing *heah*"! Striding up to him the sidesman quietly but forcibly said, "That you certainly won't," and at once a bombshell was dropped into the preparations. Had the incident occurred elsewhere than in a church, the excitement might have run high. Even as it was, my friend's difficulty was exceedingly great in dealing with these warring stars and the fashionable company present. He had to threaten to send for the Archdeacon, and in fact did so, but not before a very great lady (the mother of the bride, he supposed) had said certain things to him in a way that only great ladies can. However, Archdeacon Farrar arrived, and with quiet authority settled the matter properly. The troupe, and the harp, and the company with all kinds of music, were hidden away near the organ, much to the relief of poor Ganz, who, himself quite reasonable directly the nature of the sidesman's objections was explained to him, dreaded the effect upon the very touchy team he was driving. He told me afterwards that he would rather direct fifty operas than one wedding. I pointed out that evidently he knew more about operas and theatres than he did about weddings and churches, and suggested that in future he should leave these with me. Ganz genially conceded that I was right.

To return to Maas. A story concerning a well-known actor of his day, George P——, was told to me by my friend. As I have said, Maas could enjoy turning the laugh against himself, but also he was swift to see the ludicrous where others were concerned. Yet he was a lovable soul, and set nothing down in malice.

P—— was taking the title-rôle in Gounod's "Faust." The contretemps to be related occurred at the moment when the actor's beard and stage-wig are whisked away down a trap-door, and, relieved of the trappings of senility, the young and joyous Faust steps forward into the limelight in the bloom and beauty of youth. The opera had pursued its wonted course up to this point, P—— had placed himself in position near the trap-door, and the super who worked the change awaited his cue. It came. His hand shot out, but he grabbed more than was prescribed, for lo! there stood revealed a perfectly bald Faust, lacking even a tonsure. The zealous super had dragged away the actor's own private wig along with the hirsute property guise. P—— realised the situation in a flash, and swiftly reclaimed his wig from the disappearing hand of the super. But the audience had seen, and, as audiences always relish unrehearsed effects, it roared, and rocked itself with delight even after P—— had replaced his locks and resumed his impressive part. He got through it, but he was disconcerted, and furious. The cause for such sustained merriment seemed to him insufficient; but he learned the reason when, leaving the stage, he sought a mirror. In his agitation he had replaced his wig the wrong way round. If the actor was furious before, he was now mad with rage, and his wrath demanded the chastisement of the "—— super," the cause of his mortification. Like Saul of Tarsus he was yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter, when

the super appeared—a huge man of brawn and muscle, in his shirt-sleeves and apron, just come from his work. "Hullo, Mr. P——," cried he, "do you want me?" P—— was a small man. His bellicose intentions vanished with the rapidity of his wig not many minutes before. Looking his opponent up and down for a second, he gasped out, "Yes, sir; d——n you, sir!" and ran.

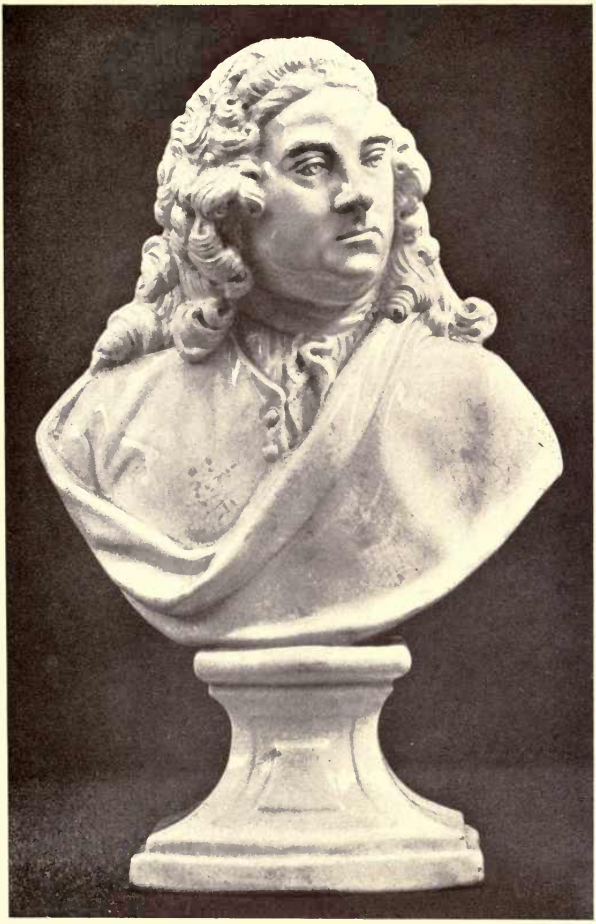
CHAPTER XXV.

The Musical Association—Re-opening of Manchester Cathedral Organ—Career and Death of Malibran—Manuel Garcia: Centenary Banquet and Honours.

It is interesting to reflect, as I look back, that nearly the whole of the educational and examining bodies in music now existing in the Metropolis have been established in my lifetime. The same may be said of the one learned Society entirely devoted to music, which was founded in 1874.

The Musical Association was the outcome of suggestions put forward by Sir John Stainer and Sir Frederick Ouseley for the formation of a Society whose object should be "the investigation and discussion of subjects connected with the art and science of music." These objects have been kept constantly in view during the forty-four years of the existence of the Association.

I was one of the original members, and after coming to reside in London attended its meetings regularly. Those meetings in the early days of the Association I recall with lively interest. The papers read were really excellent—a standard that has been well maintained—and the discussions that followed were sometimes even better than the papers. It is trite to say, as we all do at times, as we grow older, "there were giants in those days," yet now and then it occurs to me that many of those old disputants have not been replaced. Famous among them was Sir George Macfarren, to hear whose comments on a paper that



Contemporary Bust of Handel,
Modelled by Ralph Wood, Burslem, Staffs.

had been read was an intellectual treat. He displayed extraordinary facility in choice of language, and revealed remarkable powers of analytical reasoning. Stainer, too, was very prominent and popular, contributing an excellent series of valuable papers extending over seven volumes of the "Proceedings," while Prof. Adams, F.R.S., D. J. Blaikley, William Chappell, Cummings, Curwen, Grove, Higgs, Hullah, Osborne, Ouseley, Prout, Salaman, Southgate, Turpin, among others, are names that leap to the mind.

Charles Salaman was the first secretary, having also collaborated with Ouseley and Stainer in the inauguration of the Society. He was a delightful personality, without a spark of ill-nature and brimful of enthusiasm. My old friend G. A. Osborne was one of the first members of the Council. Some of the earlier volumes of the Association's "Proceedings" will shortly be numbered among rare prints. The members have done me the honour to elect me, for a time, to the office of President, left vacant by the regretted death of Sir Hubert Parry. The meetings have found many venues: at the old Beethoven Rooms, in Harley Street, at the Royal Academy of Music, at the Royal College of Organists, at Messrs. Broadwoods', and now at the Novello Hall, Wardour Street. The Association was incorporated in 1904.

In the midst of many preoccupations I found time now and then for what I may call professional relaxation. A matter which came very near to my heart was to learn of the projected rebuilding of my old organ at Manchester, and in following the reconstruction I noted its many points of improvement with much satisfaction. It was like stepping back across the decades into the years of my young manhood when, in December, 1910, responding to the

invitation of Bishop Welldon and Mr. Nicholson, I journeyed to Manchester to collaborate with Dr. Kendrick Pyne in the opening ceremony of what was in fact a new instrument. Dr. Pyne had resigned the organistship of the Cathedral in 1908. It was a graceful act on the part of the Dean and Chapter thus to remember their former chief-musicians, and bring them back to the scene of many happy memories to assist in so momentous an event. We greatly appreciated the honour thus conferred.

I venture to append some excerpts from an account of the proceedings, written by Mr. Filson Young, an accomplished litterateur and cultured musician, which appeared at the time in the *Manchester Guardian*. Speaking of Dr. Pyne and myself, he said :—

> "They both looked astonishingly young—which is also remarkable; one does not expect anyone to look young who has continued to do any one thing for five-and-thirty years . . . But the playing of both of them was a reminder that experience does not necessarily spell incapacity . . ."

And he continued :—

> "It says not a little for Sir Frederick that amid the many duties of his public musical life in London he has retained the executive skill necessary for a performance like this; for technique is nowadays a much more formidable thing than it was in his young days, and it would have been no discredit to him had he chosen to rest on his laurels and not to compete with the younger school. But his playing yesterday was a reminder to younger organists that they are not likely to have things their own way for a long time. He came to Manchester, indeed, not to exhibit his playing, but, one likes to think, out of love for the old place and the old building—and no one would have felt the occasion to be complete without him. It is all the more gratifying then to be able to praise his performance, which was particularly good in the Larghetto of Wesley and the Choral Fugue of Merkel; it was delightful to see him and hear him in his old place, where his many friends in Manchester will hope to see and hear him again, and to wish him many more happy years of service in Westminster Abbey."

The writer went on to speak in most gratifying terms of the performances of Dr. Pyne, referring to his "direct inheritance of the Wesley tradition."

Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson also took part in this re-opening ceremony. The work of renovation and addition was carried out by Messrs. Hill, the builders of the organ erected in 1872 by the generosity of Sir William Houldsworth, to which I have already referred.

For the illustration on another leaf I am indebted to the kind thought of Mr. Nicholson. If the members of this group of ex-organists of Manchester cannot be said to represent a sonata in being, at all events they combine three "movements." The first was executed by myself, when I left Manchester for the Abbey; the second by Dr. Kendrick Pyne, who retired in 1908, and the third in his turn by Mr. Nicholson, the successor of Dr. Pyne, when he followed me to Westminster. In 1911 Dr. Pyne was made an "Officier d'Académie de France." Articled to S. S. Wesley, at Winchester, he retains many pleasant recollections of his distinguished master.

In the midst of this ceremonial visit to the scene of so many treasured associations, in pensive mood I permitted myself to indulge for a brief hour the luxury of retrospection, tasting those twin ecstasies pleasure and pain. In my perambulations, pausing now here, now there, it was borne in upon me, as indeed so often before, that nowhere in this sanctuary was there a memorial to record that within its walls rested for a while the remains of Maria Felicità Malibran. As will presently be shown, I have a more intimate prompting in this connection than the natural regret of a musician at this neglect. Malibran made her début in opera in London on June 7, 1825, playing Rosina in Rossini's "Il Barbière." Thereafter

she was to be one of the queens of song, and literally carried the musical world by storm. She died, in her twenty-eighth year, while fulfilling an engagement at the Manchester Festival of 1836, when, for the last time in sacred music, and with undiminished artistry, her glorious voice was heard in the Cathedral in "Sing ye to the Lord," from Handel's "Israel in Egypt."

She was buried in the Cathedral, and three months afterwards was disinterred and conveyed to Laeken in Belgium.

Upwards of thirty years after Malibran's death, upon starting my work at Manchester I was so fortunate as to have the advice and assistance of Manuel Garcia, her brother. I had been told that it would be well to get some authoritative hints on voice-production, as such knowledge might be useful to me with a view to pupils in my new surroundings. Through the introduction of an old pupil of his whom I knew at Windsor, I called upon Garcia in London, and explained my wants. He was very kind, and placed himself entirely at my disposal, imparting his own special knowledge and practical insight into the technique of singing, acquired in a life's study, without reservation. And he refused to take a fee. After many years I renewed his acquaintance at the Abbey, and hold his memory in great reverence. I had the pleasure of directing the theoretical studies of his young daughter, Miss Paula Garcia, at the Royal College of Music. Afterwards she proceeded to the degree of Mus. Bac. of the University of London. It is pleasant to recall Miss Garcia's wedding, at a delightful spot in Kent, which I attended as one of a large company of guests, having also the gratification of contributing some musical items to the happy occasion.

Garcia delighted in the music at the Abbey, and would come frequently to hear me play. On one occasion, when he was little short of a hundred years of age, he came to one of our Carol Services, afterwards writing me the following letter :—

"Mon Abri,
"Cricklewood.

"DEAR SIR FREDERICK,—We have to thank you for a most delightful afternoon. The Carol Service was perfect. What beautiful voices the boys have who sang the solos—round, clear, *steady*, and true! Heard in the semi-darkness of the Abbey, those voices had an exquisite effect, and they are all as well trained as they are beautiful.

"Please give my kind regards to Lady Bridge and thank her for her hospitality. With best wishes to you both, "Believe me,

"Yours very sincerely,
"MANUEL GARCIA."

I value very highly this testimony to my method of training the boys in the Abbey choir.

Garcia celebrated his hundredth birthday on March 17th, 1905, the event acquiring significance by a reception held in his honour at the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society in Hanover Square, the proceedings being directed by Sir Felix Semon, who stated that it gave him very great pleasure to be able to announce that the King had that morning, at Buckingham Palace, made Manuel Garcia the recipient of the Commandership of the Royal Victorian Order. Many representatives of the arts and sciences were present, Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Charles Santley, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Walter Macfarren, Alberto Randegger, along with others, including myself,

attended on behalf of music. A banquet followed the reception, at which the King was represented by Lord Suffield. At this function the hero of the evening, besides hearing many speeches made in his honour, was handed the following telegram from the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour:—"I send heartiest congratulations."

Garcia was born at Madrid in 1805. He died at his residence in London in 1906.

It is curious to reflect that one has been intimate with a man whose lifetime had seen the birth, development, and death of Mendelssohn, Chopin, Schumann, Verdi, Wagner, and Brahms; whose father was that celebrated tenor for whom Rossini wrote the part of Almaviva in "Le Barbière di Siviglia"; who might have known Beethoven, and who certainly had heard his sister (Malibran) in opera in some of her most magnificent interpretations.* His fame rests not so much on his success as a voice-trainer (Jenny Lind was a pupil of his in 1841) as upon his scientific attainments and his invention of the laryngoscope. Huxley is convincing in his estimate of the value of this instrument; Sir Felix Semon said of it that "about three per cent. of all human beings have reason to bless the name of Manuel Garcia."

Like many other musicians, *e.g.*, Sir Walter Parratt, Garcia was an enthusiastic chess-player. Doyle made a spirited sketch of Charles Hallé and Garcia absorbed in a game (*see* Illus.).

In spite of his great age, he preserved a striking elasticity and nimbleness of movement. On one occasion when he came to see me at the Abbey he stumbled and nearly fell in descending the steps from the Nave into the Cloisters, but recovered himself with

*Yet I have drawn near to a remoter horizon, peopled with some national musical worthies, as I shall presently show when speaking of one of my predecessors at Westminster.

rare agility. The mishap might have proved dangerous to a younger man! In congratulating him upon his alertness, I recounted a story told to me by Turle, who had once seen a bishop in full episcopal habit and wig complete, fall headlong down a similar flight of steps at the other end of the Cloisters.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Résumé of Canadian Journey—The Scotch Element in Canada—Canadian Musicians: the Cathedral Tradition—Dr. Charles Harriss—Ottawa and its Historic Associations—Colours of Canadian Regiments at the Abbey—Anniversary of Confederation of Canada.

GLANCING back at my Canadian journey, to which I have already made reference (*see* page 216), an embarrassment emerges, if indeed such it can be called, for I was in the position of one who came nigh to being crushed under an avalanche of hospitality. What I have in mind are the invitations to luncheon lavished upon me by the Canadian Clubs. These social bodies appear to exist in every place claiming to be called a town, and are a curious institution. It seemed to me that the members rushed out of their offices and places of business to meet at one o'clock for a simple lunch. Then, if a traveller came along, they secured him and made him welcome; and if he were a traveller of note,—well, then they welcomed him again, and endeavoured also to get him to speak. As they were always practising this endeavour upon me, I suppose I was bracketed in the latter category. These functions as I saw them invariably concluded with the National Anthem, a matter which always pleased and surprised me, as in pre-War days we English seemed afraid to sing our national hymn at any large gathering. All was over in an hour—a crowded hour—and off the members rushed again to their various offices.

When one had been travelling long distances, with the obligation of lecturing and playing an organ solo or two, it became real hard work to take part in such events, and very often I put up some sort of strategy and tried to escape. But it was very difficult to rebuff the abounding cordiality that so evidently prompted their desire to secure me as a guest. At one place—I think it was Moose Jaw—I had been persuaded to accept one of these Club luncheons, and as there seemed to be time had gone for a run of some miles over the prairie in a motor to see an Indian encampment. I was due back at one o'clock. On the return journey the motor got bogged, and we had to leave it and walk some distance. Then my guide went into a house and telephoned to the Club. Returning, he told me they were sending a "rig" for us. When it arrived it proved to be a curious "machine"—as they say in Scotland—very light, and uncomfortable to travel in. But getting up, off we went at a fearful pace. I made sure we should be killed. The wheels banged and leaped on the hard ground, for there was no road. Once the horse went down in crossing a railway track. Scrambling up instantly, however, off he went again at the same furious speed.

We reached the Club rather late, to find a large gathering assembled. My reception was indeed warm. In making a speech, I detailed a few of my experiences not only on that day in the "rig," but on other days. One point, I remember, particularly amused them. I said I found so many things very different from the old country. For instance, that morning I was lying comfortably in bed when a telephone bell in my room rang violently. Jumping up, I went to the instrument, thinking perhaps there was a fire. "Eight o'clock, Sir," said a voice. "I know it is, you ass," I replied, and went back to bed again. "Now," said I,

"in England I am called by a servant who enters quietly, and if I don't want to get up I needn't." And so I went on with various matters, making a fairly long speech. It seemed to please them—in fact, I heard of its effect during the afternoon. A friend of mine went into a bank, and the manager was at the telephone, evidently describing my speech. Said he, "You should have been there, he was great: and talked longer and better *about nothing* than anyone I ever heard!" I felt rather complimented at hearing this, and certainly that speech made an impression, for my next lecture was attended by a tremendous crowd and the receipts were greater than on any other occasion.

The Scotch element is very strong in many parts of Canada, and particularly along the route of the Canadian-Pacific Railway. In these flourishing communities it is not surprising that the best churches and the best organs are found as a rule to belong to Presbyterian bodies, and not to the Church of England. To me it was a matter for regret to learn that such was the case. I met many excellent clergy of the English Communion, but could not help feeling that their condition was not what it might have been, and that the Church of England did not flourish here as by its great traditions it should have done. That was the impression that I received, although it is possible it may have been wrong, and indeed I hope it was.

There are some very excellent and enthusiastic musicians among the organists of Canada. I made it a point always if I could to meet them, and was anxious that our own Royal College of Organists should extend its ambit and make its great influence felt in the Dominion. There was, I found, a great desire among the best Canadians that this should be

so. But my report to the Royal College was not favourably received, no action being taken. Yet some good came out of my efforts, for a flourishing Guild of Organists is now established in Canada, and its propaganda cannot fail to improve matters very much. The selection of our Cathedral music which was performed at my various lectures created great interest among organists and choirmasters. Some of the pieces (*e.g.*, by Dering and Wesley) were quite unknown to them. I have reason to believe that my visit opened a door to many of my listeners by which they entered into the rich and wonderful storehouse of the Cathedral music of the Church of England, and perceived its manifold beauties. By so much may I claim to have benefited the cause that lay so near my heart when embarking on my arduous tour.

If thus I may have sown some seed which in due time should come to fruition, the soil had already been tilled in certain areas by at least one ardent enthusiast. I refer to my friend Dr. Charles Harriss.

Dr. Harriss imbibed the Cathedral tradition at an early age as a chorister at St. Michael's College, Tenbury, under Sir Frederick Ouseley. Proceeding to Canada as a young man, he has consistently upheld this essentially English aspect of noble and inspiring music. He has lived strenuous days, his propaganda work so aptly named by him " musical reciprocity " having taken him on some world tours with bodies of highly-trained choralists, who have achieved great success. It is with very great pleasure that I record the cordiality and goodwill that he and Mrs. Harriss extended to me, entertaining me right royally at their beautiful home, " Earnscliffe," at Ottawa. This house, once the residence of Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, is, strangely enough, the place where Dr. Harriss stayed as a guest of Sir John on the first

visit that he paid to Ottawa. I recall that in 1891 we held a Memorial Service in the Abbey for this distinguished Colonial statesman. I treasure the memory of my stay at "Earnscliffe," and of the number of delightful people whom I met there.

While at Ottawa I embraced the opportunity of visiting the spot where Wolfe fell, and the scene of the capture of the Heights of Abraham. Thus was I able to appreciate how faithfully the picture has been chiselled by the artist who carved the Wolfe monument erected in Westminster Abbey.

As I stood on the historic spot, and mentally recalled the proud monument at home, I had no prevision of the solemnities centreing around the classic victory and its memorial in which I should ere many years be an actor. I refer to the regimental colours of those grand Dominion soldiers that were fittingly deposited in the keeping of Westminster Abbey, draping the "symbol of Canadian Liberty"—as Wolfe's monument has not inaptly been called—while the regiments were at the Front. Frequently I played at these ceremonies, and when the colours were reclaimed. Alas! in many cases the officers who deposited them returned not to claim them again. Their young, ardent lives had been laid down—and gloriously laid down—for the liberty of the world.

Here it is meet to refer to the great Canadian festival held in the Abbey in 1917, in the midst of the War. On July 22nd of that year there was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the Confederation of Canada, and occasion was taken to include in the commemoration a solemn memorial in honour of the sons of the Dominion fallen in the War. Their Majesties The King and Queen attended, the high officers of State and numerous dignitaries at home and from our Colonial Empire were present, while the

great building was thronged with a huge congregation, conspicuous being many of the stalwart men whom Canada had splendidly lavished to stand with the liberal peoples in safeguarding civilization.

The proceedings were throughout infused with a noble dignity and simplicity. "O Canada," the opening hymn, was sung with great fervour, the organ being supplemented by a fine band belonging to one of the Canadian regiments. Parry's Coronation anthem, "I was glad when they said unto me" preceded the Commemoration and the ascription of Honour to the fallen, recited by the Dean. The latter concluded with some moving sentences that surely merit quotation :—

> "Not in vain, not forgotten, not unhonoured, have they laid down their lives. Ypres, Vimy Ridge, and a hundred other fights have crowned with imperishable splendour the glory of Canadian nationhood."

So in splendour and majesty the service moved to its appointed end. An innovation which might have been startling in the old decorous days that now seem so long ago, was the singing of "The Maple Leaf" before the National Anthem. But its inclusion gave great pleasure to the Canadians present, and sung—as also was the opening hymn—by the great congregation, accompanied by band and organ, the effect was superb. Those who were privileged to be present brought away an imperishable memory.

The service book was embellished with the armorial bearings of the Dominion of Canada. Only those conversant with the science of heraldry and its quaint verbiage could adequately describe the original. But I recognised one of the "animate charges," as I believe they are called, from his lively resemblance to the salmon that we take out of the Deveron.

CHAPTER XXVII.

An Early Canadian Friend—Madame Albani and Queen Victoria—Oratorio "The Repentance of Nineveh"—Norwich Festival and "Morte d'Arthur"—An Incident in the Highlands—"A Pretty Trio"—Randegger and the Coronation Choir—Jubilee of Cambridge University Musical Society—Tchaikovsky and Saint-Saëns—Grieg at a Philharmonic Concert.

I HAVE spoken of the many Canadian friends whose acquaintance I made in the summer of 1908; yet my earliest Canadian friend was that supreme artist, Madame Albani. To her I have been indebted on many occasions for beautiful interpretations of my music performed at the different Festivals in those spacious days when such music-makings were thought worth while. She always took the most extreme pains to realise the intentions that had animated my compositions, and invariably succeeded in conveying to me that she made no difference between her attitude towards my humble efforts and those of much greater men.

In 1890 my dramatic oratorio "The Repentance of Nineveh" was produced at the Worcester Triennial Festival, my gracious friend singing the principal solos. She was much struck by an Aria, "Hear ye and give ear," and later very kindly and entirely spontaneously brought my composition to the notice of Queen Victoria. I append some extracts from a letter that she wrote to me from Braemar, where she was staying, in September of the same year:—

"DEAR DR. BRIDGE,—Soon after my return from Worcester, Her Majesty The Queen honoured me with a visit, and over tea I took the opportunity of

speaking of our grand Festival, and of your work. She seemed much interested in it all, and I asked her permission to sing the air, 'Hear ye and give ear,' the next time I went to Balmoral . . . I could not go until yesterday. I sang it, and it seemed to make as good an impression in the drawing-room as it did in the Cathedral; and the Queen was much pleased, and said it was 'very clear and very fine.' Princess Beatrice also thought it 'very fine' . . . I think it had a great success, and you can be well pleased.

"It struck me yesterday that I might sing the air at some of the orchestral concerts in which I take part this Autumn—at Bradford, and Manchester with the Hallé Orchestra. If you have no objection, you could have the Scena begin with the orchestra alone, at the *Allegro con ira*. In that case would you have the parts copied so that I might have them early in November . . . ?"

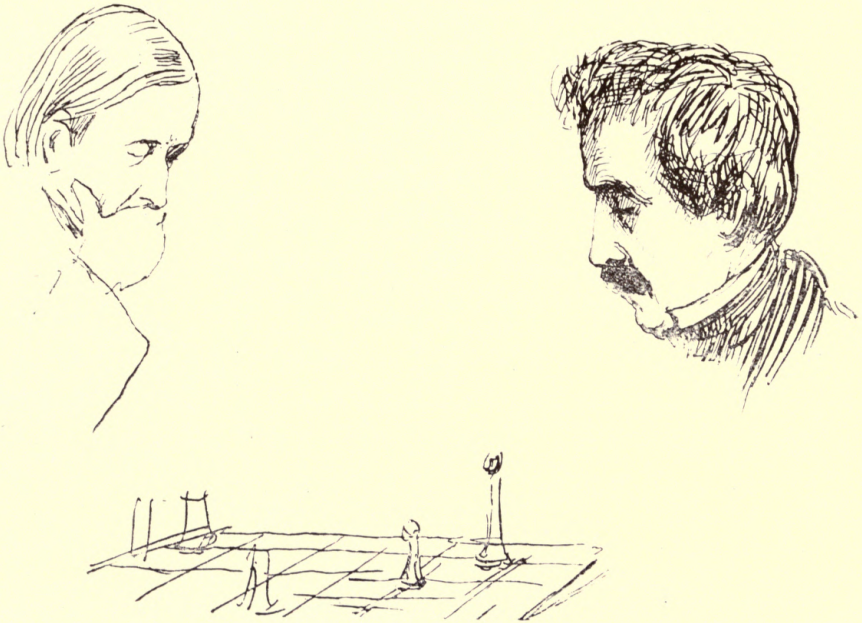
This is only one of many kindnesses which this great songstress has conferred upon me.

Alberto Randegger was another musician with whom I established very friendly relations, and whose name comes back to me in connection with the lively practical interest he evinced in some of my compositions. He met me very frequently at the Scholarship Examinations of the Royal College of Music, where I was always struck by his engaging manner, his unfailing fairness, his patient desire always to do the right thing. He was very kind to me whilst I was engaged upon my choral work "Callirhoë," which was performed at the Birmingham Festival in 1888. It is a secular cantata of some length, and deals with a very dramatic subject. I was naturally anxious to make it a success, and Randegger took much interest in its progress. One night I carried my manuscript up to his house, when we went all through it.

His experience in works of this kind was very wide, and he seemed at once able to say what would be effective and what would not, while also he had a happy way of laying bare the weak points in a moment. Unlike some critics, however, he was not at a loss to suggest a remedy. Yet I must confess that in looking through "Callirhoë" he rather depressed me by condemning out and out a very important Scena for soprano, saying, "No, it won't do; it is dull, and altogether lacking in inspiration." As a matter of fact, I had rather suspected this myself. I had worked hard at it, but the nuances that I sought to impart were elusive; my imagination would not soar, and momentarily the thing had got completely out of hand. However, I took his advice, and later on the new version that I was able to construct entirely pleased him, except one important note in the opening phrase. He there and then suggested another, which at once I adopted. Afterwards he would frequently chaff me in his inimitable way about "*his* note."

It was largely owing to his disinterested advocacy that my orchestral overture "Morte d'Arthur" found a place in the programme of the Norwich Festival of 1905. This was the last Festival at Norwich that Randegger conducted.

He often made laughing reference to seeing me at Oban, when our converging paths met at that clearing-house of the Highlands: he was bound for Strathpeffer; I, with my family, servants, and a mass of impedimenta, was on my way to our fishing on the Spean. The amount of luggage that we had got, and which had to be transferred from the rail to the steamer, simply appalled Randegger, but he found room for amusement in noticing that the household pets had not been overlooked. There they were, a



Garcia and Hallé playing Chess.

cat, a goldfinch, and a Belgian hare—a pretty trio, but not quite so embarrassing as the group that once nearly nonplussed a ferryman whose difficulty with his charges is a classic memory of school-boy days.

I was able to include Randegger in the Abbey Choir for King Edward's Coronation, but the postponement of the ceremony made it impossible for him to attend at the later date. He was in Italy; yet his thoughts were in London, with the historic scene to be enacted there, for on the night before the event he sent me a telegram conveying his best wishes for a successful conclusion. He had elected to sing alto, and would indeed have been an acquisition to the choir.* At the rehearsals he had rather astonished his neighbours by the quantity, if not the quality, of his voice. When he died, I felt that in him I had lost a winning companion and congenial friend.

Randegger conducted the Norwich Festivals from 1881, and directed nine of these famous music-makings. As stated above, he conducted his last Festival at Norwich in 1905, when occasion was suitably taken for presenting him with tangible evidences of esteem by those who had been associated with him in the artistic success that had unfailingly attended his direction of these triennial meetings. These gifts took the shape of some very handsome pieces of plate, Mr. Ben Davies being a felicitous spokesman on behalf of the principal artists in handing to the popular conductor a solid silver loving-cup that, suitably engraved, and bearing the names of the donors, formed their testimonial.

Randegger's was a name to conjure with in musico-artistic circles. He seemed to know all the celebrities in the musical profession at home and abroad—he had,

* It must be added that he attended and was indeed an acquisition to the choir for the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary.

been intimate with Costa, and enjoyed the friendship of Liszt. Had he been with me at Cambridge in the summer of 1893, I might perchance have dated my acquaintance with Saint-Saëns some years earlier than the Coronation of King Edward, for the great Frenchman addressed Randegger as "amico e collega." I rejoice at having been present for the jubilee of the University Musical Society, an occasion that gained international distinction by the conferment upon Saint-Saëns, Tchaikovsky, Boïto, and others, of the honorary Degree of Doctor of Music. I had the pleasure of meeting Tchaikovsky at a function in connection with the event, and was charmed with his modest, quiet, little manner ("little" seems just to describe my meaning, and does not convey small in dignity or significance). It was difficult to associate this quiet personality, this lined face and thin hair, with the man who produced such a work as the "1812."

Tchaikovsky had journeyed to Cambridge with a party, the members of which were attending by invitation to be made recipients of honorary degrees. Grieg was to have been present, but was prevented by illness. In Saint-Saëns's book, "Portraits and Souvenirs," there is a sparkling description of the proceedings, and reference is made to the "King of Bohonager," * arrayed like the cohorts of the Assyrians, in purple and gold. He draws a delightful picture of the students in the circular gallery; of the attiring of the aspirants, before the ceremony, in their ample silken robes, and the donning of the mortar-boards, tasseled and fringed with gold; of the procession through the town in a tropical heat—

* I must confess to being unable to trace this potentate, nor do I remember having seen him at the ceremony. He is probably a figment of the versatile Doctor's imagination.

indeed it is plain that the whole adventure charmed and delighted him. So the volatile French artist. Of Tchaikovsky we learn that only a short time before his investiture he was writing to his nephew, Davidoff:—"Is it not strange that of my own free will I have elected to undergo this torture?" Yet if torture it was, he disclosed none of his feelings to those who met him at Cambridge on that lovely day in June, and certainly he revealed to me only an engaging courtesy. It is sad to reflect that but a short time afterwards this great artist, whose masterworks explore so many phases of emotional expression, was fated to die, at the comparatively early age of fifty-three.

Grieg was made a Mus. Doc. of Cambridge, *honoris causa*, in May, 1894. In an earlier chapter I have made reference to his zeal as a conductor. Some of his Scots ancestry was perhaps responsible for the snap and go so frequently revealed in himself and in his compositions; yet he had another side, as will be remembered by those who were at the Philharmonic Concert in St. James's Hall in May, 1888. He conducted the orchestra in his two "Elegiac Melodies," and played his Pianoforte Concerto, but surely the rare charm of that evening was the singing by Madame Grieg of some of her husband's songs to his accompaniment—songs which led several of the critics to proclaim a new range of emotion found in subtlety of rhythm and curiously arresting turns of expression.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Muniment Room—Early Records concerning the Organ—A Quaint Epitaph—Thomas Dallam's Journey to Constantinople—Presentation Organ by Queen Elizabeth to the Sultan of Turkey—Portrait Gallery of Abbey Organists—Purcell Score: Autograph Corrections—The Abbey Bells: an Historic "Ringer's Bill."

As organist of the Abbey for so many years, I may be forgiven for devoting some pages to a consideration of the organ and a review of its history, along with an account of my predecessors in the organ-loft.

Let me ask my reader to accompany me in thought into the ancient building at Westminster. It is a November afternoon, dark and gloomy. Evensong is over. The white-robed choristers have passed in procession down the Nave to their vestry; the splendid organ has rolled its grand echoes through the vaulted roof; and the congregation has departed. The lights are extinguished, and the Abbey is closed. By some chance we are left in the impressive Church with, for company, only the solitary watchman, who, regularly perambulating the Aisles, passes us on his way to the distant Chapel of Henry VII., where he has to register his visit on a recording clock as evidence that he is alert and on duty. We pause in front of the altar, between the Transepts, under what is termed the Lantern, and in the shadow can dimly trace the soaring arches, but away in Poets' Corner all is darkness and silence. Suddenly a glimmering light appears high up in the distance, over Handel's

monument, and we hear footsteps, with a jingling of keys and the opening and shutting of invisible doors. Holding our breath, we listen. After a minute or two the light is stationary, and all is quiet, save for an occasional gentle rustling, as of parchments. Perturbed, we seek the watchman, who quickly dispels our fears of a ghostly visitant. "It's only Mr. Scott, in the Muniment Room," is the reassuring explanation. Perhaps my readers may like to hear something about this repository and its archives.

Dr. Scott, the late accomplished head of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, catalogued and arranged for the Dean and Chapter the contents of the Abbey Muniment Room. During some months, by permission of the Dean, I was allowed to spend many happy hours in that quiet retreat, searching primarily for Purcell lore, but with my eyes keenly open in other directions, for a great many small but interesting bits of information had been hidden away among the documentary material assembled there.

The Muniment Room was built by Henry III. in about 1250, and occupies the entire western side of the South Transept between the Cloisters and the Triforium. In about 1380 the first bay was separated by a partition from the two remaining bays. It is approached by a turret stair from the Cloisters, which leads to a beautiful ante-room only lately restored. For probably three hundred years this ante-room had been walled up and altogether hidden from view to visitors in the Transept. It was also divided into two stories by a floor of wood, and at some time in its history had been used as a dwelling. Who knows—perhaps the Jacobite Dean Atterbury had used it as a secret chamber. Fortunately all this has been removed, and the beautiful proportions of the

arches, the lancet windows, and Purbeck marble columns thrown open to view. Divided from the ante-room by a curious old wooden screen—over which in plaster is still to be seen the White Hart, the badge of Richard II.—is the Muniment Room, where, stored in the oaken presses dating at least from the time of Richard II., are preserved the precious records of the Abbey. My interest in these was principally musical. But even had it been otherwise, I was not qualified to express an opinion upon the value of the documents with which Dr. Scott was concerned. Yet I cannot refrain from saying that here are to be found the Prior's Rent Book (containing entries of payments made by Caxton when he set up his printing press in the Abbey Precincts), John of Gaunt's letters to the Abbot of Westminster, many autographs of Bradshaw the Regicide, the autographs of Cecil and Burleigh, the founders of the noble House of Salisbury, and thousands of other objects of supreme national and antiquarian interest. Side by side with these are many musical items which might fairly claim attention, although in many cases they are useful only as showing the condition of music at the Abbey over a long period of years. There is, however, enough musical material of general interest to warrant some extracts.

Should I be asked "Where would you begin?" I should at once make answer, as an organist, "With the organ"; although it is not my present purpose to attempt more than a summary of the information available, leaving a complete account for treatment elsewhere.

At the outset be it said that I have not been able to examine the material quite so far back as undoubtedly is possible, yet probably I have fallen short by only a few years. Also, while exercising due care, I cannot

hope to have cleared the ground so thoroughly that further research will not reveal valuable information as the reward of later inquirers.

My investigation was made in 1905, when my friend Dr. Scott was compiling his invaluable catalogue, a work that he conducted with great regularity and precision. Unfortunately it has now for a time been suspended by the lamented death of him whose qualities of patience and discernment, along with a profound scholarship, so admirably fitted him for the task that he had undertaken.

Appended is an abstract of the details that I was able to discover, arranged chronologically:—

ORGANS.

Accompt of the Sacrist of Westminster Abbey for repair of the Organs in the Choir, 1374-75.

Payment by the Sacrist of Westminster Abbey for Organs belonging to the Duke of Exeter, 1422-23.

Payment by the Sacrist of Westminster to Frater Y. Gedney for mending the smaller pair, 1422-23.

Payment for mending the bellows of the great Organs in Westminster Abbey, 1424-25.

Payment for mending the smaller Organs in the Choir, Westminster Abbey, 1432-33.

Payment by the Sacrist of Westminster Abbey for mending Organs in the Choir, 1434-35.

Payment by the Sacrist of Westminster Abbey for one pair of organs newly made for the Choir, 1440-44.

Payment by the Sacrist of Westminster Abbey for mending the Organs, 1459-60.

Payment by the Sacrist of Westminster Abbey for mending the Organs, 1465-78.

Organmaker (William). Payment to, for mending the Organs in Westminster Abbey, 1465-66.

Then we come to the year of the accession of Queen Elizabeth in 1558, when the following payments were made to one "John Howe, Organ Maker":—

Item. Payed for 2 skins of leather for to leather the belows of the grate woden Organs and leathering the Sondboard.

Item. Payed for latten* wyre for to make strings for the grate bass and ten principalls.

Item. For sowder to sowder small pipes which were broken.

Item. For ye fee for the Tuninge of the Organs that stands in Henry the VIIth Chappell.

Item. For ye fee for Tuninge the Organs that standes over the Quyre for a quarter ended now at Mychelmas

by me John Howe
Organ Maker.

The above are interesting as showing that at one time there was an organ in Henry VII.'s Chapel as well as one in the Choir. The former had no doubt been used for the celebration of the Mass during the reign of Queen Mary. Under Elizabeth it was not permitted to remain there very long, for I came across another bill to the same John Howe, in which occurs:—

Item. To the said John Howe for takying down the Organes in Kyne Henry the VIIth Chappell, mendyng the same and settyng up the same in the Quyre and mendyng the other Organes.

In 1603 there were payments to Edward Hooper for "mendyng of bellows and organs with tunings of them," and for "4 pairs of hingells" (hinges) for the bellows to "Mr. Wyat"; also for a "shooting plate for the organ-loft doore." Hooper was the organist at that time, and, like many old practitioners in those days (*e.g.*, Father Smith) he was both a player of organs and a builder of them.

* "Latten" was a metal closely resembling brass.

In 1605 another organ-builder, George Pendleton, comes upon the scene. His bill includes items :—

For 4 pounds of tynne to foote the greate bass pipe.

To a porter to help carry the pipe to my house and back again after it was new footed.

In this same year occurs another organ bill of great interest. It runs thus :—

20 die Martii 1605.

Item. To Pendleton for removing and tuning the instrument against the funerall of the King's daughter, 10*s.*

This was no doubt the child of James I., who lies buried in the North Aisle of Henry VII.'s Chapel. The organ was probably not very large, and was removed to be near the scene of interment. The whole bill is very interesting, containing as it does such items as payments for "hanging the Chappell with blacke."

In 1606 there seems to be evidence of the building of a new organ, as there is a payment to John Wright for taking down the "ould Orgayne loft."

Among the most interesting of my finds was an organ-maker's account for mending the organ. It is dated 1625, and the organ-maker referred to is John Burrard. The bill is endorsed by Orlando Gibbons, the celebrated Abbey organist. It is reproduced in facsimile at page 214. This, so far as I know, is the only autograph letter of Orlando Gibbons in existence. It reveals him as a sharp man of business. He had "already cut him off ten shillings"—and the bill only amounted to twenty shillings and eightpence! It is a point of some interest to note that this letter was written at Midsummer, 1625, and within a few months the writer was dead. As already stated (*see* page 213), he went to Canterbury to direct the music at the marriage of Charles I., and died there of apoplexy.

Round about this period the name of Dallam figures prominently in the Abbey records, covering altogether a term of about a hundred years. There is little doubt that the organ referred to in the above account was a Dallam instrument, and the one played upon by Gibbons, Blow, Purcell, and Croft. Dart describes it as a "stately organ, gilt." It stood under the second arch west of the Transept, on the north side of the Church. (In order not to break the narrative of the organ, some further details concerning Dallam are just now postponed.)

During the organistship of Christopher Gibbons, son of his more famous father, the accounts are concerned with the following payments in respect of organs, &c.:—

To Christopher Gibbon (*sic*) in discharge of his Bill for Tuneing the Organs xx*s.* and to George Dalham for the same service 5*s.* in all this year	i*li.*	v*s.*
To James ffuller, Blower of the Organs	ii*li.*	
To John Hill, for playing on the cornet in the Church	ii*li.*	v*s.*
To Henry Purcell for Bookes of services for the choristers	i*li.*	

From this it is apparent that the organist also tuned the instrument, and that there was a cornet-player. The Henry Purcell above-mentioned was the copyist of the Abbey and father of the great composer.

In 1694 an Agreement was entered into between the Dean and Chapter of Westminster and Bernard Smith (Father Smith) by which, for the "sume of £200," to be made in four payments of £50, the latter covenanted to:—

> ". . . make the present organ belonginge to the Deane and Chapter of Westm[r] exceptinge the pipes & case & add thereto a double sett of keys & 4 new stops, vizt. one principall of mettle, one

stop diapason of wood, one nason of wood,* and one fifteenth of mettle wch are to be added to the present organ by enlarginge the case backwards."

This document was signed "BER: SMITH," the witnesses to the Agreement being Steph. Crespion, Henry Purcell, and John Needham. Needham was the Receiver-General.

A bill presented in "Octo^b^ y^e^ : 15," 1700, shows that John Hisenbuttell had performed various joiner's work in connection with the organ, to the amount of £39 19*s.* It bears the endorsement:—

"For Mr. Needham the Joyners bill for ye Organ Shashes settled by Sr Christoph^r^ Wren ye 9th of January 170$—£39. 19. 0."

The document is described as "The Bill for ye Sashes Frames Waites Lines and pulleys an ye best Crown Glass to ye Organe In ye Collegiat Church of St. Peters, Westminster. Done by Mr. Hisenbuttell."

In 1718 there is a "Proposal of Chr^pher^ Shrider, Organmaker," in which, after reciting certain defects in the organ, and making reference to the sum (40*s.* per annum) allotted for keeping it in tune, he says:—

"Therefore I . . . do hereby propose: That if ye Dean and Chapter will please to allow ten pound for mending and cleaning, and for putting ye said Organ into good order; that being but a small sum for ye Repairs there wanting, and then to fix a salary of five pound p. annum, I will oblige my self to keep ye Organ in order without any further charge to ye Dean and Chapter for ten years, and for as many years afterwards as it is possible for any workmen to keep it in order; the greatest part of ye Organ being very old."

* This stopped diapason and nason are still contained in the Abbey organ (*see* page 159).

Dr. Croft endorses this:—"I believe this to be true and the proposalls very reasonable."

In 1727, in the *British Journal* of February 10th, there is a reference to the Coronation of George II.:—

> "The fine organ made by Mr. Schrieder, which was set up in Westminster Abbey, and used on the day of the Coronation, has been presented to the said Abbey by his Majesty. It is accounted one of the best performances of that maker."

This instrument was placed on the screen. It may here be mentioned that Handel's Coronation anthems were composed for George II.

Abraham Jordan, the inventor of the swell, probably adapted this invaluable accessory to Schrider's instrument. A memorandum formerly in the possession of the Precentor records that:—

> "The new organ built by Mr. Shrider and Mr. Jordan was opened on the 1st of August, 1730, by Mr. Robinson."

Mr. Robinson was the organist of the Abbey, and the composer of the well-known double-chant in E flat.

This Schrider organ contained only four stops on the Swell (to fiddle G). There was no Pedal organ.

In T. Webb's "A new select collection of Epitaphs" (vol. ii., 1775) there is to be found the following amusing inscription to Christopher Schrider:—

> Here rests the musical Kit Shrider,
> Who Organs built when he did bide here:
> With nicest ear he tun'd 'em up;
> But Death has put the cruel Stop:
> Tho' Breath to others he convey'd,
> Breathless, alas! himself is lay'd.
> May he, who us such Keys has giv'n,
> Meet with St. Peter's Keys of Heav'n!
> His Cornet, Twelfth, and Diapason,
> Could not with Air supply his Weasand:
> Bass, Tenor, Treble, Unison,
> The Loss of Tuneful *Kit* bemoan.

Thirteen *unison* Pedal pipes (GG to Gamut G) were added to the Schrider organ by the celebrated John Avery, of whose work as an organ-builder we first hear in 1775. Avery's Pedal pipes were of such large dimensions that although only unisons with the diapason, they produced the effect of a double diapason. Open, and of wood, they were not coupled with the manuals. Probably the Abbey organ was one of the earliest instruments in England to have an independent Pedal organ. Later on we learn that Messrs. Elliott & Hill added "pipes of double size, speaking down to GGG (21⅓-ft. in length)."

The 1730 organ-case was replaced a century later by a Gothic case, but the case of the Choir organ was permitted to remain.*

Schrider supplied another organ for the Abbey in addition to that already referred to. From a news sheet called the *Old Whig* we learn, under date December 15th, 1737, that :—

> "They are putting up a gallery for King Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where an organ is to be built by Mr. Schrider, his Majesty's Organ-Builder, as fast as possible, for a performance of a solemn Anthem the night her Majesty is interred."

The occasion was the burial of Queen Caroline, and the anthem Handel's.

Extensive structural alterations were made to the Choir of the Abbey in 1847-48, and the erection of a new organ, to contain some of the old stops, was entrusted to Messrs. Hill. It stood on the screen, and was contained in three cases, so disposed that no obstruction was offered to an uninterrupted view of

* As already noted (*see* page 126) it was unfortunately lost to the Abbey when, in 1847, it was removed to Shoreham Church, Kent, where it can still be seen.

the Church from one end to the other. While the Great and Swell organs occupied the north and south sides respectively, the Choir organ was placed over the arch of the screen. The Pedal organ contained but two stops—a great open diapason 32-ft., and an open diapason 16-ft., the pipes of which were laid transversely along the organ-loft—a position they occupy to-day.

The organ received an entire reconstruction at the hands of Messrs. Hill in 1884, and on May 24th of that year (Queen Victoria's birthday) we re-opened the instrument. I have referred elsewhere (page 126) to the electric or "Celestial" organ, the gift of Mr. A. D. Clarke, and to the two handsome cases designed by the late J. L. Pearson (page 157).

Before proceeding to a review of the organists, I give here the account of Thomas Dallam foreshadowed on page 314. As well as building the Abbey organ, he erected the organ in King's College, Cambridge, and was the builder of an extraordinary instrument the gift of which by Queen Elizabeth to the Sultan of Turkey forms the subject of a remarkable narrative left by Dallam of his journey to Constantinople in charge of the organ and his adventures—which were many—by the way. The record is published by the Hakluyt Society, and from some notes in the book we learn that although the gift was accredited to the Queen (there were strong political reasons at that date for placating Turkey), the cost was probably borne by the Levant Company of merchants.

Dallam's journey was made in 1559. We read in State papers of January 31st of that year that "a great and curious present is going to the Grand Turk, which will scandalise other nations, especially the Germans."

The organ was automatic, operating by clockwork as well as being playable by a keyboard. Thus we

read of the first recital before the Sultan :—"Firste the clocke strouke 22, then the chime of 16 bells went of, and played a songe of 4 partes." Then follows a description of "personages . . . houldinge two silver trumpets in their handes," who sounded a "tantarra." "Then the muzike went of, and the orgon played a song of 5 partes twyse over. In the tope of the orgon . . . did stande a holly bushe full of blacke birdis and thrushis, which at the end of the musick did singe and shake theire wynges."

The Sultan was evidently a man who "wanted to know." Observing the keyboard, during the automatic recital, he asked "Whye those keaes did move when the orgon wente and nothing did tuche them?"

Dallam reveals himself a courtier. When he was desired to play upon the organ, he at first demurred, "because the Grand Sinyor [Sultan] satt so neare the place wheare I should playe that I could not com at it, but I muste needes turn my backe towardes him and touche his kne with my britchis."

It is gratifying to learn that this difficulty was surmounted by the magnanimity of the Sultan, so that Dallam was able to demonstrate the musical possibilities of the instrument that he had constructed.

Turning now to an account of the Abbey organists: In the Abbey Deanery are to be seen the portraits of many of the Dean's predecessors; in the headmaster's house in Westminster School there is preserved an historic array of portraits of headmasters of that famous seat of learning. It had been my ambition to collect authentic portraits of the Abbey organists, with a view to bequeathing them, or reproductions of them, as an heirloom in the official house of the organist. I set out to realise my idea in 1904, at the time when the Worshipful Company of Musicians projected their Exhibition at Fishmongers' Hall.

But I was confronted with a few difficult gaps, one being that of Thomas Greatorex, Turle's immediate predecessor. By a fortunate chance his son, the Rev. Edward Greatorex (sometime Precentor of Durham and for many years rector of Croxdale), called upon me, and accepted an invitation to dinner. I told him of my idea, when at once he said that he could fill the vacant place, remarking incidentally that few could claim, as he, that their father was born in the reign of George II.—a monarch reminiscent of the Dettingen Te Deum and the Seven Years' War. It was also very interesting to learn that Thomas Greatorex had known the Young Pretender, whose acquaintance he had formed in Italy. The Prince, who was very musical, bequeathed to him some of his music-books.

It was a remarkable coincidence that my wife (her name was Flora, which momentarily added to the interest), seated at the table with us, was a great-great-grandaughter of the Flora Macdonald* whose adventures with the Prince in the '45 have been woven into many a romance. Surely here was an incident worthy of being chronicled, the meeting together in the Cloisters of Westminster of a man whose father was intimate with Prince Charlie, and a lady who was the descendant of the girl to whom probably the Stuart owed his life.

Another gap was the portrait of Ebenezer Williams, (1814-1819). In his case I was so fortunate as to discover that a daughter was still living, and willing to help me in my purpose. Although unable to give me an authentic portrait of her father, she undertook herself to produce a picture of him from materials in her possession, and from her recollection.

* Boswell and Dr. Johnson, in "The Tour to the Hebrides" (1773) stayed with the Macdonalds, in Skye. Boswell describes Flora Macdonald as "a little woman, of a genteel appearance and uncommonly mild and well-bred," and adds: "to see Dr. Samuel Johnson . . . salute Miss Flora Macdonald . . . was a striking sight."

Organists of Westminster Abbey

	Howe, John	1549—
	Whitt, Master	1560—
	Taylor, John	1562—
	Whytt, Robert	1570—1574
	Leeve, Henry	1575—1588
	Hooper, Edmund	1606—1621
	Parsons, John	1621—1623
*1	Gibbons, Orlando	1623—1625
	Day, Thomas	1625—1632
	Portman, Richard	1633—1648
†	Warwick, Thomas	— —
3	Gibbons, Christopher	1660—1665
	Bryan, Albertus	1666—1669
2	Blow, John	1669—1680
4	Purcell, Henry	1680 - 1695
	Blow, John	1695—1708
6	Croft, William	1708—1727
5	Robinson, John	1727—1762
9	Cooke, Benjamin	1762—1793
7	Arnold, Samuel	1793—1802
8	Cooke, Robert	1802—1814
12	Williams, George Ebenezer	1814—1819
10	Greatorex, Thomas	1819—1831
13	Turle, James	1831—1882
11	Bridge, John Frederick	1882—1918
14	Nicholson, Sydney Hugo	1919—

* The numbers refer to the Portraits on the next page.

† Recent investigations make it doubtful if Thomas Warwick (who is known to have been organist of the Chapel Royal, 1625-41) was ever officially appointed organist of the Abbey.

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A third gap was occasioned by the perfect blank that I drew in all my inquiries concerning a portrait of Robert Cooke. The difficulty seemed insurmountable, till my friend Mr. E. W. Hennell—who possessed a rare collection and a unique knowledge of musical curios and interesting things—removed my difficulty by presenting me with a portrait of the musician that is, I believe, the only one extant. He also gave me a photograph of an object in his possession whose existence is probably almost unknown. It represents a cast of Chopin's hand, taken after death, and formerly the property of the Countess Castelvecchio, at Florence. But this is to digress.

My collection of portraits is dated as early as Orlando Gibbons (1625). His portrait is preserved in the Music School at Oxford, but this is not a good picture. I have therefore availed myself of the splendid black marble replica of the memorial bust in Canterbury Cathedral, which, as already stated (page 213), was furnished to the Abbey by the munificence of Mr. C. T. D. Crews on the occasion of the Gibbons celebration. The names of a few predecessors of Gibbons can be traced, but no portraits are known to exist, which also is the case with the organists during the Commonwealth.

I am glad to have been able to render my series so complete as to represent pictorially twelve of my predecessors, thus, with the portrait of Mr. Nicholson, and that of myself, furnishing a series of fourteen organists of Westminster.

To consider the chief musicians chronologically: Those who preceded Gibbons (recorded by Anthony à Wood) seem to have been John Howe, *Master* Whitt, and John Taylor, who held office in the order given between the years 1549-70. To John Taylor succeeded Robert Whytt (1570-74), of whom, says

Thomas Morley, he was equal in rank to Orlando di Lassus. So far as can be learned from the records, Edmund Hooper—who was master of the choristers in 1588 and organist in 1606—was the first chief musician whose appointment was officially regularised. There is however in the Muniment Room a Patent, dated December 17th, 1616, which recites that in "consideracion of the good and ffaittefull service of our welbeloved Edmunde Hooper heretofore of longe tyme in the said Churche" he be appointed to the "rometh and place of the Organist within the said Collegiate Churche." The phrase "of longe tyme" would seem to show that Hooper had already officiated as organist for a period probably extending over some years. The accommodation that he was to enjoy comprised a lodging in the "Litle Almery . . . contayninge fower rometh, vizt, a hall, and a kytchen belowe upon the grounde and two rometh or chambers directly over the same, together with a litle yearde." There is also a record that Hooper was buried in the Cloisters.

Following Hooper came John Parsons, whose Patent is also in the Muniment Room, and is dated 1621. It differs from that of Hooper by adding to his title of organist the words, "and Maister of the Choristers." Further on, in referring to emoluments, the document, with an eye to the boys, says:—"Also one bushell and a half of good and seasonable wheate everie weake weekelie towardes the fynding of the said Choristers bread and beere." Parsons died in 1623, and also was interred in the Cloisters.

An outstanding figure in the history of English music succeeded Parsons, viz., Orlando Gibbons. I have already in these pages made copious reference to this master-musician, whose short life added so many gems to the treasury of our Art. He reigned at the Abbey for only two years, 1623-25.

We have very little information concerning the organists during the troublous times of the Rebellion and under the Protector. The names of Thomas Day, Richard Portman, and Thomas Warwick are given as having succeeded in the order named.

Then comes Dr. Christopher Gibbons the son of Orlando Gibbons, who was appointed in 1660. Previously we hear of him as one of the Children of the Chapel Royal, and as organist of Winchester Cathedral; and he seems to have joined the Royalist Army in 1644. Like his father before him he combined the organistships of the Chapel Royal and Westminster. Created Mus. Doc. Oxon. *per Literas Regias* in 1664, the Dean and Chapter made him a present of five pounds. Anthony à Wood dismisses him somewhat cavalierly, saying that he "would often sleep at Morning Prayer, when he was to play the organ." He died in 1676, and was buried in the Cloisters.

In 1666 Albertus Bryan became organist of the Abbey. Appointed organist of St. Paul's Cathedral at the early age of seventeen, he was deprived of his post during the Interregnum, to resume it at the Restoration. After the Great Fire (in 1666), when St. Paul's was destroyed, he went to Westminster. He too was buried in the Cloisters.

Dr. John Blow—one of the greatest of the Abbey organists—was appointed in 1669. A pupil of Hingston organist to (Cromwell) and Dr. Christopher Gibbons, he established a great reputation as organist, executant, and composer. In 1680 he resigned his Abbey appointment in favour of his pupil, Henry Purcell, resuming the position at Purcell's death in 1695. He died in 1708, and was buried in the North Aisle of the Choir. His memorial bears an open book, with the "Gloria Patri" from one of his Services.

Henry Purcell (appointed 1680, died 1695) has been treated at considerable length in a previous chapter, so that here I need make only brief reference to his distinguished career. The portrait given on another page is reproduced from the splendid engraving which he caused to be issued in 1683 with his noble set of Sonatas for strings and harpsichord. I always regard these Sonatas as among the most remarkable evidences of Purcell's genius. They have hitherto suffered unmerited neglect from being practically inaccessible, the Purcell Society—whose invaluable labours I am far from depreciating—having issued a reprint only in large imperial folio size. A smaller and cheaper edition is urgently wanted, and separate parts for each instrument should be published.

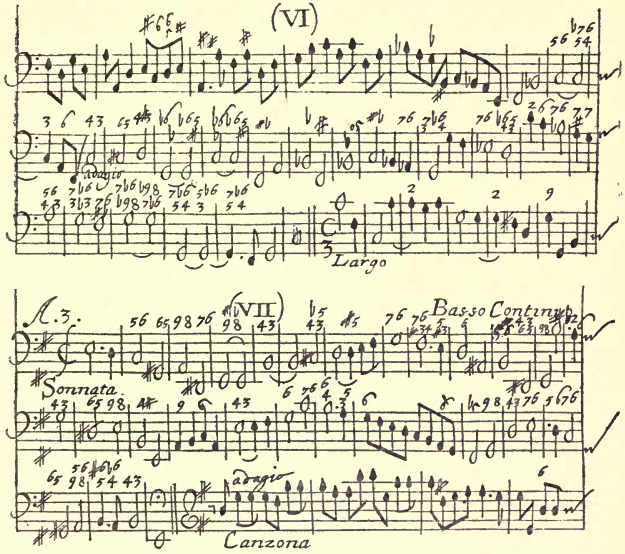
I am fortunate in having in my charge a copy of these Sonatas which I think must certainly have belonged to the composer himself. There are hundreds of additions to the score in the way of figures and accidentals; also, in one or two instances, most valuable directions regarding *tempi* are inserted. The late Sir Hubert Parry agreed with me that there was strong probability of this copy having remained in Purcell's possession, and being corrected by him.

The examples opposite are from Sonatas Nos. VI. and VII. in this collection. They are in reduced facsimile, but are interesting as showing some of the numerous emendations referred to.*

As already stated, Dr. Blow resumed the organistship in 1695, and was followed by his pupil, Dr. Croft, in 1708. Croft was one of the great men of the old Cathedral school, yet I suppose he is better known for

* The word *Adagio* in bar 2 of the first example, and in bar 1 of the Canzona (second example) is not to be found in any other copy that I have come across, and presumably is in each case Purcell's own addition. The numerous accidentals which have been added will also not escape notice.

the extraordinary popularity of his fine tune "St. Anne," sung to the hymn "O God, our help in ages past." This hymn has been more frequently used during the past few years—more especially on days of prayer and thanksgiving—than any other sacred song in the English language.



Croft died in 1727, and was succeeded in the same year by John Robinson, of whom Dr. Boyce tells us he was "a most excellent performer on the organ." His double-chant in E flat still enjoys a wide esteem. He died in 1762, and was interred in the North Aisle, resting near Henry Purcell, and in the same grave with Croft. An important change was made in the position of the organ during Robinson's organistship, when it was removed from the North side of the Choir and erected on the Screen (*see* page 316).

Dr. Benjamin Cooke was appointed in 1762. He must have been something of a prodigy, for we read that he became deputy-organist to John Robinson at the early age of twelve years. Best known for his Service in G, he was also a prolific composer of glees, canons, &c. He died in 1793, and was buried in the West Cloister.

Dr. Samuel Arnold succeeded Benjamin Cooke in 1793. He was a musician of many parts, who, before choosing a Church career, had been composer to Covent Garden Theatre and proprietor of Marylebone Gardens, in which popular resort of that period he was also director of the music. Musico-editorial work largely occupied his attention, and he produced an "Arnold Edition" of Handel's works. Before being appointed to the Abbey he was organist of the Chapel Royal in 1753. At his death, in 1802, he was interred in the North Aisle, the musicians' *campo santo*.

Robert Cooke, son of Benjamin Cooke, received the appointment after Arnold, in 1802. He left a very melodious and charmingly-written Evening Service. The original manuscript is still in the organ-loft, and bears the statement that it was written at Eastbourne (surely then a tiny fishing village). Cooke was tragically drowned in the Thames in the year 1814.

George Ebenezer Williams followed Cooke in 1814, and was organist for the space of five years. Among his remains is a very innocent tutor for the pianoforte. He died in 1819, and was buried in the South Cloister.

Thomas Greatorex, of whom I have already given some account (*see* page 320), was appointed in 1819. In speaking of him I seem to reach across the years, and to draw nigh to the period that held some of the giants in English music—for in the room where I now write I had conversed with the son of him who was contemporary with Dr. Arne, and who might have

spoken with those who had heard Blow and Purcell play in the great Church near by. Greatorex was a good mathematician and a member of the Royal Society, and in many other ways a remarkable man. He died in 1831, and was buried in the West Cloister.

James Turle, the last of my predecessors, succeeded to the appointment on the death of Greatorex (whose deputy he had been for twelve years), in 1831. At an early age he had come under the influence—as an organ student—of John Jeremiah Goss,* and G. E. Williams, organist of the Abbey. Turle is known for his very melodious chant settings, while there is also a very fine hymn-tune of his, "Westminster," that is sung in all the Churches. He was the first editor of the "Westminster Chant Book," published by Messrs. Novello upwards of sixty years ago. The original preface of this collection states that "the object of it is to combine sufficient choice with order, and, by publication of the arrangement, to enable the congregation to join in the Psalms."

Turle was an exemplar of the dignified and reverent traditions of the School in which he had grown up. He had cultivated a remarkable aptitude for playing from the figured bass, in which Goss—his early companion and life-long friend—also excelled. It is recorded of Turle that he had an enormous hand, and that one day at the German Embassy—when he met the Chevalier Neukomm, who boasted that he could cover an octave and three notes—Turle quietly laid his hand on the keyboard, saying, "One more, for luck." He easily took into his hand an octave and a-half. It is well known that he was an inveterate whist-player, so that his remark would fall naturally from him.

* John Jeremiah Goss (1770-1817) was an uncle of Sir John Goss (1800-1880).

Turle held the office of organist at the Abbey for fifty-one years, although, as I had been appointed "permanent deputy-organist" in 1875, he was relieved of all active responsibility during the last seven years of his life, which were in fact a period of retirement. He died in 1882, and was interred in Norwood Cemetery. A fine stained-glass window, erected in the North Aisle by one of his sons, forms an effective memorial of him near the scene of his ministry, a memorial into the design of which, along with his own portrait, is worked the portrait of his wife, who is thus remembered with him.*

Necessarily the last portraits that I can present in this gallery of organists of Westminster are those of Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson and myself. A few pages later on I include a portrait which, it will be noted, bears the signature of Sir William Richmond, K.C.B., R.A., the distinguished artist, whose name is so well known in connection with the mural decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral.

This portrait doubtless owes its existence to a little incident early in 1918. I had already had the pleasure of meeting Sir William at the Athenæum, and at various public functions; but our friendship arose out of a letter he wrote to me with reference to a speech of mine, made at a meeting of the Society of Arts, at which I was asked to take the chair, when a paper was read on "The British Pianoforte Industry." †

In an animated discussion that followed, many prominent pianoforte makers took part, and were able to throw a very striking and disturbing light upon the methods employed by the Germans to capture the

* For some of the information concerning the organs and organists given in these pages, I am indebted to an article by the late F. G. Edwards in the June, 1907, issue of the *Musical Times*. The material for that article was, however, largely furnished by myself.

† By Dr. Reginald S. Clay, Principal of the Northern Polytechnic Institute.

trade and industry in the Colonies and elsewhere. I am afraid that I was rather outspoken in my remarks, as my sympathies were entirely with the English manufacturers. I was afterwards sorry for my heat, and apologised; but the Press seized upon my speech, serving it up as an amusing paragraph. Sir William saw the report, and wrote to congratulate me. It was indeed gratifying to receive such a letter from him. This incident was the means of cementing our friendship; and Sir William has lately done me the great honour of drawing the portrait referred to above.

The sittings have been indeed pleasant interludes, gaining much in interest because the artist is himself devoted to music, spending much time in composing. We therefore met on common ground, at intervals finding relaxation in discussing questions on harmony with great zeal.

It is an easy transition in tracing the evolution of the musical installation at the Abbey and its exponents to turn also to a consideration of the bells. All the bells—six in number—except the treble, or smallest, were cast at the old Whitechapel Foundry of Messrs. Mears & Stainbank.* The treble bell dates from the early 14th century; another bell from 1583. These two bells, therefore, must have rung to celebrate the destruction of the Spanish Armada. When recently it was determined to ring the bells at the signing of the Armistice, it was discovered that they were not in a condition to be used. In fact, they had not been rung in a peal since the Coronation of George V. In determining upon the necessary overhaul, it was decided to take the opportunity of adding two more bells, so completing the octave. This addition was

* This firm commenced trading in 1570, and is believed to be the oldest in London. The records show that Messrs. Mears & Stainbank have been connected with the Abbey from the same date.

rendered possible by the munificence of two benefactors who wish to remain anonymous. It is hoped that the work will be completed in time to ring in the Peace.

My researches in the Muniment Room yielded some interesting material concerning the occasions when the bells were pealed, and I reproduce a "Ringer's Bill" for 1704, which makes quaint reference to some notable events and anniversaries:—

		£	s.	d.
	The Ringers Bill begun in Feberary y^{d} 6 for ringing for queen Anns birthday ordered by my lord	00	06	08
March 8	for ringing for queen Anns proclamation day ordered by my lord	00	06	08
April 23	for ringing for queen Anns coronation day ordered by my lord	00	06	08
May 29	For Ringing for King Charles restoring two the Crowan	00	06	08
July 2	For Ringing for the great newes for the taking of Dounnaworth ordered by my lord	00	13	04
Aug. 15	For Ringing for the great newes for the taking of Count tallord* ordered by my lord	00	06	08
Aug. 14	For Ringing for the taking of gibraltow ordered by Dr. Onley	00	06	08
Sept. 7	For Ringing for the thankes giving Day ordered by Dr. branoll†	00	06	08
Sept. 14	For Ringing for S^{r} georg rouck‡ taking the french fleett ordered by Dr. branoll	00	06	08
Oct. 10	For Ringing for the taking of ulme ordered by Dr. branoll...	00	06	08
	For Ringing one the 5 of November ordered by my lord	00	06	08
Nov. 14	For Ringing for queen Cathtorines birth day ordered by my lord	00	06	08
Nov. 7	For Ringing on quean Elisibirth birth day ordered by my lord	00	06	08
Nov. 28	For Ringing two dayes together			
Nov. 29	For the taking of Landow by my Lordes order	00	13	04
		05	06	08

* Marshal Tallard, who was taken prisoner at Blenheim.

† Dr. Brevall, a member of the Chapter.

‡ This probably refers to Sir George Rooke's engagement with the French fleet off Malaga, in August, 1704.

Dec. 14	For Ringing for my Lord Molburow* cuming home from flanders	00	06	08
		05	13	04

Jan. y^d^ 2, 1704 Received then the full contents of this bill for Ring by me

GILES JONES.

Many of these names and events recall momentous historical occasions. They will readily be recognised, howsoever camouflaged in the quaint orthography of Master Giles Jones.

* Duke of Marlborough.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Résumé of the Work of a Cathedral Organist—Duties and Emoluments of Lay-Vicars—Choirboy Education—The Archbishops' Report—Status and Privileges of the Organist—Organists' Benevolent League—The Question of Musical Education: Provision for Students.

So many years of my life having been spent in the ecclesiastical world, whose atmosphere has been of the very breath of my life, I may be forgiven for devoting a few pages to some consideration of the past and future state of English Cathedral and Church music.

I have already shown that the work of a Cathedral organist is very strenuous. The daily training of the boys, the general rehearsals of the whole choir, the ever-present necessity for presenting an unruffled front to, and working smoothly with, the various authorities, combine to impose a great strain upon the organist's tact and temper. Few there are who, without personal experience, can realise the amount of energy, tenacity, and restraint called upon and the anxiety entailed, if success is to be achieved. Even if the organist has an official assistant (and I have already said that I myself worked for some twenty years after my appointment at the Abbey without such recognised assistance) to whom he can reasonably on occasion delegate his duties, he yet retains the responsibility for the services and practices, and for maintaining the music on every week-day and the numerous services on Sundays—not to mention the Festival days of the Church—at the highest possible standard.

This will be better appreciated if I give, by way of illustration, a few facts concerning the amount of music that has to be provided for the ordinary services in Westminster Abbey. In one year (1907, and I select this year merely as a representative twelve months) we sang upwards of four hundred different anthems, and a hundred and twenty-eight different services. I lay special stress on the word "different," the sense of which will be readily perceived. Some of this music was of course performed more than once in the course of the year, as over seven hundred choral services were given. In 1913 we sang four hundred and thirty-seven different anthems, and a hundred and forty different services. In addition to these items, there were innumerable hymns and chants which had to be rehearsed.

To ensure an adequate performance of some of the anthems is no light task. The selection I have chronicled includes not only much that is worthy of the great English Cathedral School for the past four hundred years, but many beautiful and elaborate specimens of the best composers of all countries. Palestrina, Arcadelt, Dowland, Dering, Eccard, Jacob Händl, Marenzio, Orlando di Lasso, Vecchi, Vittoria, and, of course, Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, &c. (I have not attempted to give a complete list), present an imposing array.

Thus it will be seen that the work is very heavy, and must make great demands upon the time of the organist and upon his physical resources.

I have referred to the necessity for working harmoniously with the various authorities in and out of the Chapter. In this connection it is essential that the organist should find a cordial collaborator in the Precentor. It is a very serious and important fact that no success can ensue in the administration

of the service music unless there is perfect accord between the organist and the Precentor. In my long career, I have, as already stated, worked with eleven Precentors, so that I am able to speak authoritatively on this matter. If the Precentor considers himself the superior musical authority, the position is impossible. As constituting a link or means of communication between the organist and choir, and the Dean, the Precentor can perform much valuable work, and can carry out many duties relating to the discipline of the choir, thus relieving the organist of much worry. The custom now prevalent at the Abbey, and at many Cathedrals, of the music-lists being compiled by the Precentor, need be no obstacle to a good and wise selection, if the organist continues to be allowed to see the lists and to make suggestions before they are issued. My experience teaches me that if, in their respective spheres of work, the organist and Precentor studiously avoid those paths that must inevitably clash, and if they are *equally* supported by the Dean, all will be well.

Yet a cause of failure may be found to occur elsewhere than in the official relationship of organist and Precentor. I refer to the impossibility of considering the individual tastes of the various Canons. I am reluctant to suggest that a Canon should not express an opinion upon the music of the Church, and already have cordially acknowledged the help received in the early days of my career, from the loyal support of Canons when I was not impartially upheld by the Dean. But no man can serve seven masters—six Canons and a Dean—and the radiating centre of authority is undoubtedly the Dean.

Some amusing stories might be told of quaint suggestions made by clerics who possessed but little knowledge of musical affairs. An incident occurred

not long ago at a country Cathedral, when a member of the Chapter proposed that to "shorten the service, in future only single chants should be used for the Psalms"! I remember in my early days being called to account for a slight change that timerously I had introduced in the method of starting the Psalms. My censor was a Canon who only came into residence for one month out of the twelve. Fortunately I had the Precentor with me, so nothing serious happened.

A matter vital to the success of the choral service demands the careful consideration of the authorities, viz., the duties and emoluments of Lay-Vicars. Their duties are onerous—in most Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches they have to be present at all week-day and Sunday services; but their salaries are absurdly low, on an average not more than £100 a year. I do not think any real advance has been made in the stipends of these necessary members of Cathedral choirs during the last fifty years, while the salaries of almost every other body of men—especially during recent months—have been greatly augmented. Again, considering the nature of their employment, Lay-Vicars ought to be retired at a certain age—*and with a pension.* This desirable reform has been in force at the Abbey for several years past, with the best results. The absence of any such arrangement in my early years at Westminster sometimes had a distressing reaction on the services, while the impossibility of securing adequate presentation of the music because of the physical incapacity of an aged singer, frequently made my life very unhappy.

With much diffidence, but with a real feeling of responsibility, I now venture to make a few remarks upon the daily services and the status and privileges of the organist.

I have seen in the recently-published Report of the Archbishops' Committee upon the administrative reform of the Church, that some suggestions are put forward with regard to important alterations in the character of the daily choral services in Cathedrals. In order that the choristers may be free to attend a Secondary school, the morning service is to be sung in plainsong by men only, while the evening service is to be held at a later hour.

If in future the character of the music and the time of the daily services in Cathedrals are to depend chiefly upon what is convenient to the choirboys, and not upon what would be convenient to or in consonance with the wishes of those who attend to worship at those services, it is well that we should have the courage openly to admit the fact, and recognise that it is the choirboy, and *not* the Dean and Chapter, to whom in the future we shall look as the final seat of authority in such matters. It seems to have been overlooked that the Cathedral chorister is selected and engaged for the special purpose of rendering the music at the choral services, and not for the purpose of supplying him with a good education free of cost. This only comes in as a side issue. In view of the fact that so many of those educated at Choir Schools have risen to eminence in their chosen professions, and that it has not been possible to point to any special deficiencies in their classical equipment, it is not unfair to assume that when a Cathedral Choir School has a competent master and is organized in a satisfactory manner, the choirboys do not suffer in their general education.

Quite apart however from this question of choirboy education, I consider any attempt to alter the character of the daily services in the manner suggested would be a mistake. There is no doubt that to a certain kind of

FROM A PASTEL DRAWING BY SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND, K.C.B., R.A.

mind plainsong makes a very strong appeal, but I am quite sure, from my personal knowledge of the general character and musical instinct of the average worshipper at Cathedrals and elsewhere, that while plainsong might appeal to a few, to the vast majority daily plainsong services would be most distasteful. Moreover, the introduction of them would destroy at a blow the great and inspiring traditions which have been associated with the daily services at our Cathedrals for hundreds of years. I readily admit that continual plainsong services would not have a strong attraction for me, therefore I have tried to view the matter from a detached and impartial point of view, and believe I have expressed the feelings of the vast majority of those who worship at our Cathedrals, to whom the present form of service when rendered in a careful and reverent manner appeals as no other form of service can do.

Concerning the time of daily evening service, this varies at different Cathedrals, and I imagine that hitherto the time chosen has been selected because local conditions made it the most convenient for the worshippers. If a service is intended to be an act of worship, surely it should take place at a time when worshippers can attend, and not merely at a time specially selected to meet the convenience of some of the officials.

The exact position of the organist in connection with the other officers of the Cathedral is, as has been shown, not always easy to define, and has at times led to dispute and difficulty. It is therefore with great surprise that I notice in the Report that while it is suggested that a new set of statutes should be framed defining the powers and positions of many of the ecclesiastical and other officers of Cathedrals, no mention whatever

is made of the organist. In view of the fact that during the past fifty years the whole musical and general education and social position of the organist have advanced in a very marked manner, and that musicians, both Church and otherwise, mix upon equal terms with all classes of professional men, it is of the highest importance that any uncertainty or ambiguity as to the organist's position in the Cathedral body and his security of tenure should be definitely removed. No new statutes would be satisfactory that did not take such matters into consideration.

Although it is many years since I held the post of organist at a Parish Church, yet the number of my pupils who hold such appointments and my long and intimate connection with the Royal College of Organists make the welfare of organists of parish churches a matter very near to my heart. It is therefore with great satisfaction that I have watched the development of efforts recently made to give organists and choirmasters a more satisfactory legal status. I consider their present position unsatisfactory in many ways, and frequently this has led to their being treated in a manner both harsh and arbitrary. Of the various remedial propositions that have been put forward—on the one hand by the organists themselves, and on the other by the Church authorities—which are likely to prove the more satisfactory I am not prepared to say. I am persuaded that any reform in the administration of the Church in its parochial matters would be incomplete unless the legal status of the organist be clearly defined and it be stated by whom he should be appointed and the conditions under which he might be required to relinquish his office. It surely is the barest justice to the large number of educated men and able musicians who are in charge of the music in parish

churches that they should have a reasonable security of tenure while they perform their duties in a satisfactory manner.

For a long time past also I have been concerned at the sad lot of the great body of organists whose pay is never at all commensurate with their responsibilities. Their Church duties are onerous, but in order to live they have to devote themselves to teaching, which frequently becomes an unremitting drudgery. If they have the inclination and genius to compose they have not the time, or their compositions reflect the dull and cramping influences of monotonous work and unresponsive pupils. They cannot in many cases provide for their dependants; when they grow old and their powers are failing, and pupils are hard to retain, then are they frequently faced with grinding poverty.

Pondering these things, I at length suggested the formation of an Organists' Benevolent League, the conditions of membership to be:—(1) No regular subscription; but (2) an undertaking to give yearly, if possible, an organ recital or some other musical performance, the proceeds, after paying expenses, to go towards a fund for the relief of destitute organists and their dependants. The Royal College of Organists took up my suggestion, lending their offices and the necessary clerical assistance; the Hon. Secretary and the Registrar undertaking the duties of Secretary and Treasurer. The League has been a real success—having relieved a great number of cases, very often poor ladies whose fathers could not make provision for them—and it is already able to provide a few small pensions. It has now over £1,000 invested, while the organization is on a sound basis.

Much of the foregoing brings me to the subject of musical education in general. This is indeed on a much higher level than when I was young. The

many Colleges and Schools of Music are all admirably managed, and admittedly are highly efficient in their organization for inculcating musical knowledge. Yet in one direction I must confess that constantly, in the midst of so much perfection, am I conscious of disappointment, and that is in the matter of their ability to turn out singers who are really efficiently equipped as musicians. The instrumental students are as a rule excellent readers and executants; the composition students understand their business (even if they have not all got genius); but the vocalists, in far too many cases, are poor readers and therefore bad musicians. I am constantly appealed to by young singers to "give them a chance" at the Royal Choral Society. But I have very often regretted doing so, the aspirant having frequently given me a bad time. A couple of singing-lessons a week will not make a singer read well. It is only daily practice that will evolve this facility; so it is that the little choir-boys, aged from nine to sixteen, who have to prepare over four hundred anthems a year, learn to read perfectly. Such is the only way to acquire this most necessary art.

The authorities of our Colleges and Schools of Music should labour to establish upon a sound basis this great and indeed invaluable part of a vocalist's equipment.

The recognised musical training in vogue in my young days was largely—and had been up till then almost exclusively—in the Cathedrals. After a boy had sung for years in the choir he had become saturated with vocal counterpoint. Goss said to me once that such a training was invaluable because the music the boys sang "ate into their marrow." The great advantage, however, of hearing also good instrumental music was often denied them.

In the training that is advocated in the Colleges and Schools of Music to-day, the student becomes saturated with instrumental idiom. Very little vocal counterpoint comes his way, and frequently his vocal writing suffers. It is probable that the best results are produced in the case of a Cathedral choirboy, and then by entering him at a recognised School of Music after he has spent a year or two in the organ-loft. By this procedure his introduction to instrumental freedom will not interfere with his solid foundation of vocal counterpoint. The results of such a training are to be seen in the careers of Sterndale Bennett, Stainer, Sullivan, Charles Macpherson, and Walford Davies, to name only a few.

Still another point arises in connection with the training of students in our Colleges and Schools of Music. I refer to the case of the young composers. Surely some arrangement might be made whereby they were assured a reasonable subsistence after they have graduated. Having in mind the manner of working of the Oxford and Cambridge Fellowships, which so opportunely come to the aid of literary and scientific scholars upon their entry into the world, I have already suggested, in an article in the Press on "Music after the War," that the Carnegie Trust should employ some of its ample funds in this way to aid young musicians on the threshold of their career. A man may compose a symphonic poem, and get the Carnegie Trust to publish it, but he will not be able to make a living, let alone keep a wife and children, on this barren success.

If he could be sure of a certain income for two or three years, he would be encouraged to write not pot-boiling ballads, but something really artistic and enduring.

I am glad to be able to say that Trinity College of Music, recognising this urgent need, has resolved to found a scholarship to be held by a student of composition who has completed his College course. It is proposed to devote £100 a year for the purpose of assisting the promising young composer who may be selected, and with this aid to subsistence it is hoped that he will be able to devote his efforts to the production of worthy music that shall aim only at the highest ideals.

CHAPTER XXX.

Some Devoted Assistants in the Organ-Loft—Service Music for the Abbey: "Palestrina and His School"—End of Pilgrimage: the Philosophy of Humour—Apothegm of Lord Houghton's—A Lancashire Adage—Letter from Bishop Ryle—Valediction.

BEFORE I close this record I must not omit a word of thanks to some of the younger organists who have been associated with me. At Manchester I had a most valuable assistant in Mr. Wilson, who has since attained high rank as a trainer of the Hallé Choir and the Birmingham Festival Choir. At the Abbey I had for many years the most devoted and conscientious help of Mr. W. J. Winter, and later of Dr. Alcock* and Mr. E. S. Roper.

As will be seen from the foregoing pages, there are many extra occasions besides the regular Abbey services that have to be provided for; and yet the list does not by any means include all the calls made upon the organist. But I am not aware of any time on which it could be said that the service music was not reverently and adequately rendered, and I desire here to place on record my gratitude to those already mentioned, and to many others, who have devotedly helped me during a long course of years.

My relations with the various Precentors at Westminster have been invariably cordial. Mr. Flood Jones had been in office some years before I was appointed. He was rather inclined to conservatism in music. It was, however, a bad time to be original, for just

* Late organist and composer to the Chapel Royal; now organist of Salisbury Cathedral.

then—as I have shown in my earlier pages—there were so many Lay-Vicars past their prime who still occupied the choir stalls. Always a very amiable man, it was not difficult to find in Mr. Flood Jones an agreeable and loyal colleague. In one direction he did splendid work for the Abbey when he succeeded in organizing and maintaining a most efficient voluntary choir for the special Sunday evening services. He was able to exact from the regular choristers an unfailingly cheerful obedience.

As successor to Mr. Flood Jones came the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck, whose activities in the way of musical editorship are well known. He was mainly responsible for the establishment of a school-house for the boys, and was zealous in striving always to maintain the musical services at a high level. He held office only for about four years.

I think, however, the happiest period of my Westminster life was during the Precentorship of the Rev. H. G. Daniell-Bainbridge, who succeeded Dr. Troutbeck. He did not pretend to be a learned musician, but his judgment was always good. A really studious Churchman on points of ritual, he had accumulated a wide knowledge of what was appropriate for the Church's seasons, and we worked together in perfect sympathy, always meeting regularly at his house to settle the music and rehearsals for a fortnight in advance. We never had a difference; as he once said, "we had no time to quarrel," while the choir yielded respect and obedience as never Precentor had had before. We collaborated in editing music for the Abbey services, notably a new Psalter, and—most valuable contribution of all—a fine volume of music entitled "Palestrina and his School." It includes the names of Jacob Händl, John IV. of Portugal, Marenzio, Palestrina, Vecchi, and Vittoria, and furnishes suitable

unaccompanied Motets for most of the great festivals. I have a greater pride in this volume than in any of my compositions. The Rev. Daniell-Bainbridge's removal to an important living was a real blow to me, and a great loss to the Abbey.

In the Rev. T. R. Hine-Haycock, and in the present Precentor, the Rev. L. H. Nixon, the Abbey has had the benefit of the labours of really earnest men of whom I have none but the happiest recollections of my work with them. During the years of the War it became a very difficult matter to sustain the high standard of the services. Many of the Lay-Vicars had been called to the Colours, and their places could not be filled. The boys, however, worked splendidly. It was an arduous and anxious period, but we made the best of it, and doubtless it will be conceded we emerged creditably.

I have now attained the end of my Pilgrimage so far as work at the Abbey is concerned, but still pursue many paths of musical enterprise. I do not know if this record will after all be thought to possess much interest, yet so many have asked me to undertake the task, entailing as it does a description of many eventful years crowded with responsible musical doings, that possibly the story may be worth telling. Some there may be who will see in my chronicle a too frequent propensity to extract humour from all manner of situations. The experience of a long life has however taught me that sweet reasonableness ever waits on humour, whose warm radiance searches and dispels many shadows. There is a well-known hymn by Joseph Addison which we have often sung in the Abbey, containing a verse that I always loved to accompany:—

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That takes those gifts with joy

and in this connection I would venture to quote what Monckton Milnes (first Lord Houghton) said of Henry Lushington*:—"Perhaps he paid what appears to be the inevitable penalty of humorous men in their relations to public life—that of seeming unsteadfast to the narrow-minded and insincere to the stupid."

I have had much to be thankful for—good health and abundant encouragement. The one desire of my youth, as I have said in my earlier pages, was to be a Cathedral organist—I did not aspire to be more than that. The attainment of my ambition came to me in early life, and the appointment to Westminster Abbey when still young. Now I am "old and grey-headed" I am relinquishing to a younger man the responsibility of teaching choirboys and directing the Abbey music—all that great and arduous labour that the position of chief-musician of Westminster entails. Older men do not as a rule like to stand aside for younger men. But there is a saying in Lancashire that "There is nothing to beat a good old 'un except a good young 'un," and I hope and believe that in Mr. Sydney H. Nicholson the "good young 'un" has been found. Although I surrender my seat at the organ in such a place as Westminster Abbey with natural feelings of sorrow, yet, as I have said, I have still the happiness of continuing in many other spheres of important musical work which will I hope occupy me as long as I have health and strength to fulfil them properly.

Innumerable letters have reached me from a wide circle of friends in connection with the, to me, momentous step that I have taken. I venture to select one, written by him who for many years has been the principal chronicler of the comings and

* "The Cambridge 'Apostles,'" by Francis M. Brookfield (1906).

goings of public men—Sir Henry Lucy, so long known to readers of *Punch* as "Toby, M.P." :—

"Whitehaven, Hythe,

"Kent,

"*August 4th*, 1918.

"My Dear Bridge,—I trust that your proximate retirement, which I see announced, is not consequent upon failing health and strength? Anyhow, after forty-three years' work in a responsible position, you have earned the right to a period of leisure, which I trust may be long and happy.

"My wife and I preserve recollections of the nights long ago when, in the darkened Abbey, you discoursed divinest music. It will be hard to replace you in the organ-loft.

"Yours faithfully,

"Henry Lucy."

Sir Henry refers to some recitals that I gave at various periods in the Abbey. These took place at about nine o'clock in the evening, and as a rule there were no lights except in the organ-loft. Many of my friends frequently recall these evenings, which unfortunately had to be suspended during the War, the air-raids making such functions impossible.

The "period of leisure" visualised by Sir Henry promises to be far removed from placid browsings: rather does it beckon to strenuous devotion to the work that remains. And when at times I yield to the lure of the Valley of Glass it will be for no "philosophising and world-despising in the solitudes" (as Evelyn, self-interned at Wotton,* wrote to his friend and brother-Diarist Pepys)—although from thence (again

* August, 1692.

to quote Evelyn to Pepys) I may amusedly "look down upon the world with wondrous contempt when I consider for what we keep such a mighty bustle."

During the later years of my activities at the Abbey I have indeed been more than fortunate in the constant encouragement and recognition which I have found from Bishop Ryle, the present Dean of Westminster. The letters that he has kindly written to me after many of our great services speak for themselves, but I cannot withhold my special thanks to him for his letter written on the day when I laid down my charge of the Abbey music. At such a moment and crisis in my life it had a moving effect, and for this kindly act of affectionate consideration I am exceedingly thankful. The following is Bishop Ryle's letter:—

"The Deanery,
"Westminster, S.W. 1.
"*December* 31*st*, 1918.

"My Dear Sir Frederick,—Let me send you a line, though I feel the words are difficult to frame. How can I sufficiently thank you for all you have done for the Abbey and the Abbey music!

"I cannot express what Stanley, and Bradley, and Armitage-Robinson could each of them have expressed more adequately, and yet not all of them would have expressed entirely. With your last Dean you have been all that was kind, and thoughtful, and friendly; and now that 1918 is drawing to a close I can feel how keen must be the wrench of the severance from your life's best work. But I have no doubt that the step is a wise one. You will still be with us. May God give you and Lady Bridge many years yet of good health and unclouded happiness.

"Yours affectionately,
"Herbert E. Ryle."

For the long period of sixty-eight years I have sung or played accompaniments to the Psalms of David. Like many before me I have constantly found solace and inspiration in these Songs of Praise. This beautiful verse has always specially appealed to me: "One thing have I desired of the Lord which I will require, even that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord and to visit His Temple." This privilege is, happily, still to be mine; and as I pass my remaining days in the Cloisters, and attend the services of the Abbey, I shall, I hope, often join with sincere thankfulness in another verse of the Psalms—the old Pilgrims' Psalm it has been called—a verse specially dear to me as having been inscribed on the grave-stone of my Father, from whom I inherit my love for Cathedrals and their music:—

"THY STATUTES HAVE BEEN MY SONGS IN THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE."

APPENDIX

THE following is a list of works performed by the Royal Choral Society under the Author's direction during the years 1896-1918. The figures refer to the number of times of performance:—

BACH	Mass in B minor	3
BEETHOVEN ...	Ninth (Choral) Symphony ...	2
	"Ruins of Athens"	1
BERLIOZ	"Faust"	4
	"The Childhood of Christ" ...	1
BRAHMS	"Requiem"	1
	"Triumphlied"	1
BRIDGE	"A Song of the English" ...	2
	"Ballad of the Clampherdown" ...	1
	"Callirhoë"	1
	"Flag of England"	3
	"Forging of the Anchor" ...	1
	"Rock of Ages"	1
	"The Inchcape Rock"	1
COLERIDGE-TAYLOR	"A Tale of Old Japan"	2
	"Hiawatha"	15
	"Kubla-Khan"	1
	"The Atonement"	1
	"The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuille"	1
COWEN	"Coronation Ode"	1
	"The Veil"	1
DVOŘÁK	"Stabat Mater"	1
	"The Spectre's Bride"	1
ELGAR	"Caractacus"	2
	"Dream of Gerontius"	13
	"For the Fallen"	1
	"King Olaf"	1
	"The Apostles"	2
	"The Kingdom"	1
	"The Music Makers"	1
	"The Spirit of England" ...	1
GOUNOD	"Redemption"	8

HANDEL	"Acis and Galatea"	2
	"Alexander's Feast"	1
	"Israel in Egypt"	5
	"Judas Maccabæus"	1
	"L'Allegro"	1
	"Messiah"	45
HAYDN	"Creation"	3
LEONI	"Gate of Life"	1
MACKENZIE ...	"The Witch's Daughter" ...	1
MENDELSSOHN ...	"A Hymn of Praise"	4
	"Elijah"	23
	"First Walpurgis Night" ...	2
PARKER, HORATIO	"Hora Novissima"	1
PARRY	"Blest Pair of Sirens"	2
	"Job"	1
	"St. Cecilia's Day"	1
	"The Chivalry of the Sea" ...	1
	"The Pied Piper of Hamelin" ...	1
	"War and Peace"	2
SAINT-SAËNS ...	"The Promised Land"	1
SCHUBERT ...	"Song of Miriam"	2
SPOHR	"Last Judgment"	1
STANFORD ...	"Songs of the Fleet"	1
	"Songs of the Sea"	3
	"Stabat Mater"	1
SULLIVAN... ...	"Golden Legend"	10
	"Light of the World"	1
VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS	"A Sea Symphony"	1
VERDI	"Requiem"	2
WAGNER	"Flying Dutchman" (Selection)...	1
	"Holy Supper of the Apostles"	1
	"Lohengrin" (Selection)... ...	1
	"Parsifal" (Selections)	2
WOOD, CHARLES	"A Dirge for Two Veterans" ...	1

There have in addition been six performances of Christmas Carols during consecutive years up till 1918.

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